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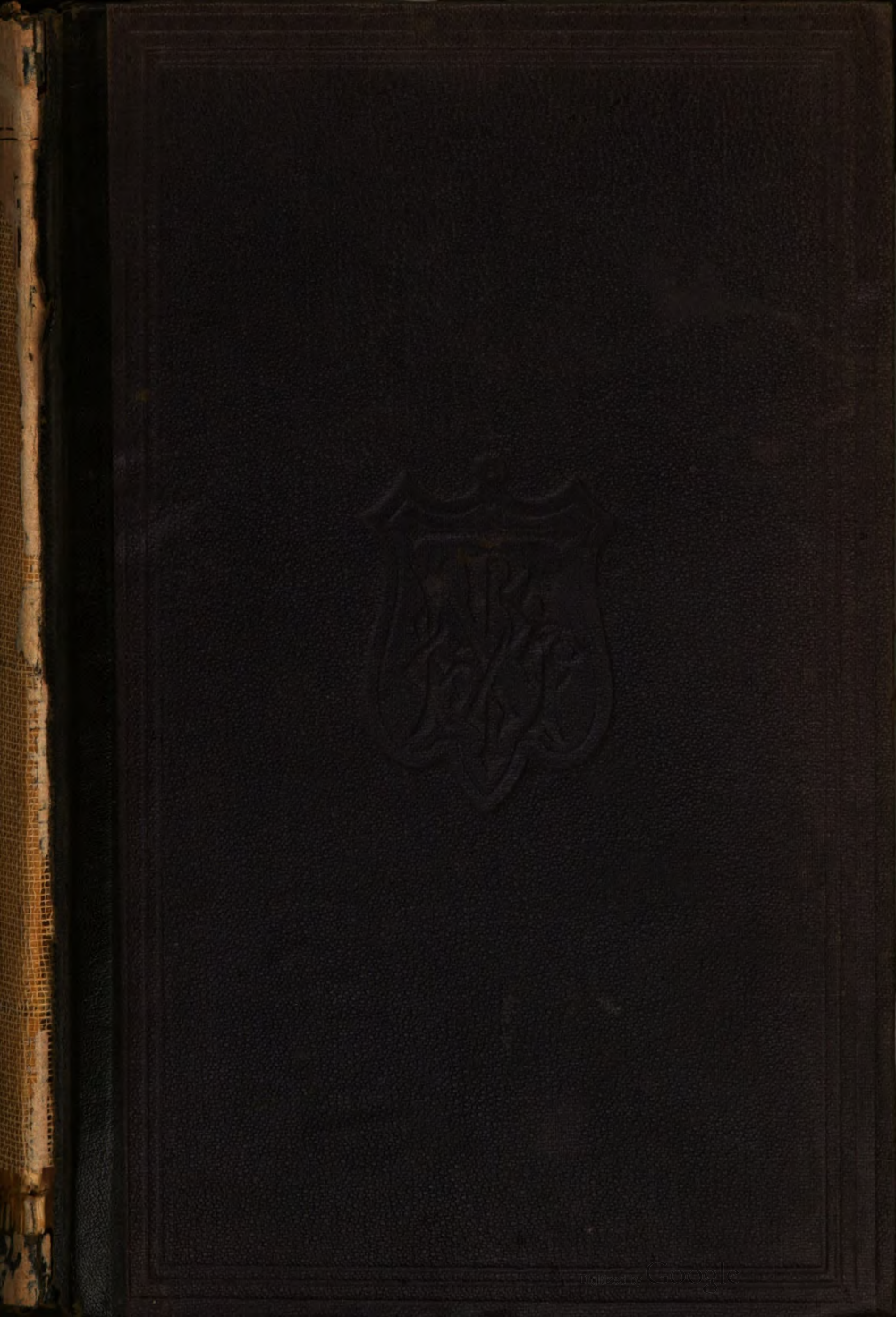

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THE SIXTH READER AND SPEAKER.

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THE

FRANKLIN

SIXTH READER

AND

SPEAKER:

CONSISTING OF EXTRACTS IN PROSE AND VERSE, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES OF THE AUTHORS.

BY

GEORGE S. HILLARD AND HOMER B. SPRAGUE.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION ON ELOCUTION,

BY PROF. SPRAGUE.

EDITION WITH THE ORTHOGRAPHY OF WEBSTER

NEW YORK
TAINTOR BROTHERS, MERRILL, & CO.
BOSTON
WILLIAM WARE AND COMPANY
SUCCESSORS TO BREWER AND TILESTON

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PREFACE.

THE Franklin Sixth Reader and Speaker corresponds, in the grade of its selections and in many other essential respects, with "Hillard's First Class Reader," of the first series, and "The Sixth Reader" of the one which followed, and is, like those publications, intended for use in high schools, and for the most advanced classes in our public grammar and in private schools. While the main object in its compilation has been to teach the art of good reading, both by furnishing a choice variety of selections best adapted for practice and reading exercises, and by the preparation of the most complete and thorough rhetorical instructions on the part of its authors and compilers, it has also been their design to give to this work somewhat more of an elocutionary character than either of its predecessors.

With this view a wide range of selections has been made, in order that the pupil may be trained to give proper form and expression to every variety of style. At the same time, with the view that this compilation may be used with more advantage in rhetorical instruction, it will be found to contain a larger proportion of animated and declamatory selections.

The compilers have endeavored to enable their youthful

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readers to make themselves familiar with some of the treasures of English and American literature, so far as to do so has been found consistent with their one great aim, the preparing a *good reading-book*. In this view they have been constrained to retain a large number of the best pieces which have been found so acceptable in the "Sixth Reader." These occupy about one third part of the present volume.

The compilers have retained several pieces which have long been familiar to all persons acquainted with English literature, and which may to some extent be pronounced hackneyed; such as Gray's "Elegy," Cowper's "Slavery," etc. But the permanent popularity of such pieces is due to their intrinsic merit, and they ought not to be displaced to make room for productions which are only commended by the gloss of novelty, but will not wear so well as those on which time has set its lasting seal of approval. In retaining these the compilers have been guided, not only by their own judgment, but by the express wishes of several teachers who were desirous that selections should be retained which have so well borne the sharp test of daily use.

In the preparation of the work the compilers have been aided by the judgment and experience of many practical teachers, especially several masters of grammar schools in this city, whose services and interest are gratefully remembered.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE VOICE IN ELOCUTION.

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds."

COWPER.

FORCE.

Of the fourteen vowel sounds in our language, some require for their enunciation more force than others. Thus the sound of *a* as in *ah*, and that of *o* as in *oh*, are louder than that of *oo* in *foot* or *i* in *fit*. So the diphthong sound *ou* as in *growl* is a little stronger than that of *u* as in *tune*. A strong sound is naturally fit to express strength; a weak one to express weakness.*

A similar difference exists among the twenty-two consonants. Thus the sounds of *r*, *gr*, *h*, *str*, *thr*, are strong. This fact will be perceptible in the articulation of *rave*, *rail*, *rend*, *rip*, *rear*, *roar*, *grapple*, *grasp*, *grind*, *gripe*, *groan*, *growl*, *harsh*, *haul*, *horrid*, *strain*, *strangle*, *strive*, *stress*, *strike*, *struggle*, *thrash*, *thrill*, *throw*, *throb*, *thrust*, *throttle*. But the sound of *l* is weak; as in *lave*, *lay*, *lick*, *linger*, *lisp*, *loll*, *love*, *lull*,

* The difference in the fitness of vowels to express loud or soft sounds is seen in comparing words whose consonants are the same or nearly so. The stronger vowel usually expresses the louder sound. Compare *croak*, *crack*, and the obsolete *crick*; *squall* and *squeal*; *snore* and *sneer*; *snort*, *snuff*, and *sniff*; *snarl* and *snivel*. Or the strong vowel expresses greater force. Compare *spout* and *spit*, *groan* and *grin*, *strong* and *string*, *master* and *mistress*, *thank* and *think*, *glare* and *glitter*. In some other languages this difference is more perceptible than in ours. In some of the languages of the Scythian stock, as in the Magyar and the Turkish, the heavy vowels, *a*, *o*, *u*, are called masculine; the light, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, feminine. In the Mantchoo, we find *ama* meaning father, *eme* mother; *kaka* is male, *keke* female; *amka* father-in-law, *emke* mother-in-law; *kankan* a strong spirit, *kenken* a feeble

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lute. *W* at the beginning of a word has the weak sound of *oo;* as in *waft, warble, wave, weave, well, wĭnd, wīnd, willow.*

Many poets have successfully exerted their skill in selecting words the sound of which fitly expresses the loud or soft sounds they wish to describe, and the strength or weakness they wish to paint. Thus in Milton's description of the battle of the angels: —

> Now storming fury rose,
> And clamor such as heard in heaven till now
> Was never. Arms on armor clashing brayed
> Horrible discord.

By contrast take his description of soft music: —

> And ever, against eating cares,
> Lap me in soft Lydian airs
> Married to immortal verse;
> Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
> In notes with many a winding bout
> Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out
> With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
> The melting voice through mazes running,
> Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony.

From the same author take this description of the last exhibition of Samson's tremendous strength: —

> As with the force of winds and waters pent
> When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars,

---

spirit. In the Tartar-Turkish, *savmak* means to hate, *sevmek* to love; the former being the stronger emotion with a barbarian! In the Semitic languages, "the weaker vowels *i* and *u* often convey a less active meaning as compared with the strong full *a*." Thus, in the Arabic, "The three consonants *q, t, l,* form a root which conveys the idea of *killing;* then *qatala* means 'he killed,' *qutila,* 'he was killed.' Every active verb, like *qatala,* has its corresponding passive, *qutila.*" See Whitney on "Language and the Study of Language," pp. 301, 302; and Preface to Wedgwood's "Dictionary of English Etymology." Compare the positive indicative Latin *sum, es, est, sumus, estis, sunt,* I am, you are, he is, etc., with the contingent subjunctive *sim, sis, sit, simus, sitis, sint,* I may be, thou mayst be, etc. In German, *danken* is to *thank; denken,* to *think.* See note, p. 18.

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With horrible convulsion, to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder.

Contrast Cleopatra's last words as the poisonous serpent at her breast is stinging her to death. (Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," Act V. Sc. 2.)

CHARMIAN (*to* CLEOPATRA). O Eastern star!
CLEOPATRA. Peace! peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast
That sucks the nurse asleep?
CHARMIAN. O, break! O, break!
CLEOPATRA. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle, —
O Antony! — Nay, I will take thee too: —
(*Applying another asp to her arm.*)
What should I stay — (*Falls on a bed and dies.*)

Read in Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fifth" the monarch's animating words to his soldiers at the siege of Harfleur: —

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger!
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspéct;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon. . . . .
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noble English!
. . . . . .
Cry — "Heaven for Harry! England! and Saint George!

For contrast with the preceding, read Young's description of the languid lady: —

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordained to so severe a doom,
She by just stages journeys round the room;
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps! that is, ascend the stairs!

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"My fan," let others say, who laugh at toil.
"Fan — hood — glove — scarf," is her laconic style;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall
That Betty rather sees than hears the call.

Again, what power of voice is sufficient to adequately express Satan's magnificent call to his millions of fallen angel warriors, who lay stunned on the fiery flood?

He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded: "Princes! Potentates!
Warriors! the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits: or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven gates discern
The advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linkéd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise; or be forever fallen!"

On the other hand, silence, like that of a clear midnight, requires a very different degree of force. Thus, in Shelley's "Queen Mab":—

How beautiful this night! The balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks whence icicles depend,
So stainless that their white and glittering spires

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Tinge not the moon's pure beam ; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace, — all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

From the foregoing considerations and examples we evolve FORCE as an element of vocal expression in elocution ; and we see that loudness and energy are naturally expressed by a louder or more energetic voice than feebleness, languor, or silence.

How loud should one speak or read? Evidently and always, loud enough to be heard without the slightest effort on the part of the audience. Not only so, but one should commonly use a somewhat greater degree of force than this, in order to allow room for variation of the voice by diminution.

This degree of force which is recommended for all ordinary occasions, and which is somewhat above the degree of loudness that would naturally be used in conversation, may be styled *moderate ;* a higher degree may be termed *loud* or *strong*, and a lower, *soft*, *slight*, or *weak*.

Strong force is usually appropriate to joy, mirth, distress, surprise, scorn, impatience, and remorse, when these emotions are powerful ; also to anger, rage, defiance, terror, excited command, and energetic decision. Moderate force should be used when no special reason can be given for any other. Slight force is generally used in tranquillity, tenderness, sorrow, pity, quiet contempt, secrecy, fear, awe, solemnity, reverence, and utter despair.

VOLUME.

The sounds of *i* in *pit*, *e* in *pet*, *u* in *put*, *a* in *pat*, *o* in *pot*, are small. Those of *a* in *far*, *o* in *foe*, *a* in *fall*, are larger. The sound of short *i* is especially adapted to express

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littleness; as in *nit, flit, giggle, tittle,* and a multitude of other words.*

We read in Holy Writ of "a still small voice," and Shakespeare tells us of a "big manly voice." Which of these is appropriate to the following extract from Tennyson?

O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies!
O skilled to sing of time and eternity!
God-gifted organ voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages!

Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starred from Jehovah's gorgeous armories,
Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
Rings to the roar of an angel onset!

On the contrary, what volume of voice bests suits the following from Poe?

Hear the sledges with the bells, silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;

---

* Diminutive nouns are usually formed by some termination that has a short-sounding vowel. Thus *-kin* is appended; as *lambkin,* little lamb; or *-ock,* as *hillock,* little hill; or *-let,* as *streamlet,* little stream; or *-ling,* as *darling* (for *dear-ling*), little dear; or *-ie,* as *Willie,* little Will; *Annie,* little Ann. Some are formed by a change of vowel; as *tip* from *top; chick* from *cock; kitten* from *cat.* Compare *spout* and *spit; float, flout, fleet,* and *flit.* The fitness of vowels to express size as well as force (see note, p. 13) is seen in other languages. Thus in Greek, μακρός, *makros,* large; but μικρός, *mikros,* little; Ἄρης, *Ares,* god of war; but Ἔρις, *Eris,* goddess of discord; κρώζω, *krozo, croak;* but κρίζω, *krizo,* creak. In Latin, the masculine ending *or* is changed to *rix* for the feminine; as *victor, victrix.* In the German, we find *hahn,* a cock; but *henne,* a hen. In the Danish and Swedish, *he* is *han, she* is *henne.* In the Irish, many masculine nouns are changed to feminine by the insertion of the light vowel *i* after the radical vowel. These examples and those in the note on page 13 show that a correspondence between sound and sense, in the matter of strength and of size, extends to the very roots of language. See *Excursus* in Roehrig's "Shortest Road to German."

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Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

It needs no argument to show that in these two examples there should be a great difference in the *size*, if we may so speak, or, as we prefer to call it, the *volume*, of the voice. We instinctively open the mouth wide for full and resonant organ utterance in the former, and we narrow the vocal aperture for the slight yet sharp sounds of the sleigh-bells in the latter.

By analogy, too, we may safely infer that large things require a larger voice than small things. Contrast Byron's magnificent apostrophe to the ocean with Burns's exquisite address to a mouse : —

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

Wee sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic 's in thy breastie !
Thou need na start away sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle !

Naturally, when one would enlarge our conceptions of an object, he uses a large voice. In Tennyson's "Princess" we read : —

The great organ almost burst his pipes,
Groaning for power and rolling through the court
A long melodious thunder, to the sound
Of solemn psalms !

How different the voice required in reading Shakespeare's description of Queen Mab !

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep :
Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs ;

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The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
Her whip, of crickets' bone; the lash, of film:
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid.

From an attentive examination of such passages, we learn that the VOLUME of the voice is a very important element of expression; and that the vast, the sublime, the mighty, require a larger voice than the small, the delicate, and the weak. Here, too, a medium or moderate volume, as it allows of expansion or contraction to suit the varying needs of expression, is best adapted for all ordinary passages. Use it, therefore, whenever you know of no special reason for any other.

Large volume is usually appropriate to joy, rage, defiance, command, awe, solemnity, horror; small volume, to tranquillity, cheerfulness, humor, tenderness, sorrow, pity, contempt, malice, secrecy, fear, and some moods of remorse, despair, and wonder.

MOVEMENT.

If we examine carefully the vowel sounds with reference to the time required to utter them, we shall find that those which we have characterized, under the two foregoing heads, as *strong* and *large*, are more prolonged than some of those which we have designated as *weak* and *little*. Contrast the time of the *o* in *ho* with the time of the *o* in *hot;* the *a* in *hall* with the *a* in *hat;* the *a* in *large* with the *i* in *little*. Contrast *slope* and *slip*, *float* and *flit*, *gloom*, *gleam*, and *glim* (Scotch). Some of the consonant sounds also are much more prolonged than others. Thus the *ng* in *song* is necessarily longer than the *t* in *sot*. Elementary sounds, then, differ in the rate or time of utterance.

Keeping this hint in mind, what element of vocal expression do we discern in the following utterance of Hamlet, when informed by the ghost in regard to his father's murder?

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Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge!

By way of contrast, read sympathetically the following from Dr. Samuel Johnson: —

Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.

In the utterance of these two examples we find ourselves spontaneously and almost irresistibly swayed by the meaning. Before we are aware, our voices are hurried or slackened, as if to correspond with the motion described. For further illustration, enter into the spirit of the two following extracts, and then read them with feeling. The first is from Cowper: —

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
The swift-wingéd arrows of light!

The next is from Milton: —

Oft, on a plot of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Evidently the mind and the tongue adapt their movements to the movements described.*

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* Great concentration of thought requires slow utterance, to give the mind of the listener time to take in the meaning. In President Lincoln's first inaugural message he condenses a great deal of thought into very few words. Thus: —

"Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be enforced between aliens easier than laws among friends?"

In St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans we have, —

"Now, if the fall of them be the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles, how much more their fullness!"

Landor says, —

"Love is a secondary passion with those who love most; a primary with those that love least."

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We are told that the Australian savages seek to give by repetition the impression of great distance. Thus, —

He went through the wood, through the wood, across the plain, across the plain, across the plain, by the sea, by the sea, by the sea, by the sea.

In like manner we sometimes repeat for the same reason. Thus, —

Far, far at sea.

But oftener we convey the notion of distance by prolonging

So Emerson condenses a great deal of meaning into the following stanza : —

Oh, tenderly the haughty Day
Fills his blue urn with fire !
One morn is on the mighty sea,
And one in our desire.

So, too, the following from Shakespeare : —

Love goes towards love, as school-boys from their books ;
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

All these require to be read with great slowness, so that the full meaning may be grasped.

On the contrary, where the thought just skims the surface, a rapid movement may be proper. Thus, in Tennyson's "Brook Song" : —

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,
And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel ;
And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.
. . . . .
And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

At the outset of a speech, great slowness is commonly required for two reasons : first, to convey to the audience ideas of special importance ; secondly, because the minds of the listeners are not yet aroused to quick action.

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the sound. Read the following lines, prolonging the sound of *far* about two seconds, and observe the effect on the mind: —

For I dipt into the future far as human eye could see.
So seemed, far off, the flying fiend.

It will be observed that the more the sound is prolonged the greater seems the distance. While the voice is uttering the words, the mind traverses, as it were, the space; or half imagines itself so employed. For further illustration, note the impression conveyed by dwelling one or two seconds on each of the accented sounds that are capable of prolongation in the following stanza from Conder: —

Beyond, beyond the boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, O God, art nigh!

We have, then, by this examination, evolved MOVEMENT, often called *rate*, or *time*, as an important element of vocal expression.

Excitement of all kinds, as in joy, impatience, rage, terror, surprise, quickens the pulse and the utterance. Emotions that soothe, hush, repress, or subdue, naturally make the utterance slow; as in pity, sorrow, awe, reverence, despair. States of mind that neither excite nor depress naturally require a moderate movement of the voice.

As in the case of *force* and *volume*, it is well for the student to adopt, in regard to *movement*, a medium between extremes, in reading or speaking all ordinary passages.*

* The mechanical means of reading or speaking slowly are twofold: first, by pausing long between sentences, words, and syllables; secondly, by prolonging the sounds that are capable of being lengthened. These methods may be combined in the slowest passages.

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PITCH.

The sound of *i* as in *wit* is produced comparatively high in the throat. The sound of *u* as in *murmur* is produced comparatively low in the throat. The former is naturally adopted to express what is clear or shrill; the latter, what is obscure or deep in tone. The same distinction is observable, though to a less extent, between *a* in *at* and *a* in *all*; also, in a still slighter degree, between *a* in *ah* and *o* in *oh*. The first vowel in each of these pairs is naturally uttered in a little higher key than the second.

Shakespeare speaks of the change from manhood to old age and to second childhood, when the

> Big manly voice,
> Turning to childish treble, pipes
> And whistles in his sound.

In reading these lines, a highly imaginative person finds his utterance involuntarily rising in pitch from the word "turning" to the word "whistles."

For there is an unconscious tendency to imitate the pitch of sounds which we describe. We speak of the "ear-piercing fife" in a slightly higher key than we use when we mention "the deep, dull tambour's beat." We recognize, then, PITCH, as an element in vocal expression.

In Nature, high sounds are usually produced by small things; low, by things relatively large. We recognize, and in some degree express unwittingly by the voice, this difference in the following stanzas; the first from Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark," the second from Mrs. Sigourney's "Burial of Ashmun":—

> All the earth and air
> With thy voice is loud,
> As, when night is bare,
> From one lonely cloud
> The moon rains out her beams and heaven is overflowed!

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The hoarse wave murmured low:
The distant surges roared,
And o'er the sea, in tones of woe,
A deep response was poured.

In Nature, high sounds are usually produced by rapid motions also; low, by relatively slow vibrations. Contrast the following, as you read them sympathetically: —

The fine, high, penetrating, musical note of the mosquito is produced by an inconceivably swift motion of the insect's wings.

O, it 's monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it,
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe of nature,
Pronounced the name of Prosper; it did bass
My trespass. SHAKESPEARE.

No property of the voice is more wonderful than that which this analysis brings to light. The Chinese are said to have less than five hundred radical words; but, by a simple variation of the musical pitch, they are enabled to express by these same roots many thousands of meanings.

The famous singer Catalani is said to have had a voice of the compass of three octaves. Ordinary voices have about two.

A high pitch is appropriate to those moods in which the soul goes out to others; as in cheerfulness, mirth, joy, distress, pity, impatience, rage, defiance, terror, surprise. A low pitch is best for those in which the soul proudly or fearfully retires within itself; as in malice, awe, solemnity, reverence, horror, despair. The pitch of voice natural for each person is, in all ordinary cases, the one to be used by him, when no special reason can be discovered for deviation.

SLIDES.

We have seen that many vocal sounds are capable of being prolonged. During such prolongation the pitch may change. These changes are called SLIDES.

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In asking, for the sake of gaining information, a question that may be answered by "yes" or "no," there is an upward slide. Thus, if I ask earnestly in regard to an incredible report, "Are you *sure?*" there is a long upward slide on the word "sure." If you reply with equal earnestness and emphasis, "I *am* sure," there is clearly a downward slide on the word "am." *

The rising slide inquires; the falling asserts.† The word on which the voice rises or falls is always that which mainly expresses the sense of the speaker. Thus, "Is a candle brought forth to be put under a bŭshel, or under a bĕd?" Here, if the voice falls on *bed*, as we have indicated by the accent, an erroneous meaning is conveyed, amounting to a virtual asser-

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* What is the philosophy of these upward and downward slides? I have found no explanation; but perhaps the true reason for the rising slide when a question is asked for information, to be answered by "yes" or "no," is this: The mind goes out, as it were, and the voice with it, towards the person of whom the inquiry is made. The tendency is forth, outward, communicative; the feeling is social, tentative, objective; the face is thrust forward; the voice rises in the throat and tends to the lips. On the contrary, when one asserts, whether affirmatively or negatively, the slide is downward on that word which is felt by the speaker to mainly convey the assertion. This, perhaps, is because the mind comes back, as it were, from without, retires within itself, the face is drawn back, and the voice returns inward; the soul then thrusts out no feelers; the consciousness of self is prominent; the attitude of mind is subjective, self-poised, self-sufficient. Intense earnestness, when one is addressing others with a view to persuade, not to drive them, will cause the emphatic words to be uttered in a higher key than the unemphatic; but if one is soliloquizing, intense earnestness, with a view to reassure one's self, causes the emphatic words to be uttered in a lower key. This subject deserves further investigation.

† The reason why "the voice falls" in asking a question that is not to be answered by "yes" or "no" is, because such questions virtually assert. Thus, the question, "How many prisoners did Washington capture at Trenton?" asserts that he did capture some. So, "What are your views in regard to the tariff?" implies that you have views on that subject.

The preponderance of the rising slide indicates an inquiring, tentative, receptive, sympathetic, objective, docile frame of mind. An habitual falling slide is characteristic of the opposite; namely, a dogmatic, independent, didactic, subjective, self-assertive disposition.

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tion that a candle is to be placed under a bed! So in Patrick Henry's inquiry, "When shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next yèar?" Here, if the voice should slide down on *year*, the meaning would be, "We *shall* be stronger next year." No such intention being in the speaker's mind, the slide should be upward on *bed* and on *year*. Hence these two words are wrongly marked. They should have the upward slide. Again, "He that hath no mòney, let him come." Here the *falling* slide on *money* asserts that the lack of money makes no difference with the fullness of the invitation. But if we read it with the *rising* slide on *money*, we virtually insist on the inquiry whether the invited person has money, and we imply that if he has money, he is not invited!

Sometimes the voice winds from one pitch to another. Thus, in mockery, the word *oh* may be struck on a low note, and, the sound being prolonged, the voice may glide up through several tones of the musical scale, and then return towards the low note first uttered. This musical movement of the voice may be reversed. The movement is not direct, straightforward, upright, or downright, but is winding, crooked, wriggling. By a deep analogy, this change of pitch often reveals a corresponding state of mind, sinuous, insincere, indirect, mocking, to

> Keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope.

Thus, "Ôh! you regrêtted the partition of Poland!" Here a sinuous pitch on *oh* and on the accented syllable of *regretted* gives edge to the sarcasm.

It must not be inferred, however, that this turn of voice is not often appropriate to honest, straightforward speech. Indeed, the most common use of it is to express or intimate a contrast; as to correct an error by admitting what is true and rebutting what is false. Your physician tells you that your friend, hopelessly ill of consumption, is "better to-day"; but his circumflex accent (i. e. winding pitch) on the word "better," or

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"to-day," indicates clearly that the patient cannot hope for complete restoration to health. Teachers have constant occasion to use the circumflex. Thus, "Trŭe, the sun is much nêarer the earth in winter; but the rays fall so much more oblîquely that we receive less hêat."

By suggesting antitheses, the circumflex gives sprightliness to discourse. Thus: —

I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel. But when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if;* as, "*If yŏu* said sŏ, then I said sô"; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only pêacemaker! Much virtue in an *if.** — SHAKESPEARE.

STRESS.

If we examine a vowel sound when it is prolonged, we find the force or degree of loudness varying on different parts. The first part of the sound may be loudest, as in the following quotations: —

"Bang! went the blunderbuss."

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels.
COWPER.

And when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er.
CAMPBELL.

It is — it is the cannon's opening roar.
BYRON.

By an unconscious imitation, we here give greater STRESS to the initial part of the vowel sound in *bang, smack, gun's, cannon's.* This is called *initial stress,* or *radical† stress.*

Some sounds in nature and in art begin gently, increase, and then diminish. Thus: —

It was the last swelling peal of yonder organ, — "Their bodies rest in peace, but their name liveth evermore." I catch the solemn sound; I

* The Irish have a good-humored sauciness in their peculiar circumflex slide; as in Sir Boyle Roche's expostulation with his shoemaker: "I tôld you to make one boot *lârger* than the other, and you 've done just the opposite; you 've made one *smâller* than the other!"

† "Radical" is from the Latin *radix,* root; as if the initial part of a sound were its *root.*

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echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph, "Their name liveth evermore!" — WEBSTER.

Here on all the long vowels, as in *last, peal, organ, peace, evermore, sound, lofty, strain, name,* the voice swells in the middle of the long sound. This kind of stress is known to elocutionists as the *median,* or *middle,* stress.

A few sounds are loudest at the last. The following may be so read as to give the stress on the very last part of the long sounds: —

And nearer fast and nearer doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder yet, and yet more loud, from underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud, the trampling and the hum.
MACAULAY.

When the final part of the sound of a vowel or diphthong is loudest, the stress is called *final stress.**

Abrupt, sudden sounds bear some analogy to abrupt, sudden emotions and ideas. *Anger,* for example, is quick, passionate, explosive. Thus Antony speaks to Brutus and Cassius with *initial* stress: —

Villains! you did not so when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen kissing Cæsar's feet,
Whilst damnéd Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!
SHAKESPEARE.

Gentle, swelling emotions naturally require corresponding *median* stress. Thus: —

I pant for the music which is divine;
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine;
Loosen the notes in a silver shower.
Like an herbless plain for the gentle rain,
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again!

* Final stress is termed by many elocutionists *vanishing* stress, the last part of the sound being designated by them the "*vanish.*"

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Let me drink in the music of that sweet sound
More, O more! — I am thirsting yet.
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart, to stifle it.
The dissolving strain, through every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain!

SHELLEY.

But when the feeling grows more intense during the brief time occupied in the utterance, the stress is often greatest on the last part of the prolonged sound. Thus, dogged obstinacy, growing momentarily more dogged, says, "I won't," with sudden force on the termination of the long vowel. So, impatience, growing more vehement, is uttered with the same *final* stress. Thus: —

Shame! shame! that in such a proud moment of life,
Worth ages of history, when, had you but hurled
One bolt at your bloody invader, that strife
Between freemen and tyrants had spread through the world —

That then — O, disgrace upon manhood! e'en then
You should falter! should cling to your pitiful breath!
Cower down into beasts, when you might have stood men,
And prefer a slave's life to a glorious death!

MOORE.

Among those emotions and states of mind which often require initial or "radical" stress are cheerfulness, mirth, joy, contempt, scorn, malice, scolding, anger, rage, defiance, command, decision, fear, terror, surprise, wonder, and matter of fact. Among those which often require the middle or "median" stress are tranquillity, joy, delight, admiration, love, tenderness, sorrow, pity, reverence, solemnity, awe, and horror. Among those which often require the final or "vanishing" stress are obstinacy, impatience, distress, scorn, disgust, remorse.

A tremor of the voice is called *tremulous* or "*intermittent*" *stress;* as in the following: —

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm —

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"God, who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!"

WORDSWORTH.

Extreme feebleness, fear, chilliness, agitation, may give rise to the intermittent stress. So may imitation.

Some elocutionists speak also of what they term "*thorough*" stress, in which the shouting tone is prolonged; as, —

Rejoice, you men of Angiers; ring your bells!
King John, your king and England's, doth approach!
Open your gates, and give the victors way!

SHAKESPEARE.

This stress is appropriate in calling to those at a great distance.

Elocutionists, furthermore, mention what they style "*compound*" stress. It is a combination of the initial and the final. Thus, in derision, the circumflex slide begins and ends with considerable force: —

"*O*, but he *paused* on the brink!"

Generally, wherever the circumflex slide is proper, as in surprise, mockery, irony, or in admitting what is true and coupling it with limitations, there the compound stress may be requisite.

QUALITY.

Ben Jonson says of the letter *r*, "It is the dog's letter, and hurreth [trills] in the sound." The hissing *s* is still more unpleasant to the ear. The English language still has many harsh consonant sounds, although it has been very greatly softened during the last thousand years.

Our piratical Saxon ancestors, on the shores of the stormy German Ocean, had an articulation as rough as their roaring winds and waves. Byron forcibly contrasts the Italian and the English in the following stanza: —

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses in a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables that breathe of the sweet south,

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And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,
That not a single syllable seems uncouth;
Unlike our northern, whistling, grunting guttural,
Which we 're obliged to hiss and spit and sputter all!

The element of vocal expression here suggested is termed QUALITY.

Pure quality is opposed to aspirated, hissing, or whispering tones, suggestive of secrecy, of snakes, of geese, and of angry cats; to guttural tones, reminding of choking anger and of swine and swinish men; to hoarse or wheezy tones, indicative of exhaustion and disease; to hollow or pectoral tones, hinting of ghosts and sepulchers; and to nasal tones, that tell of colds and whining and cant.

A profusion of vowel sounds is pleasing to the ear; a profusion of consonant sounds is annoying. The sweetness of music is largely due to its pure quality; and it is safe to assert, as a general principle, that beauty, purity, and all the milder virtues incline to clearness of voice. Thus: —

I have heard some fine music, as men are wont to speak, — the play of orchestras, the anthems of choirs, the voices of song that moved admiring nations. But in the lofty passes of the Alps I heard a music overhead from God's orchestra, the giant peaks of rock and ice, curtained in by the driving mist and only dimly visible athwart the sky through its folds, such as mocks all sounds our lower worlds of art can ever hope to raise. I stood (excuse the simplicity!) calling to them in the loudest shouts I could raise, and listening in compulsory trance to their reply. I heard them roll it up through their cloudy worlds of snow, sifting out the harsh qualities that were tearing in it like demon screams of sin, holding on upon it as if it were a hymn they were fining to the ear of the great Creator, and sending it round and round in long reduplications of sweetness; until finally, receding and rising, it trembled as it were among the quick gratulations of angels, and fell into the silence of the pure empyrean! I had never any conception before of purity of sound, or what a simple sound may tell of purity by its own pure quality; and I could only exclaim, "O my God, teach me this! Be this with me forever." All other sounds are gone. The voices of yesterday, heard in the silence of entranced multitudes, are gone; but that is with me still, and I trust will never cease to ring in my spirit till I go down to the chambers of silence itself! — BUSHNELL.

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The harsh, the rough, the disagreeable, are akin to impure vocal qualities. We are not, however, to conclude that there is no room for the exercise of the latter. Anger, for example, may be heroic or even divine. There would be little strength of character without it, and there would be no strength in speech without prominent consonant sounds. Thus: —

I am astonished! shocked! to hear such principles confessed, — to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

"That God and nature put into our hands"! I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity! What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacre of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating — literally, my lords, eating — the mangled remains of his barbarous battles! . . . . To turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage! against whom? against your Protestant brethren! to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war! — CHATHAM.

Of the emotions that especially require pure vocality, we may mention joy, delight, admiration, tranquillity, love, tenderness, sorrow when not excessive, pity, solemnity, reverence, and gentle command. Among those that usually require impure quality, are impatience, contempt, scorn, malice, scolding, rage, defiance, anger, terror, horror, remorse, surprise, wonder, secrecy, obstinacy, revenge, and great fear.

We have thus evolved the seven leading elements of vocal expression, — Force, Volume, Movement, Pitch, Slides, Stress, and Quality. We have seen that they are founded largely on imitation and analogy, and that they have a natural fitness to express corresponding facts.*

* Language, as might have been inferred from what we have said, is largely onomatopoetic or imitative. This is abundantly evident from an inspection

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The poets are much given to imitation of sounds. As one among innumerable instances, take this from Taylor's translation of Bürger's *Lenore* : —

> He cracked his whip ! the locks, the bolts
> Cling-clang asunder flew !

Take the following description by Tennyson of Sir Bedivere's hurling the magic sword Excalibur. Note the striking analogy of whirling, flashing, and rushing, which the broken measure of the poetry suggests : —

> . . . . Clutched the sword,
> And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great brand
> Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
> And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,
> Shot like a streamer of the northern morn !

Orators, too, select with care words whose sound harmonizes with their mental moods. "Some words," says an eloquent writer, "sound out like drums ; some breathe memories sweet as flutes ; some call like a clarionet ; some shout a charge like trumpets ; some are sweet as children's talk ; others, rich as a mother's answering back."

See how Everett suggests, by the sound of his well-chosen words, the midnight silence broken by a rushing train of cars : —

> All was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed, at that hour, the unearthly clank and rush of the train.

Webster suggests the din of civil war by the jarring words, —

> States dissevered, discordant, belligerent ; a land rent with civil feuds, and drenched, it may be, with fraternal blood.

But whether words be chosen with reference to fitness of sound or not, it is a part of the business of every speaker to

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of the following, out of hundreds of similar words: babble, bang, bellow, bow-wow, bubble, buzz, click, cluck, coo, cuckoo, crack, crash, croak, crunch, ding-dong, drum, gong, gurgle, grunt, grumble, gobble, growl, hoot, hiss, howl, hum, hurly-burly, jingle, mew, murmur, quack, rattle, roar, rub-a-dub, rumble, sob, slam, tinkle, tick, twitter, thud, wheeze, whine, whiz, whistle, whisper. See Introduction to Wedgwood's *Dictionary of English Etymology*.

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give by his tones as vivid an impression as possible, and to infuse into every sentence the appropriate force, volume, movement, pitch, slides, stress, and quality.

We have thus far dealt, for the most part, with outward correspondences.* A more difficult matter now presents itself. How shall the orator represent the inner workings of the soul? What elements of vocal expression shall body forth the emotions? There is undoubtedly a best expression of every mental act and state. How to find it, is the inquiry.

Here is a comparatively unexplored field. We may indicate one method of investigation; but the limits of the present treatise require that we confine ourselves mostly to results that lie upon the surface.

Take the sentiment of awe. Elocutionists, without giving any reason, tell us that it requires low pitch, large volume, slow movement, slight force, median stress, falling slides, hoarse quality. What is the philosophical explanation?

Awe is perhaps oftenest awakened by the great forces of nature, — the roar of lions, the noise of the torrent, the avalanche, the wind, the thunder, the earthquake. These utter themselves in a deep, grave, bass sound. Hence, from time immemorial, a low pitch has been deemed appropriate to what is vast, solemn, or awful. Their voices, like themselves, are vast. Hence, the awful is expressed by large volume. These sounds swell and sink. Hence, by a kind of imitation, they give rise to a slight median stress. These sounds are slow; and, besides, they repress our activity. Hence our voices move with corresponding slowness. They overpower us, teach us our nothingness. Hence we speak of them with bated

* See, however, the remarks on initial stress as appropriate for anger, and on median stress as expressive of gentle emotion, and final stress as fit to give the sense of impatience (pages 29, 30). See also the remarks (on page 27) on the circumflex slide as suggestive of crooked thought and insincere dealing.

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breath, and, at most, with only moderate force. They enforce silent acquiescence,

"While thinking man
Shrinks back into himself, — himself so mean
'Mid things so vast."

Hence short and falling slides, to express awe. They have hoarse tones; and so our voices, when not hushed to a whisper, are apt to express awe by deep, almost hoarse, utterance. Awe, then, commonly has low pitch, large volume, median stress, slow movement, slight or moderate force, falling slides, and impure (hoarse) quality.

If such be the facts in regard to awe, evidently, by a natural antithesis, mirthfulness would be expressed, to some extent at least, by opposite elements; as high pitch, small volume, initial stress, quick movement, rising slides, pure quality. But, as mirth is often imitative, these elements would be more or less varied according to circumstances.

By similar methods of investigation, doubtless much of the philosophy of the vocal expression of emotions might be revealed; but our limited space compels us to present only the results of observation and research. Latitude must be allowed for a diversity of tastes in regard to some of the details. Not even the best elocutionists will agree on all points.

SUGGESTIONS IN REGARD TO VOCAL EXPRESSION.

TRANQUILLITY is usually of moderate force, or a little less; rather slow movement; middle pitch, tending to low; pure quality; moderate or slight volume; gentle and median stress; moderate or short slides, mostly falling. Thus: —

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove, —
It was thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;

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No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.
BEATTIE.

CHEERFULNESS is usually of moderate force, or a little greater; quick movement; middle pitch, or a little higher; pure quality; moderate or slight volume; initial stress, sometimes median; moderate or longer slides. Thus: —

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So merry in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone:
He swam the Esk River, where ford there was none:
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.
SCOTT.

MIRTH, if the degree of fun be considerable, and the person be demonstrative, is usually rather loud, quick, high, pure, except in imitation of the opposite qualities; of moderate or small volume; initial stress; extensive, often circumflex, slides. Thus, in Holmes's Treadmill Song: —

The stars are rolling in the sky,
The earth rolls on below;
And we can feel the rattling wheel
Revolving as we go.
Then tread away, my gallant boys,
And make the axle fly;
Why should not wheels go round about
Like planets in the sky?

Wake up, wake up, my duck-legged man,
And stir your solid pegs!
Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,
And shake your spider legs.

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What though you 're awkward at the trade?
There 's time enough to learn, —
So lean upon the rail, my lad,
And take another turn.

They 've built us up a noble wall,
To keep the vulgar out;
We 've nothing in the world to do
But just to walk about!
So faster now, you middle men,
And try to beat the ends, —
It 's pleasant work to ramble round
Among one's honest friends!

HOLMES.

Mirth, however, may be *imitative*, and a tone of mock seriousness may be adopted. The degree to which imitation should be carried, and the vocal expression varied to hit that which is burlesqued, parodied, or laughed at, will differ with different readers. Usually, attempts to personate are only partially successful.

HUMOR is more quiet than mirth, and is more under control. It commonly has moderate force, moderate or quick movement, moderate or high pitch, pure quality, slight volume; initial, but not explosive, stress; moderate slides. Thus: —

Now, while our soldiers are fighting our battles,
Each at his post to do all that he can,
Down among rebels and contraband chattels,
What are you doing, my sweet little man?

All the brave boys under canvas are sleeping,
All of them pressing to march with the van,
Far from the home where their sweethearts are weeping; —
What are you waiting for, sweet little man?

You with the terrible warlike mustaches!
Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan, —
You with the waist made for sword-belts and sashes, —
Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet little man?

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman!
Cover his face, lest it freckle and tan;

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Muster the "Apron-string Guards" on the Common:
That is the corps for the sweet little man!

Give him for escort a file of young misses,
Each of them armed with a deadly rattan!
They shall defend him from laughter and hisses
Aimed by low boys at the sweet little man!

HOLMES.

JOY is usually loud, brisk, high, pure, of full volume, median stress, long slides. Thus:—

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vales, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war!
Hurrah, hurrah for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

MACAULAY.

ADMIRATION, which always contains something of joy, is rather loud, rather high; of moderate movement, sometimes quick; pure quality; median stress; moderate volume, sometimes large, especially when the object is large; long slides. Thus:—

Sometimes a distant sail gliding along the edge of the ocean would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race between which Nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier! — IRVING.

DELIGHT is between joy and cheerfulness. Its manifestation differs a little from that of cheerfulness. The movement is rather fast; the force is considerable; the slides are moderate;

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the stress is strongly median; the volume is moderate or large; the quality is very pure. Thus: —

Hear the mellow wedding bells, golden bells:
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
O, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells! How it dwells
On the future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing of the bells, bells, bells, —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

POE.

LOVE, undisturbed, is usually of slight or moderate force; moderate movement, sometimes inclining to quick; moderate or high pitch; very pure quality; moderate or slight volume; soft median stress; moderate slides, often rising. Thus: —

Not as all other women are,
Is she that to my soul is dear:
Her glorious fancies come from far
Beneath the silver evening-star;
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know:
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

She hath no scorn of common things;
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

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Blessing she is: God made her so;
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

LOWELL.

TENDERNESS is usually rather high, pure, of slight force, moderate or slow movement, slight volume, gentle median stress, sometimes tremulous; short or moderate slides, oftener rising than falling. Thus: —

ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

ORLANDO. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently. . . . . Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam. — SHAKESPEARE.

If the tenderness is playful, the slides may be long and circumflex.

SORROW is of various kinds. When allied to tenderness and pity, it has usually slight force, slow movement, high pitch; pure quality, sometimes aspirated; slight volume; median stress, sometimes intermittent; moderate or long slides, often rising. Thus: —

Gone, gone from us! and shall we see
Those sibyl-leaves of destiny,
Those calm eyes, nevermore?
Those deep dark eyes, so warm and bright,
Wherein the fortunes of the man
Lay slumbering in prophetic light,
In characters a child might scan?
So bright, and gone forth utterly!
O stern word — Nevermore!

LOWELL.

PITY is usually of slight force, rather slow movement, very

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high pitch, pure quality, small volume; median, or slight radical, stress; moderate slides, often rising. Thus:—

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers!
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing towards the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers, —
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free!

MRS. BROWNING.

DISTRESS is of several kinds and degrees. It is usually loud, by paroxysms; very high, quick, with occasional long sounds of grief; aspirated; of moderate volume; vanishing stress, rarely median; long slides, mostly rising. Thus:—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true!
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
On terms of friendship with thine enemies.

SHAKESPEARE.

IMPATIENCE is usually loud, quick, high; harsh, impure; of moderate or small volume; strong vanishing * stress; long, usually falling slides. Thus:—

LEAR. You heavens, give me patience, — patience I need.
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both.
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

* As if, the longer the mind dwelt on the thought, the more intense the feeling became.

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Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely : touch me with noble anger.
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks ! — No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall — I will do such things —
What they are yet, I know not ; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I 'll weep :
No, I 'll not weep ! —
I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or e'er I 'll weep ! — O fool, I shall go mad !

SHAKESPEARE.

VEXATION has very nearly the same vocal expression as impatience. Thus : —

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That, from her working, all his visage wanned,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit ? and all for nothing !
. . . . .
Yet I, a dull and muddy-mettled rascal . . . .
Can say nothing !

SHAKESPEARE.

CONTEMPT is usually of slight force, quick or moderate movement, moderate pitch, expulsive initial stress, aspirated whispering quality, small volume ; moderate, sometimes long slides. Thus : —

Has the gentleman done ? Has he completely done ? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of this house. But I did not call him to order. Why ? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. On any other occasion I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honorable member. — GRATTAN.

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SCORN is similar to contempt, but louder, of larger volume, and longer slides, usually falling. Thus: —

May their fate be a mock-word! may men of all lands
Laugh out with a scorn that shall ring to the poles!
When each sword that the cowards let fall from their hands
Shall be forged into fetters to enter their souls.

MOORE.

MALICE, which is a settled state of the mind, is usually of moderate force, moderate or slow movement, low pitch, initial stress, strongly aspirated or guttural quality, small volume, short slides. Thus: —

Aside the devil turned
. . . . and to himself thus plained:
"Sight hateful! sight tormenting! Thus these two,
Imparadised in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss; while I to hell am thrust!"

MILTON.

SCOLDING is similar to Impatience. It is usually loud, quick, high, but may snarl in a moderate or low pitch; of impure quality, small volume, marked initial stress; short slides, often circumflex. Thus: —

CAPULET. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?
"Proud" — and, "I thank you" — and, "I thank you not";
And yet "not proud"! Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds;
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to St. Peter's church;
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither!
You tallow-face!
LADY CAPULET. Fie! fie! what, are you mad?
JULIET. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
CAPULET. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, — get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face!
Speak not; reply not; do not answer me!
My fingers itch!

SHAKESPEARE.

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ANGER, when it has not settled into cool malice, is usually loud, quick, of moderate or high pitch; very impure, the words being hissed or growled; of small volume, the teeth being set; abrupt, explosive, initial stress, sometimes vanishing; long slides, often falling, but sometimes circumflex. Thus:—

Then in the last gasp of thine agony,
Amid thy many murders, think of mine!
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes!
Gehenna of the waters! Thou sea Sodom!
Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods!
Thee and thy serpent seed!

BYRON.

RAGE and FURY are usually very loud, very quick, very high, very impure, of very large volume, very abrupt initial stress, and long slides, often falling. Thus:—

And darest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall!
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No! by St. Bride of Bothwell! No!
Up drawbridge, grooms! What, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!

SCOTT.

DEFIANCE is usually quick, high, very loud, of very large volume, very impure quality, abrupt initial stress, and long slides. Thus:—

Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx. Let them come forth! I tell the ministers, I will neither give quarter nor take it! — GRATTAN.

COMMAND is usually loud, of moderate or quick movement, moderate or high pitch, large volume; pure quality, unless angry; marked initial stress; long falling slides. Thus:—

Uzziel! Half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch. These other, wheel the north.

MILTON.

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BOLDNESS is usually loud, quick, of moderate or high pitch, large volume, moderately pure quality, moderate falling slides, initial stress. Thus : —

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate :
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh, soon or late :
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods ?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three :
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ?"

MACAULAY.

DECISION is usually rather loud, rather quick, of moderate pitch, moderate or pure quality, moderate volume ; marked, but not explosive, initial stress ; moderate falling slides. Thus : —

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink ; that continue until night, till wine inflame them ! And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe and wine are in their feasts ; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands. Therefore my people are gone into captivity, because they have no knowledge ; and their honorable men are famished, and their multitude dried up with thirst. Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure ; and their glory and their multitude and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it ; and the mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man shall be humbled. — ISAIAH.

Would you, then, learn to dissipate the band
Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
His soul appall, and damp his rising fire ?

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Resolve, resolve! and to be men aspire!
Exert that noblest privilege alone
Here to mankind indulged; control desire;
Let godlike Reason from her sovereign throne
Speak the commanding word, "I will!" and it is done.

THOMSON.

BUSINESS, or MATTER OF FACT, is usually moderate in force, movement, and pitch; of medium quality; small volume; initial, but not marked stress; short, variable slides. Thus:—

This is Detroit, the commercial metropolis of Michigan. It is a prosperous and beautiful city, and worthy of your pride. I have enjoyed its hospitalities liberal and long. . . . . Seventy miles west of Detroit is Leoni, an obscure district containing two villages, Leoni and Michigan Center. Here in this dock are the principal citizens of that community. Either they have committed a great crime against this State, or there is a conspiracy of infamous persons to effect their ruin through the machinery of the law. — SEWARD.

SECRECY is usually of slight or very slight force, quick movement, and is carried on in a whisper or undertone.

In the following passage secrecy is blended with admiration, and controls the expression; which, however, is somewhat softened.

What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form: but 'tis a spirit!
. . . . I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

SHAKESPEARE.

In the following, secrecy is blended with malice, and preponderates in the reading. The whispering voice, however, is greatly roughened by the hatred.

KING JOHN. Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert! throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way!
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

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HUBERT. And I will keep him so
That he shall not offend your majesty.
KING JOHN. Death!
HUBERT. My lord?
KING JOHN. A grave.
HUBERT. He shall not live.
SHAKESPEARE.

FEAR is usually of soft force, except when frantic; of very quick movement; low pitch, except in great fright; strongly aspirated quality; small volume; tremulous, or spasmodic, initial stress; short slides, mostly falling. Thus: —

While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come! they come!"
BYRON.

TERROR affects different persons differently. When extreme, it is usually very loud, shrieking; very quick; very high; very impure, but the high notes may be pure; of variable volume, usually large; spasmodic initial stress, may be thorough or tremulous; long slides. Thus: —

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless; thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou doth glare with!
SHAKESPEARE.

So the young prince Arthur, when he catches a glimpse of the ugly executioners who are to burn out his eyes, exclaims, —

O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men!

AWE has already been explained on pages 35 and 36. The following passage illustrates it: —

It thunders! Sons of dust, in reverence bow!
Ancient of Days, thou speakest from above!
Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror now,
That hand which scatters peace and joy and love.
Almighty! trembling like a timid child,
I hear thy awful voice! Alarmed, afraid,
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head!
DMITRIEV.

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SOLEMNITY is usually of slight or moderate force, slow movement, low pitch, median stress, pure quality, moderate or large volume, short slides, mostly falling. Thus: —

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
But no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there!

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

SERIOUSNESS is usually of moderate force, but sometimes loud, sometimes soft; rather slow movement; low pitch; slightly median stress, sometimes initial; pure quality; moderate volume; moderate slides, mostly falling. Thus: —

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. — LINCOLN.

REVERENCE unites fear, respect, and esteem. It differs but little from solemnity in its expression. The pitch may be a little higher, the volume a little larger, the movement faster, and the slides oftener rising. Thus: —

Venerable men! You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. — WEBSTER.

HORROR chills and paralyzes. It is usually of soft force, very low pitch, very slow movement, slight median stress, sometimes tremulous; impure, guttural quality; usually large volume; short falling slides, or none. This combination of elements tends to the *monotone*. Thus the ghost of the murdered king in "Hamlet": —

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Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatched;
Cut off in the very blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head!
O, horrible! O, horrible! Most horrible!

SHAKESPEARE.

REMORSE, when great, is usually of loud convulsive force, but sometimes suppressed; quick movement, with irregular intervals; high pitch, sometimes moderate or low; impure quality, guttural, with sobbing or sighing; small volume, sometimes moderate; final stress, with tremor; moderate slides, mostly falling. Thus:—

Oh, my offence is rank; it smells to heaven!
It hath the primal eldest curse upon it,
A brother's murder!— Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent.
. . . . . .
O, wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limèd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels, make assay!

SHAKESPEARE.

DESPAIR is usually of slight force, slow movement, low pitch; moderately pure quality, slightly aspirated; small volume; tremulous stress; short slides, mostly falling. Thus:—

MAN. I am now a man of despair, and am shut up in it, as in this iron cage. I cannot get out; O, now I cannot.

CHRISTIAN. But how camest thou into this condition?

MAN. I left off to watch and be sober; I laid the reins upon the neck of my lusts; I sinned against the light of the word, and the goodness of God; I have grieved the Spirit, and he is gone; I tempted the Devil, and he is come to me; I have provoked God to anger, and he has left me; I have so hardened my heart that I cannot repent.

Then said Christian to the Interpreter, "But are there no hopes for such a man as this?" "Ask him," said the Interpreter. Then said Christian, "Is there no hope, but you must be kept in the iron cage of despair?"

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MAN. No, none at all.

CHRISTIAN. Why, the Son of the Blessed is very pitiful.

MAN. I have crucified him to myself afresh; I have despised his person; I have despised his righteousness; I have counted his blood an unholy thing; I have done despite to the spirit of grace: therefore I shut myself out of all the promises, and there now remains to me nothing but threatenings, dreadful threatenings, fearful threatenings, of certain judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour me as an adversary.

CHRISTIAN. For what did you bring yourself into this condition?

MAN. For the lusts, pleasures, and profits of this world, in the enjoyment of which I did then promise myself much delight; but now every one of those things also bites me and gnaws me like a burning worm.

CHRISTIAN. But canst thou not now repent and turn?

MAN. God hath denied me repentance. His word gives me no encouragement to believe; yea, himself hath shut me up in this iron cage, nor can all the men in the world let me out! O Eternity! Eternity! How shall I grapple with the misery that I must meet with in eternity?

Then said the Interpreter to Christian, "Let this man's misery be remembered by thee, and be an everlasting caution to thee."

"Well," said Christian, "this is fearful! God help me to watch and be sober, and to pray that I may shun the cause of this man's misery."

BUNYAN.

SURPRISE is usually loud, high, quick and slow alternately, aspirated, of expulsive initial stress, small volume, long slides. Thus Horatio tells Hamlet of the apparition of the latter's deceased father: —

HOR. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
HAM. Saw! Who?
HOR. My lord, the king, your father.
HAM. The king, my father?
. . . . .
For God's love, let me hear!
But where was this?
. . . . .
HOR. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.
HAM. Did you not speak to it?
HOR. My lord, I did.
. . . . .
HAM. 'T is very strange.

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HOR. As I do live, my honored lord, 't is true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it. . . . . .
HAM. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
HOR. We do, my lord.
HAM. Armed, say you?
HOR. Armed, my lord. SHAKESPEARE.

WONDER is usually of moderate force, sometimes loud; moderate pitch; irregular movement, slow and sometimes quick; aspirated quality, sometimes nearly pure; expulsive initial stress; long slides; small volume, sometimes moderate or large, it being more or less proportioned to the supposed magnitude of the thing wondered at. Thus Alonzo, Gonzalo, Sebastian, Antonio, and others, hearing supernatural music and seeing unearthly shapes, express their amazement: —

ALON. What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!
GON. Marvelous sweet music!
ALON. Give us kind keepers, Heavens! What were these?
SEBAS. A living drollery! Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phenix' throne; one phenix
At this hour reigning there.
ANT. I 'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I 'll be sworn 't is true. SHAKESPEARE.

The foregoing quotations afford tolerable illustrations of the different emotions considered separately. Oftener, however, the feelings are more or less mingled. In such cases the resulting vocal expression may partake of the leading characteristics of all. Usually one ingredient predominates, and this will give the chief tone or color to the compound. (See on this subject Professor Mark Bailey's remarks in his introductory treatise in Hillard's Sixth Reader, pages lxxiv, lxxv; also his admirable analysis on pages lxxv–lxxix of the same.)

From the foregoing we deduce the following directions for elocutionary analysis: —

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1. Ascertain the prevailing tone or spirit of the piece, and adhere to it, adapting the elements of vocal expression to it wherever you perceive no cause for deviation.

2. Ascertain the deviations from the general character of the piece, and adapt the elements of vocal expression to the spirit of the individual sentences and words. Be careful, where mental states or acts are blended, to give each its due representation.

We subjoin for illustration the following commencement of an examination of the stanzas preliminary to Milton's "Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," as showing a method of elocutionary analysis. (See "Masterpieces in English Literature," 1st volume, pp. 192, 193.)

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light insufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here, with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?—
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now, while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

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See how, from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet!
O, run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet!
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel choir
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire!

The prevailing tone of this piece is *serious*. Hence it must, for the most part, be read with moderate force, somewhat slowly, in a rather low pitch, with slightly median stress, pure quality, moderate volume, and moderate slides.

The first stanza, beginning, "This is the month," has joy as well as seriousness. Joy predominates. Hence it should be read with rather loud force, rather brisk movement, rather high pitch, very pure quality, rather full volume, decided median stress, rather long slides.

The next stanza, beginning, "That glorious form," has, in the first four lines, deep *admiration* blending equally *reverence* and *love*. Hence those lines should be read with moderate force, moderate pitch, rather slow movement, very pure quality, rather large volume, full median stress, moderate slides.

The next three lines, beginning, "He laid aside," have *tenderness* combined with *reverence;* tenderness preponderating in the first two, and reverence in the last. Hence to be read with slight force, slow movement, moderate pitch, median stress, very pure quality, moderate volume, short slides. Read it aloud. Proceed in this manner with the analysis of every stanza.

The voice is the most perfect expression of the soul. Sweetness, purity, integrity, earnestness, delicacy, — these, in the lapse of time and with judicious training of the vocal organs, will come to characterize spontaneously the commonest utterance of their possessor, and impart a charm that mere art can never attain. There have been elocutionists that have labored in vain for scores of years to perfect their voices.

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In their public efforts they may have been apparently successful; yet in the unguarded moments of conversation, there has often been a marked and painful lack of these outward signs of inward beauty. So true is the maxim of the ancient rhetoricians, "None but a good man can be a perfect orator."

GESTURE IN ELOCUTION.

BEFORE proceeding to treat specifically of gesture, it seems appropriate to say a word of attitude and of facial expression.

A stooping form, with round shoulders and sunken chest, conveys the impression of weakness, discouragement, cowardice, or excessive humility. Such a posture may be appropriate enough in some circumstances; as in uttering the following: —

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have brought him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span.
O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

FIG. 1.

Weakness, etc.

FIG. 2.

"You souls of geese," etc.

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Very different is the attitude of the bold combatant. Thus Merivale, the historian, represents Rome as "squaring with the world." Catiline takes the posture of the pugilist, when he thus defies Cicero and the Roman Senate: —

> But here I stand and scoff you. Here I fling
> Hatred and full defiance in your face. CROLY.

Similar, but even more fierce and disdainful, is the bearing of Coriolanus towards his soldiers who have been cowardly in battle: —

> You shames of Rome! . . . . You souls of geese,
> That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
> From slaves that apes would beat? . . . .
> All hurt behind! backs red, and faces pale
> With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home;
> Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe
> And make my wars on you! SHAKESPEARE.

Two rules may be given in regard to attitude: First, let the outer express the inner. Second, let ungraceful postures be avoided.

Of facial expression, we may remark as follows: —

ATTENTION slightly raises the eyebrows.

ADMIRATION raises the brows, opens the eyes, and brings a smile.

SURPRISE raises the brows, and opens the eyes and mouth.

GRIEF wrinkles the brows, draws up their inner ends, and draws down the corners of the mouth.

DISDAIN partly closes the eyes, and slightly turns the head, as if the despised person were not worth looking at. It may also frown, if the feeling be strong, and may elevate the nose and upper lip.

ANGER closes the mouth firmly, holds the body erect, shuts the teeth, and clinches the fists. It strongly frowns, and may even show the teeth.

DETERMINATION closes the mouth tightly. It may clinch the fists. Frowning is the natural expression of some difficulty

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encountered, or something disagreeable experienced, which excites a feeling of hostility.

One rule may suffice in facial expression: Let the face show the feeling that prevails at the instant; let it never show the opposite, except for comic effect. (See Darwin on the "Expression of the Emotions in Man and the Lower Animals.")

GESTURE may be defined as a bodily movement to illustrate, express, or enforce some mental act or state.

The question may be asked at the outset, Should the words be made to conform to the gesture, or the gesture to the words? Neither. Each should be exactly adapted to the thought. Then the two former will substantially harmonize. (As to the coincidence in time between gestures and words, see the following paragraph.)

I. GESTURES OF PLACE.

The first step towards any gesture must obviously be a conception in the mind. Instantly the imagination assigns a *place* to the thing conceived. Without perceptible interval, the eye glances thither, the face may turn in that direction, the whole body may share in the movement. The hand may be lifted and carried towards the locality, and perhaps the index finger may accurately point it out. Lastly, when fit words have been chosen, the voice names the object. So slight is the interval between any two successive steps of this process, that often all seem to be simultaneous. Thus Lord Chatham alludes to a painting, and locates it by a simultaneous glance of his eye, sweep of the arm, and pointing of the finger: —

From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of the noble lord frowns with indignation at this disgrace of his country!

It matters not whether the object be present or absent, visible or invisible. A speaker of vivid imagination will give it a place, and treat it as if actually seen, or, at least, as if really occupying some determinate position.

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The slightest gesture of place is a glance of the eye in the direction of the object as located by the speaker. The next in extent is a turning of the head. The next is a motion of the hand thitherward, the finger, perhaps, pointing. The whole body may turn. Both hands may sometimes be used.

A small object, occupying but a point in the speaker's real or imagined field of vision, is singled out with the index finger; a larger object, with the whole hand extended; a still

FIG. 3.

"That star."

FIG. 4.

"That constellation."

larger, with a wave of the hand; an object covering most of the field of view, with a sweep of both hands. Thus:—

Do you see that star?

Do you see that constellation (the Great Bear)?

See yonder aurora borealis (covering perhaps a quarter of the northern sky).

Behold this vast galaxy (stretching both ways from the zenith to the horizon).

For further illustration, note that, if a large expanse of ocean be the object mentioned, a sweep of the hand and arm, or even a glance towards it, may be sufficient; but a single ship

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FIG. 5.

"Yonder aurora."

FIG. 6.

"This vast galaxy."

in the midst of that broad field, or a distant lighthouse upon its verge, would generally require to be more accurately designated by the index finger.

An orator uses the words *yonder heavens*. It is sufficient, perhaps, merely to glance upward, or to wave the hand outward and up towards that part of the sky. But if the words be *yonder star*, his finger will point it out with some accuracy, as already shown.

If the object be an extensive forest, in sight of the speaker and occupying a great portion of the landscape, a gesture of the whole hand and arm, moving so as to direct attention to it as a large object, will suffice. But if it be a single tree, the finger will naturally point it out.

When Erskine, quoting from the supposed speech of an Indian chief, exclaims, —

> Who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean?

on the words, *who is it*, the speaker looks around, as if to see where the person inquired for may be found. Both the eye

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and the hand indicate the respective locations of the river, the mountains, and the ocean.

When Macbeth, in his soliloquy, says, —

Is this a dagger which I see before me?

there is a most intense gaze, and the hand is likely to be unconsciously stretched towards the point which the dagger seems to occupy.

The more vivid the imagination of the speaker, and the more absorbed he is in his subject, the more numerous and the more striking will such gestures naturally be.

Our first class of gestures, then, are gestures of *place*. They answer the question, WHERE? They are simple and easily made, and they add life and picturesqueness to discourse. They are followed without effort, and they often assist wonderfully in the presentation of a subject.

They are sometimes used unnecessarily; as where a speaker, addressing an audience of medical gentlemen, places his hand on his heart, as if they needed to be informed of the locality of that organ!

Children and uncultivated people require more of these gestures than would a body like the Supreme Court, or the Senate of the United States. There is a great difference in the extent to which different speakers employ them.

Something will depend upon temperament. A man of light, active, nervous organization will use far more gestures of this kind, and indeed of every kind, than one who is slow, heavy, phlegmatic. Clay would gesticulate more than Webster; a demonstrative Frenchman more than a reticent Englishman; a vivacious Italian more than a solid Dutchman.

Some applications of these principles may especially be noted. If there be a change in the position of the object while the mind is fixed upon it; for instance, if it be a bird flying, or a train of cars swiftly moving, or other object conceived of as making an extensive change in place; the eye, the

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hand, the head, the upper part of the body, and perhaps the whole person will sympathetically tend to join in that movement. In the following from Bryant, the index finger may move as if to keep pace with the water-fowl sailing along the sky : —

> Vainly the fowler's eye
> Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
> As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
> Thy figure floats along !

FIG. 7.

"Thy figure floats along."

FIG. 8.

"In my place here," etc.

FIG. 9.

"Or elsewhere."

Again, *present* is directly in front and near the speaker; *absent* is off at one side; *past* is behind; *future* is before. Thus Webster says, —

> When I shall be found, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, etc.

Burke, at the close of his final speech against Hastings, might have so located the past and future : —

> My lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons of Great Britain and surrounded by them, I attest the *retiring*, I attest the *advancing* generations, etc.

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Furthermore, it is important to observe that all spiritual conceptions are based upon material facts. Things in the world of mind, moral qualities, ideas, cannot be expressed, perhaps cannot be conceived, except by the aid of types, figures, symbols, analogies supplied by the world of matter. Something of the original meaning clings to the word in its derived sense. Thus *spirit* means *breath*, and we rarely lose altogether the notion of breath, air, wind, when we use the word; *sublimity* means *height;* heaven is *heaved* (*heav-en*) high; *climax* is *ladder; towering* is *projecting aloft* like a tower; *base* is *low; disgust* is offence to *taste; empyrean* is the supposed *fiery* boundary of the universe; *transcendent* is *climbing* higher; *lofty* is from the Anglo-Saxon *lyft*, the air, and means *up in the air; humility* is from *humus*, the ground; *supernal* is from *super*, above; *infernal* is from *infer*, *infra*, below. We always think of the angels as above, of the devils as below; as Poe sings, —

> Neither the angels in heaven above,
> Nor the demons down under the sea,
> Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
> Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

Hence it comes that moral qualities are assigned "a local habitation." All that is lofty, sublime, hopeful, high, exalted, noble, angelic, glorious, beautiful, august, eminent, celestial, superior, supernal, splendid, royal, soaring, radiant, elevated, cheering, inspiring, adorable, — in a word, all noble ideas, sentiments, and emotions, lift the soul, the eye, the hand; and they call for *high* gestures.

On the other hand, all that is low, base, earthly, mean, dirty, foul, brutal, beastly, contemptible, groveling, despicable, infamous, infernal, devilish, crawling, snaky, sneaking, filthy, shameful, abject, pitiful, disgusting, vile, beggarly, insignificant, — in a word, all ignoble ideas, sentiments, and emotions, lower the soul, the eye, the hand; and they call for *low* gestures.

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It will be a fair corollary, that all intermediate qualities, such as are suggested by the words passable, common, medium, moderate, average, ordinary, middling, usual, — and, in general, all qualities and allusions which do not clearly require high or low gestures, should, if expressed at all by gestures, be expressed by those near a *medium* elevation. This class comprises perhaps the majority of intellectual conceptions.

Unless, therefore, the speaker is forcibly impressed by the significance of a word, as denoting elevation of thought and sentiment or the opposite, and so demanding an elevated gesture or the opposite, he will do well to avoid extremes.

The following combines both the high and the low : —

> If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined, —
> The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind. POPE.

FIG. 10.

"Wisest, brightest."

FIG. 11.

"Meanest of mankind."

On *wisest* and *brightest*, of course, the looks and the action are elevated ; on *meanest* they are much depressed.

According to the foregoing principles, superlative excellence would be expressed by a gesture reaching far towards the zenith ; and extraordinary demerit, by a gesture that should carry the mind to the dust at one's feet.

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The following extract from Young's "Night Thoughts" will serve to illustrate further these points: —

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,

The word *poor*, meaning humble, weak, naturally suggests a gesture below the horizontal plane. The word *rich* requires a gesture a little higher. The word *abject* may have a low gesture, as if calling attention to the very ground. On the word *august* the look is elevated, and the hand may be raised to a position of about forty-five degrees above the horizontal. No gestures should be used here, unless the utterance is very slow. The elevation and depression of the eye and of the face may suffice.

How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvelously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds,
Distinguished link in being's endless chain,
Midway from nothing to the Deity.

At *nothing* the eye, hand, and face are downcast. At *He* and at *Deity* they are uplifted.

A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt;
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine;
Dim miniature of greatness absolute;
An heir of glory, a frail child of dust!

An heir of glory requires the elevation of the eye and the hand. (Fig. 12). *A frail child of dust* requires that the look and gesture be depressed. (Fig. 13.)

Helpless immortal! insect infinite!

On the word *helpless* the gesture again is one of weakness and humility, — a low gesture. On the word *immortal*, even if the hand remain low, the eye and the face should be raised. The utterance must all the while be very slow.

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FIG. 12.

"Heir of glory." (p. 64.)

FIG. 13.

"Frail child of dust." (p. 64.)

Abstract qualities, when successively enumerated, may be imagined to occupy different locations, and may be alluded to by corresponding gestures of place, thus :—

What would content you? Talent? No. Enterprise? No. Reputation? No. Courage? No. Virtue? No. Patriotism? No. Holi-

FIG. 14.

"Talent? No."

FIG. 15.

"Enterprise? No."

FIG. 16.

"Reputation? No."

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ness? No. The man whom you would select, must possess not one, but all of these.

On the word *talent* the gesture might be directly to the front, as if talent were located between the speaker and the audience in front of him. On the word *enterprise* the hand may gesticulate a little to the right of where the gesture was made on *talent*, as if enterprise lay beside talent and not far

FIG. 17.

"Courage? No."

FIG. 18.

"Virtue? No."

FIG. 19.

"Patriotism? No."

distant from it. On the word *reputation* the hand may be carried still farther in the oblique direction, as if reputation were in the third place. On the word *courage* a similar gesture to the right of the gesture on reputation would mark out its locality as the fourth in the series. On the word *virtue* another gesture still farther to the right, making it the fifth place in the series. So with *patriotism* and *holiness* successively. (Fig. 20.) On the word *one* the gesture may be directly to the front, and with the index finger. On the word *all* a wave of the hand from the front around to the right, so as to include all the qualities that have been enumerated in their respective locations.

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FIG. 20.

"Holiness? No." (pp. 65, 66.)

FIG. 21.

A Climax.

Perhaps, however, it would be better to locate the different qualities one above the other, marking talent by the hand at the height of the elbow or a little lower, and letting the hand rise successively on the other qualities, thus making a climax, *holiness* carrying the hand high toward the zenith. The positions of the hand in the consecutive gestures need not be in a vertical plane; they may better *rise obliquely to the right.*

It is well for one who has a set speech to deliver, to note carefully beforehand the words or passages where gestures of place are required; and to conceive, with as much distinctness as possible, of the appropriate situations which he may, for the purposes of his speech, conceive to be occupied by the things alluded to or described; just as a painter, in drawing a landscape, will select at the outset the points to which he wishes to give prominence, or which form the basis of his measurements, and will mark their relative positions on the canvas. Thus the prominent points of the picture which the orator has in his mind's eye will at once be reproduced by the audience.

The following piece illustrates principally gestures of *place.* Circumstances may modify their number, form, and extent.

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Now rest for the wretched: the long day is past,

In this line there is no definite conception of any particular location, and no gesture of that kind is needed. The eye is "bent on vacancy," as in calm meditation. (See *Conventional Gestures*, p. 100.)

And night on yon prison descendeth at last.

The speaker should have determined beforehand, for the purposes of the speech, the imaginary direction and distance of this prison from himself and from the audience; and his face should be turned towards it, his eye should seem to see it, his arm may be extended, and his hand, if not his finger, point towards it.

FIG. 22.

Calm meditation.

FIG. 23.

"Yon prison," etc.

A speaker of great vividness of fancy might conceive of night as an atmosphere of darkness coming down. Perhaps he would, not inappropriately, follow that descending movement by lowering his face (which might have been elevated to an angle of about 45°) and his hand, bringing the hand, at the conclusion of the gesture, into the position in which it would seem to rest upon the imagined prison.

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FIG. 24.

"Look there!"

FIG. 25.

"Who flies?"

Now lock up and bolt. Ha, jailer! look there!

A fugitive slave is here supposed to be discovered at a little distance from the jail, in the act of running away from confinement. The speaker should have predetermined the direction of this flight, and should have so arranged in his mind the points of the compass as to give ample and convenient space for the actions which are to follow. The jailer is conceived of as being at the prison, and his situation attracts for an instant the mind, the eye, and the hand, at the moment of the call to him; but these are immediately fixed again upon the fugitive.

Who flies like a wild bird escaped from the snare?

This line requires the gesture imitating and following the motion, as indicated in Fig. 7. The eye, the arm, the hand, and the finger slowly move, the finger moving in a curve, to keep pace with the runaway, both eye and hand being intently directed to her. The motion may be conceived as coming

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from the speaker's right, and approaching a point at some distance in front.

A woman ! a slave ! Up ! out in pursuit,

Sudden surprise raises the hands and opens them, as if to be in readiness to act. It also raises the brows, and opens

FIG. 26.

"A woman ! a slave !"

FIG. 27.

"Up ! out in pursuit !"

the eyes and mouth. A forcible wave of the hand on the word *out* may direct attention to the open field which the slave is traversing. This gesture combines place and emphasis.

While linger some gleams of the day ;

On the words *linger some gleams* a momentary glance at the western horizon or around the field might not be inappropriate ; but it seems hardly necessary.

Ho ! rally thy hunters with halloo and shout,
To chase down the game, — and away !

A hurried sweep of the hand, so as to include in imagination the points where the hunters are, the hand moving in its

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FIG. 28.

"Ho! rally thy hunters." (p. 70.)

FIG. 29.

"And away!" (p. 70.)

sweep around (or returning) so as to finally rest upon the place where the fugitive is supposed to be running, may be fitting, though not important.

A bold race for freedom! On, fugitive, on!

No gesture of the hand is needed in the first half of this line; but the eye should be very intently fixed on the moving object, and the face should be a little elevated for boldness.

At the words *On, fugitive, on!* the hand may make an outward sweep from a position in front of the breast to the direction in which the speaker would urge the fugitive to flee.

Heaven help but the right, and thy freedom is won.

At the word *heaven* an instantaneous upward glance, the eye descending to the fugitive at the words *is won.* (Fig. 30.)

How eager she drinks the free air of the plains!
Every limb, every nerve, every fiber, she strains.

No gesture of location is necessary here, but the glance is riveted on her.

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From Columbia's glorious Capitol
Columbia's daughter flees

Here the hand should be extended at the word *Capitol* towards the point where the national Capitol is for the instant imagined to stand. Before the hand is dropped, the face, having been turned for a moment towards the Capitol, reverts to the fugitive.

To the sanctuary God hath given,

The right hand having been used to locate the Capitol, the left hand will naturally be extended towards the sanctuary, or the right hand may be carried across the body towards it. (Fig. 32.) The face turns to the same point, and on the word *God* the eye glances instantaneously to heaven.

The sheltering forest-trees.

The hand may still remain pointing towards the refuge of forest-trees, while the speaker is pronouncing the last line; and after the glance towards the zenith on the word *God*, the face and eyes are turned in the same direction as the hand.

FIG. 30.

"Heaven help," etc. (p. 71.)

FIG. 31.

"Columbia's glorious Capitol."

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Now she treads the long bridge, — joy lighteth her eye !

In the utterance of this line the gaze should be earnestly fixed upon the moving object, the finger pointing it out, the finger, the face, and the eyes turning very slowly to keep pace with its motion.

Beyond her the dense wood and the darkening sky :

At the word *beyond* the look is directed to the forest; and instantly, after the utterance of the word *wood*, the face and eyes are slightly raised to behold the darkening sky.

FIG. 32.

"To the sanctuary," etc. (p. 72.)

FIG. 33.

"Treads the long bridge," etc.

Wild hopes thrill her breast as she neareth the shore :

As soon as the word *sky* is uttered, the glance reverts as quickly as possible to the fugitive.

Oh, despair ! — there are *men* fast advancing before !

Just before the word *oh*, the eye and the face move a little to catch a glimpse of the men advancing in front of the fugitive. By an abrupt gesture the hand may point these men out. The attitude may indicate despair. (Fig. 34.)

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FIG. 34.

"Oh, despair!" (p. 73.)

FIG. 35.

"Shame, shame!"

Shame, shame on their manhood! They hear, they heed

The face is still riveted to the spot where the fugitive and the intercepting party are meeting. The hand, which has remained extended, may be dropped as the word *shame* is first uttered.

The cry her flight to stay;
And, like demon forms, with their outstretched arms
They wait to seize their prey! (Fig. 36.)

She pauses, she turns, — ah! will she flee back?

The look is all the while fastened on the fugitive and her pursuers; or it may rapidly glance around the vicinity, as if looking for sympathy and succor.

Like wolves her pursuers howl loud on her track: —
She lifteth to heaven one look of despair,
Her anguish breaks forth in one hurried prayer: —
Hark, her jailer's yell! — like a bloodhound's bay

At the word *hark*, the eye glances at the jailer, who has now, it must be supposed, approached very near the fugitive.

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On the low night wind it sweeps!
Now death, or the chain! — to the stream she turns,
And she leaps, O God, she leaps!

On the word *chain* a gesture of emphasis, a downward stroke. (See, on a subsequent page, *Emphatic Gestures.*)

During the delivery of the last eight or ten lines there may be no gesture to indicate mere locality; but throughout the whole of them the attention is steadily fixed on the spot where the action is progressing. On the words *she leaps* there is first a sympathetic movement as if to leap, and immediately a recoiling with horror. (Fig. 38.) (See, on subsequent pages, *Imitative Gestures.*) On the word *God* there should be an instantaneous upward glance.

The dark and the cold yet merciful wave

If this scene is supposed to be somewhat near the speaker, he will naturally look down a little to the river below the bridge; but if it is conceived to be at some distance, say a quarter of a mile or more, there will be no perceptible change in the direction of his gaze.

FIG. 36.

"Outstretched arms." (p. 74.)

FIG. 37.

"Lifteth to heaven," etc. (p. 74.)

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Receives to its bosom the form of the slave.

No gesture of location needed here.

She rises, — earth's scenes on her dim vision gleam;

In pronouncing the words *earth's scenes*, a hasty glance around the landscape in the vicinity of the catastrophe would be appropriate.

FIG. 38.

"O God! she leaps!" (p. 75.)

FIG. 39.

"She rises," etc.

But she struggleth not with the strong rushing stream;
And low are the death-cries her woman's heart gives,
As she floats adown the river;
Faint and more faint grows her drowning voice,
And her cries have ceased forever.

On the words *as she floats adown the river*, the direction of the glance should change very slightly, so as to keep pace with the floating corpse.

Now back, jailer, back to thy dungeons again,

At the word *now*, the glance returns to the jailer, who is supposed to be still standing on the bridge, watching his vic-

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FIG. 40.

"Strong rushing stream." (p. 76.)

FIG. 41.

"Back, jailer, back!" (p. 76.)

tim. At the utterance of the second *back*, the face turns to the jail, and a quick gesture of the hand may point to it; and the eye, having momentarily looked at the prison, instantly returns, and rests on the jailer.

To swing the red lash, and rivet the chain:
The form thou wouldst fetter — a valueless clod!

On *swing*, the gesture may imitate the stroke of one plying the lash. (See *Imitative Gestures*, p. 80, etc.)

At the word *form* or *fetter*, the hand begins to be moved, to make a gesture pointing out the floating corpse; and at the utterance of the word *clod* the hand or finger points, with a descending stroke, in the direction of the dead body in the river. The gesture may be made with the left hand. (Fig. 22.)

The soul thou wouldst barter — returned to her God!

The eyes, in the utterance of the word *soul*, are fixed on the jailer, but without delay they are raised to heaven; and at the utterance of the words *wouldst barter — returned*, the right hand is also raised, and the hand or finger points, as the

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eyes look, to God. The left hand may still be held in the direction of the corpse in the river. (Fig. 42.)

She lifts in his light her unmanacled hands;

Here, as in a number of other places in this piece, there should be a striking imitative gesture. (See *Imitative Gestures*, p. 79, etc.) The hands should be lifted prone (i. e. palms down) in front of the body, till they are at the full length of the arms and at an angle of about 45° with the horizon, and then the hands should be lifted vertically to the front, turning on the wrists as pivots. The mention of the light of God, which is the glory of his throne, or the glory of heaven, naturally requires a glance upward.

She flees through the darkness no more;
To freedom she leaped through drowning and death,

If freedom be supposed to be in heaven, the look, which had been lowered, may again give an upward glance. On the words *she leaped*, the body may make a slightly imitative movement as of one beginning to leap.

And her sorrow and bondage are o'er.

FIG. 42.

"... clod! ... God!" (p. 77.)

FIG. 43.

"Lifts ... hands."

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II. IMITATIVE GESTURES.

The second kind of gestures are those which are imitative. They answer the question, How? It will surprise one who has never given the subject consideration, to learn how numerous is this class. An orator who has much imagination conceives himself in the midst of the things he describes, and as actually performing the deeds of which he speaks. His action unconsciously imitates that which he imagines, as Goldsmith's crippled soldier "shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won."

This principle lies at the bottom of all pantomime. Roscius, it is said, contended with Cicero to see which could express ideas the more forcibly; he, by gestures; Cicero, by words. Imitation must have been a principal means with the former.

> By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
> Each horseman drew his battle-blade.

The imaginative speaker, if he be very much in earnest, in uttering this second line will be likely to go through the motion of drawing his sword from the scabbard. (Fig. 44.)

> Here I fling
> Hatred and full defiance in your face!

The action of hurling, or the feeling of defiance, requires a significant gesture.

> Measureless liar! thou hast made my heart
> Too great for what contains it. — Boy! O slave!
> . . . . Boy! False hound!
> If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
> That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
> Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli:
> Alone I did it. — Boy!

Shakespeare here represents lofty disdain wrestling with intense anger in the breast of Coriolanus. Before the Vol-

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scian Senate, Aufidius, a leader of the Volsci, has sneeringly called him a "boy of tears," because Coriolanus has wept at his mother's entreaties and has spared Rome. On the words *I fluttered your Volscians in Corioli*, one or both hands, with arm extended, should violently shake and shiver, to imitate frightened doves. A defiant face and attitude are very important here.

Take her up tenderly;
Lift her with care.

The action of a person gently assisting to lift with both hands is here natural and almost unavoidable.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air.

The motion of the eagle cutting the air may be expressed by a quick high gesture of the hand moved edgewise.

Approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The orator may go through the movement of wrapping the drapery about him.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide.

Whoever enters into the spirit of this passage, in which Henry V. stimulates his soldiers to make a desperate charge on the enemy, will find his teeth firmly set through sympathetic imitation.

Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf:
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

The elocutionist, representing old Barbara flaunting the Union flag over the heads of the Rebel host, will find himself tending to take the same attitude, and, in imagination, vigorously shaking the flag in his extended hand.

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In passing from this general principle to some other applications, we may remark: —

First. In speaking of anything utterly worthless, there is a natural tendency to *throw it down and aside.*

Who steals my purse, steals trash.

On the word *trash* there may be the gesture of scornfully throwing away the "filthy lucre."

FIG. 44.

"Each horseman drew," etc. (p. 79.)

FIG. 45.

"Steals trash."

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.

On the word *handful* the hand rejects them, throws them away and aside as being comparatively insignificant.

All nations before him are as nothing,

On the gesture of place, indicating *all nations*, there may be a wide sweep of one or both arms to express universality. (P. 83, fig. 46.) On the word *nothing*, the imitative gesture descends, the action being that of one throwing away or dropping as utterly worthless.

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and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity.

On the word *less* there is the same imitative gesture of contemptuous throwing away.

Behold the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance!

On the words *drop* and *dust* there is a similar movement of the arm and hand, as of one discarding what is of no value. This gesture should not be made at the front; for when we throw away or reject as valueless, we do not cast the thing where it will be an obstacle, or even visible, in our path. Neither do we throw it far to the rear; for that would require too much bodily exertion, and such action would seem to give it temporary importance: but we toss it down at the right or at the left; commonly the right, because the right hand is mainly employed.

It is utterly useless to prolong the strife.

Here, on the word *useless*, the action is again that of a person flinging away a trifle; or, if one prefer, he may drop the hand as if it were paralyzed, and for the moment assume the attitude of helplessness. (Fig. 1.)

The finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance.

The same gesture of throwing away on the word *insignificance*.

I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The same gesture on the word *fool*, with a little quicker stroke to indicate anger. (See *Emphatic Gestures*.)

Secondly. The action in *concession* is that of a person conveying *in his hand* something which he surrenders. The hand should then be extended forward and open, the palm up and turned a little to the front, — just as much so as if it contained something actually to be placed in the hand or at the feet of the person to whom the concession is made.

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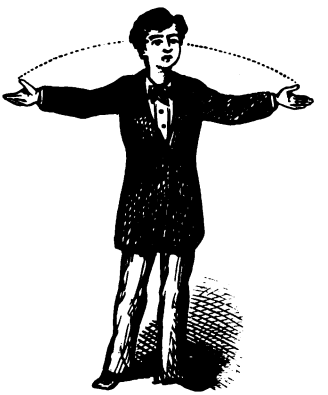
FIG. 46.



"All nations," etc. (p. 81.)

FIG. 47.

"I freely grant all."

I freely grant all that you demand.

The hand moves forward on a line nearly horizontal, palm upwards, the hand, at the word *grant*, slightly turning on the wrist as on a pivot; and when it has been extended as far as convenient, it remains for a time in that position of offering, as if it were to give the recipient time to take that which is yielded.

I grant him, bloody, luxurious, avaricious, false.

On the word *grant* the same gesture.

Brutus is an honorable man.

This is concession, and may be expressed in the same manner.

Politeness may require the speaker to bow ceremoniously at the same time that he moves forward the hand; the principle being that the speaker should imitate the action and attitude of one yielding or conceding a visible and tangible object, which usually may, for the moment, be conceived of as being in the hand.

Extreme humility, submission, and obsequiousness are ex-

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pressed by the posture and motions of a deferential servant before his master, or a polished courtier before his king.

> Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
> Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
> An humble heart.

No better general direction can be given for the delivery of these and similar lines than that, during the utterance of them, one should imagine himself actually in the position of the original speaker, and imitate his manner as far as dignity will permit. (Fig. 48.)

Is there any limit to the extent to which imitative gestures should be used? Yes.

First, there may be an imitation which is false, because too literal. Thus, in one of Percival's hymns, we have the following lines in honor of those who fought at Bunker's Hill:—

> Hail to the morn when first they stood
> On Bunker's height!
> And fearless stemmed the invading flood,
> And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
> And mowed in ranks the hireling brood
> In desperate fight!

Here a too close imitation would go through the exact motions of *writing* in the fourth line; or, worse still, would, as it were, accurately swing a *scythe* in the fifth!

Secondly, there may be excessive or undignified imitation; as if one describing a gymnast's feats should turn a somersault, or stand on his head in presence of the audience; or should take some steps of a Highland fling, to illustrate a description of such a dance.

Decorum, therefore, and dignity are not to be sacrificed. "Suit the action to the word," says Shakespeare, "with this special observance, that you overstep not the modesty of nature."

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FIG. 48.

"Metellus Cimber throws," etc.

FIG. 49.

"Winds up the ascent," etc.

We give the following analysis in further illustration of the principles already laid down. The selection is from the speech of Daniel Webster as prosecuting officer in the famous trial of the murderers of Joseph White. Here, too, some latitude must be allowed in regard to the number, the manner, and the extent of the gestures.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us.

On the words, *spread out the whole scene*, there may well be an imitative gesture made by bringing the hands together in front, about the height of the elbow, or a little higher, turning the palms upward, and then, with the hands in this position, making an outward sweep, the open hands describing about a quarter of a circle, the radius being the length, or a little more, from the elbow to the tips of the fingers. All appearance of stiffness must be avoided.

Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, — the first sound slumbers

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of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment.

On the words *through the window*, the hand is raised, and the finger points to the window which the orator sees in his imagination. At the words *unoccupied apartment*, the index finger ceases to point at the window; and the opening hand, by a slight motion, directs attention to the unoccupied apartment. These, of course, are gestures of place.

With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon.

The slow motion of the murderer pacing the hall is indicated and slightly imitated by a slow movement of the hand; and at the words *half lighted*, the eye glances up towards the moon. These are mainly gestures of place.

He winds up the ascent of the stairs

On the word *winds*, the hand may be elevated a little higher than the forehead, and the index finger, pointing, may execute a spiral, a circle, or a curve, to show the spiral motion. The elevation of the hand indicates place, and the winding motion is, of course, imitative.

and reaches the door of the chamber.

The index finger points to the door as the voice pronounces the word.

Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure,

The hand moves, the hand and forearm rotating so that the hand comes nearly palm upward, imitating the motion of unlocking by turning a key; the ends of the thumb and first two fingers in contact, as if pressing on a key.

till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him.

The hand may move slowly as the words are uttered, to

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FIG. 50.

"Moves the lock," etc.

FIG. 51.

"Till it turns," etc.

imitate the swinging of the door. On the words *beholds his victim*, the hand is lowered, as if to point to the victim sleeping before him.

The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light.

On the words *uncommonly open*, the eye turns as if the speaker were inside the room and glancing up at the windows. The hand, somewhat elevated, may, at the same time, be waved in the arc of a circle, as if to call attention to a large part of the inside of the room.

The face of the innocent sleeper was turned away from the murderer,

On the word *face*, the hand is again extended towards the face of the victim supposed to be present within touching distance. On the words *turned away*, the position of the hand may be reversed. It had, perhaps, been supine; it may now be turned palm outwards, and nearly vertical, with a slight motion, as if turning the face away from the murderer.

and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple,

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On the words *beams of the moon*, the eye glances up towards the window through which the moonlight streams. On the words *resting on the gray locks*, the eye is fixed on the temples of the victim.

showed him where to strike.

These words, pronounced with great slowness, and accompanied by a stroke, strictly in imitation of the murderer's blow,

FIG. 52.

"The fatal blow," etc.

FIG. 53.

"Plies the dagger," etc.

may be made exceedingly impressive and thrilling. Rufus Choate would have reproduced the scene by a two-handed blow!

The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

Repose of sleep. These words call attention to the place of the sleeping victim. On the utterance of the words *to the repose of death* the hand, which had been resting almost on the sleeping form, may be carried a little distance to the right, as if death were somewhat removed from sleep. The gesture is one of place.

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FIG. 54.

"Raises the aged arm," etc.

FIG. 55.

"Explores the wrist," etc.

It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it is obvious that life has been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon.

On the words *plies* the hand may clinch, as it were, the dagger; and on the word *dagger* it may fall, as if striking.

He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart,

On the words *raises the aged arm*, the motion of lifting the arm may be performed with the hand.

and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard!

On the words *replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard*, he goes through the movement of replacing it with the hand.

It is needless to say that these are imitative gestures.

To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse!

The gesture here imitates the position of a physician's thumb and finger feeling for the patient's pulse.

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He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished! The deed is done! He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder, — no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Here the hand, the arm, and the eye follow the movement of the murderer from place to place.

Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake! Such a secret can be safe nowhere.

On the words *can be safe*, a long sweep of the arm, with open hand, beginning near the left shoulder. Just as the sweep is terminating, the word *nowhere* is uttered. A slight, quick shake of the head, to indicate negation, may accompany the utterance of the word *nowhere*. (See *Conventional Gestures*, page 100.)

The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe.

On the words *the whole creation*, a very extensive sweep of

FIG. 56.

"Can be safe nowhere."

FIG 57.

"The whole creation," etc.

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FIG. 58.

"Eye which glances," etc.

FIG. 59.

"Splendor of noon," etc.

both hands outward from a point just above the forehead, the face looking up to God; the sweeping gesture terminating in a slight stroke on the word *God*, both hands being then extended to the full length of the arms. This attitude should be maintained until the utterance of the word *bestow*, and just after that time the hands and the face drop.

Not to speak of that Eye which glances through all disguises,

At the beginning of this sentence, the look of the speaker may be fastened on his audience, but in the ending, it is slowly raised.

and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men.

On the words *splendor of noon*, the face is high upturned, and the open hand, which had been lifted in front of the forehead, may be carried to the right to the extent of about the sixth of a circle. The gestures are chiefly expressive of place, as they draw attention to the flood of light that descends from the sky.

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III. EMPHATIC GESTURES.

Whenever the mind is agitated, there is a natural and often irresistible tendency to express emotion by some bodily movement. Any display of bodily force by a speaker indicates a corresponding degree of mental excitement.* The stronger the inner feeling, the greater the outward manifestation. This is the foundation of all emphatic gesture.

There was a basis of truth in the view taken by a good mother in Israel, in one of our rural districts, when she exclaimed of her favorite minister, "Ah! he was a powerful preacher. During the time that he dispensed the gospel to us, he kicked three pulpits to pieces, and banged the insides out of five Bibles."

The amount of physical force expended by John B. Gough in one of his temperance lectures is evinced by his drenching perspiration.

How does bodily force accompany intense mental action? Evidently there are many modes in which this might occur. The old lady's minister did not confine his gestures to his hands and arms. Some orators have a habit of giving the impression of great power by rising on the toes, and settling back solidly on the heels. Whitefield at times stamped with terrible energy. Some speakers violently shake their heads. Some nod impressively, and it is wonderful how many degrees of emphasis may be signified in this way. The nod may be almost imperceptible, the head not moving an inch; or it may be extremely violent, the whole of the upper part of the body sharing in it. The degree of force can thus be graduated exactly to meet the demand. Many orators express

* This is why, as an orator, a small man like Kossuth is placed at a disadvantage in comparison with a large man like Edwin Forrest. The powerful physique of Webster gave him a great advantage over an opponent like Rufus Choate, although the latter was not lacking in force. It would take a dozen common ministers rolled into one, to make up as much bodily energy as Beecher possesses.

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more by this than by any other kind of gesture. But perhaps the most natural and the most graceful mode of expressing earnestness is by a blow of the hand or arm. The student will be fortunate, if he shall acquire the habit of spontaneously *combining* the nod or the bow with the emphatic blow.

We lay aside, for the moment, in this discussion, all consideration of special motive, which may often require a blow to be struck, and we confine ourselves to the simple exhibition of emphasis.

The stroke of the arm and hand may indicate all degrees of force, depending on the extent, the rapidity, and the apparent effort.

The gesture with both hands increases, of course, the significance of that with one. A blow with the clinched hand is far more significant than one with the open hand.

Knowledge is better than learning; wisdom is better than knowledge; virtue is better than wisdom.

On *knowledge* there may be a slight stroke, indicative of earnestness; on *wisdom* there should be a little longer and stronger blow of the hand; and on *virtue* the gesture should be still more extensive and forcible.

The private citizen can check his child; the alderman can repulse the private citizen; the mayor can put down the alderman; the governor can overthrow the mayor; the president can crush the governor; the nation can hurl into annihilation the president.

Here a slight stroke of the open hand may indicate the first degree of emphasis, that on the word *child;* a little longer and more forcible stroke may illustrate the second degree of emphasis, that on the word *citizen;* a still longer and stronger stroke on *alderman* may exemplify the third degree of emphasis, etc. The last stroke, that on *president,* may be made with the clinched fist.* (See fig. 60.)

* Instead of emphatic gestures, these consecutive sentences may be illustrated by gestures of *place;* the open hand or the index finger successively

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But these gestures of emphasis are rarely used pure and simple. They are generally combined with gestures of imitation, or with those of locality; the power of the gesture somewhat depending, in almost every instance, on the display of bodily power; and the display of bodily power keeping pace, for the most part, with the intensity of mental action.

I tell you, though you, though all the world, though an angel from heaven, should declare the truth of it, I would not believe it.

FIG. 60.

Degrees of Force.

FIG. 61.

Thunder treason," etc. (p. 95.

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locating *child, citizen, alderman, mayor, governor, president.* They may be located side by side, beginning with *child* in front at about the height of the elbow, and passing, one by one, to the right, placing *president* about the fourth part of a circle from *child.* Or they may be located in front, one above the other, *child* being placed a little lower than the elbow, and the *president* placed, by the hand and arm extended up at an angle of about 45° with the plane of the horizon. Or a successively higher position may be combined with *lateral* positions successively more to the right; so that the hand should rise diagonally from the low front to the high side position at the full length of the arm held at an angle of about 45° with the plane of the horizon.

Again, gestures of *imitation* may be used in these consecutive sentences; gestures of *checking, repulsing, putting down, overthrowing, crushing,* and *hurling.* These imitative gestures may be made with successively higher degrees of force, as we proceed to show.

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Preparation having been made for an emphatic gesture at the very beginning of this sentence, by raising the hand as high as the head on the words *I tell you*, there should be a somewhat emphatic stroke forward in the direction of the individuals addressed, the hand at the close of the blow, (which may be struck on the second *you*,) resting at or a little below the height of the elbow. From the second *though* to the word *world*, the hand is engaged in making an outward sweep, a little above the horizontal line; and on the word *world*, which is quite emphatic, this outward sweep terminates, it having become almost a blow. On the words *though an angel*, the hand is raised above the head, and the eyes are cast toward the zenith; and on the word *heaven*, a stroke may be made upward toward the sky. This last stroke should be made with a vigor proportioned to the earnestness of the speaker.

We give, in further illustration, the following extract from a Fourth of July oration on *Education*, by Horace Mann.

Remember, then, the child, whose voice first lisps to-day, before that voice shall whisper sedition in secret, or thunder treason at the head of an armed band.

If this were the first sentence of a speech, no gesture would be required; but as it is a peroration, and the speaker and the audience may be supposed to be wrought up to a high degree of excitement, a slight stroke, by way of emphasizing the word *child*, and a larger and stronger blow on the word *treason*, would seem appropriate.

Remember the infant whose hand to-day first lifts the tiny bauble, before that hand shall scatter firebrands, arrows, and death.

On the words *first lifts the tiny bauble*, an imitative gesture, as of one raising a child's plaything to about the height of the forehead, the gesture also serving as a preparation. The hand remaining uplifted, the gesture on the word *firebrands* assumes a different character: a very forcible stroke, as of one scattering or hurling, may be made with a long sweep obliquely downward from front to rear. (Fig. 62.)

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Remember those sportive groups of youth, in whose halcyon bosoms there sleeps an ocean, as yet scarce ruffled by the passions that soon shall awake and heave it as with a tempest's strength.

On *sportive groups of youth*, a wave of the hand, as if to indicate the location of the youth. On the word *awake*, a gesture somewhat imitative, made with both hands, lifted suddenly to the height of the shoulders, or thereabouts, the hands being raised from the prone to the vertical position. On the word *tempest's*, the hands, which have been poised with palms uplifted to the front, are brought down with a forcible stroke of the arms to a position a little lower than the height of the elbow. The hands may close in descending, so that at the end, the back of the hands being down, they will be clinched, indicating great power.

Remember that whatever station in life you may occupy, these mortals, these immortals, are your care. Devote, expend, consecrate yourselves to the holy work of their improvement.

On the word *immortals* — that is, on the accented *im-* — there should be an emphatic nod or other gesture. On the

FIG. 62.

"Scatter firebrands," etc. (p. 95.)

FIG. 63.

"With a tempest's strength."

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words *devote*, *expend*, and *consecrate*, blows may be successively struck with increasing length and force.

Pour out light and truth, as God pours sunshine and rain.

On the words *pour out light and truth*, an imitative gesture may be used, beginning with the hands near the breast, the hands being carried open, the palms to the front, in curved lines forward and outward; the gesture resting when the hands have reached the distance of the extended arm. The ideas being of an exalted nature, the look should be somewhat elevated; and on the word *God*, the eye should glance upward, the hands being all the while held in the extended position till the last word of the sentence is uttered.

No longer seek knowledge as the luxury of a few, but dispense it freely among all as the bread of life.

On the word *few*, a slight gesture of the hand, beginning, perhaps, near the height of the elbow, and passing downwards and slightly outwards, the gesture being imitative and indicating a matter of trifling importance, the gesture ending with the hand at the side and a little to the rear. On the word *dispense* both hands should be raised in preparation for a wide sweeping gesture to begin on the word *freely*, and end with an outward stroke on *all*, the hands then being extended to the full length of the arms on the right and the left, and at the height of the shoulders; the gesture indicating universality. On the words *bread of life*, another upward glance, intimating that the bread of life "cometh down from heaven."

Learn only how the ignorant may learn; how the innocent may be preserved; the vicious, reclaimed.

On *ignorant*, *preserved*, and *reclaimed* there may be successive nods indicating emphasis; the voice falling on each, and the eye glancing in different directions on the words *ignorant*, *innocent*, and *vicious*, as if these persons occupied different places.

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Call down the astronomer from the skies;

A gesture of location, beginning with the elevation of the hand and of the eye at the beginning of the sentence, and terminating with the hand lifted high towards the zenith on the word *skies*.

call up the geologist from his subterranean explorations;

The hand begins to be lowered on the word *geologist*, and the descending gesture terminates with a slight stroke on *explorations*, as if locating them below the surface of the earth.

summon, if need be, the mightiest intellects from the council-chamber of the nation; enter cloistered halls, where the scholiast muses over superfluous annotations; dissolve conclave and synod, where subtle polemics are vainly discussing their barren dogmas;

On the words *intellects from the council-chamber*, the eye may be turned and the hand extended toward the supposed locality. On *enter cloistered halls*, another gesture of location, — a sweep of the hand towards the imagined place. So on *conclave* and *synod*. A look of pitying contempt on the words *scholiast* and *superfluous;* a gesture of contempt on the words *barren dogmas*, preparation having been made for the scornful gesture by lifting the hand at the word *vainly* nearly to the height of the breast, the gesture being imitative of one rejecting what is utterly worthless, the backward or sidewise stroke being on the word *dogmas*.

and go forth and teach this people.

On the words *go forth*, a gesture partly imitative and partly by way of location, the hand being carried from the breast forward and upward to the full extent of the arm; and then, without dropping the hand, a gesture of emphasis on the word *teach*, the gesture being made by a forcible stroke down in front.

For in the name of the living God it must be proclaimed that licentiousness shall be the liberty, and violence and chicanery shall be the

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FIG. 64.

In the name of," etc. (p. 98.)

FIG. 65.

"The only happiness," etc.

law, and superstition and priestcraft shall be the religion, and the self-destructive indulgence of all sensual and unhallowed passions shall be the only happiness, of that people which neglects the education of its children!

On the word *God*, a gesture of some emphasis, and yet partly of location, made by lifting the hand to the height of the head, and striking upward on the word *God*, so that the arm will be extended straight towards heaven. The hand is then slowly withdrawn as far as the head, and an emphatic gesture is made by a downward stroke on the word *liberty*, and, again, on *law*. On *religion*, another still more forcible blow is struck for emphasis. On the word *happiness*, it might not be inappropriate to increase the emphasis by a stroke of both hands, due preparation having been made for the stroke by lifting both to about the height of the forehead. It is especially important for the student to take notice that all, or nearly all, of the emphatic gestures of the hand and arm may be made still more emphatic by *combining* with them a simultaneous nod. (See pages 92, 93.)

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IV. CONVENTIONAL GESTURES.

Under this head we include those gestures which by common *usage* have come to have a certain significance, without being palpably founded on place, manner, or degree; that is, they do not indicate locality, nor do they imitate, nor emphasize. Such is the uplifted hand, the fingers perpendicular and joined, the palm turned to the front, at the height of the face; that being the position required in the administration of an *oath*. Such are the bow of a speaker to his audience at the beginning of his address; the clasping of the hands or placing the palms together in front of the breast in the act of adoration; folding the arms across the breast, indicating composure; kneeling in the act of prayer; the nod of affirmation; and the shaking of the head, indicating negation. Conventional gestures are not very numerous.

V. GESTURES OF ACTUAL PERFORMANCE.

These hardly need to be mentioned. They are simply the motions of a speaker performing what he describes, or manipulating implements; as of a chemical lecturer handling retorts, crucibles, etc.

DIRECTIONS.

1. Avoid all awkward, ungainly, or uncouth gestures and attitudes. It is a good rule never to take, unless unavoidable, and never to remain in, a posture in which you would not be willing to have your picture taken, or in which you would not be willing to be represented in a marble statue.

2. Unless the significance of the passage require it, avoid gestures that move in a straight line. So far as practicable, the hand should generally move in a curve.

3. Examine the passage beforehand, and ascertain if any

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gestures of *place* are requisite to present clearly the ideas; and then examine it in order to discover whether additional distinctness or vividness can be added by gestures of *imitation*. If you feel like imitating, imitate; being careful, however, as Shakespeare advises, "not to overstep the modesty of nature."

4. There will be little need of scrutinizing the passage to discover where gestures of *emphasis* may be needed. One who feels deeply what he is saying, may generally, so far as mere emphasis is concerned, safely yield to the impulses of nature. If you feel like striking, strike.

5. Let your face and your attitude express the state of your mind; not the opposite, except for comic effect.

6. Use no gesture for which you cannot give a good reason.

7. Finally, the complete elocutionary analysis of any passage will include the process laid down on pages 53, 54 for the elements of vocal expression.

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THE SIXTH READER.

I. — CONSTITUTIONAL OBLIGATIONS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was born in Braintree, Massachusetts, July 11, 1767, and died at Washington, February 23, 1848. He was for half a century in the service of his country, as Foreign Minister, United States Senator, Secretary of State, President of the United States, and from 1831 to the time of his death member of the House of Representatives. He was a man of indomitable energy, dauntless courage, indefatigable industry, and ardent patriotism. His political opinions made him many enemies, especially in his declining years, but no one ever doubted his honesty and integrity, or failed to respect the spotless purity of his private life. His systematic industry enabled him to accomplish an immense deal of work. He was a man of extensive learning, and familiar with ancient and modern literature. His writings, consisting of speeches, addresses, lectures, and reports, are numerous enough to fill several volumes. He was for a short time professor of rhetoric and oratory in Harvard College, and the lectures he delivered in that capacity were published in 1810, in two octavo volumes. The following extract is from a discourse entitled "The Jubilee of the Constitution," delivered at New York on the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of that instrument.

WHEN the children of Israel, after forty years of wanderings in the wilderness, were about to enter upon the promised land, their leader, Moses, who was not permitted to cross the Jordan with them, just before his removal from among them, commanded that when the Lord their God should have brought them into the land, they should put the curse upon Mount Ebal and the blessing upon Mount Gerizim.

This injunction was faithfully fulfilled by his successor, Joshua. Immediately after they had taken possession of

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the land, Joshua built an altar to the Lord of whole stones upon Mount Ebal; and there he wrote upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses, which he had written in the presence of the children of Israel. And all Israel, and their elders and officers, and their judges, stood on the two sides of the ark of the covenant, borne by the priests and Levites, — six tribes over against Mount Gerizim, and six over against Mount Ebal; and he read all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings, according to all that was written in the book of the law.

Fellow-citizens, the ark of *your* covenant is the Declaration of Independence; your Mount Ebal is the confederacy of separate State sovereignties; and your Mount Gerizim is the Constitution of the United States. In that scene of tremendous and awful solemnity, narrated in the Holy Scriptures, there is not a curse pronounced against the people upon Mount Ebal, not a blessing promised them upon Mount Gerizim, which your posterity may not suffer or enjoy from your and their adherence to or departure from the principles of the Declaration of Independence, practically interwoven in the Constitution of the United States.

Lay up these principles, then, in your hearts and in your souls; bind them for signs upon your heads, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes; teach them to your children, speaking of them when sitting in your houses, when walking by the way, when lying down, and when rising up; write them upon the door-plates of your houses, and upon your gates; cling to them as to the issues of life; adhere to them as to the cords of your eternal salvation! So may your children's children, at the next return of this day of jubilee, after a full century of experience under your national Constitution, celebrate

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it again, in the full enjoyment of all the blessings recognized by you in commemoration of this day, and of all the blessings promised to the children of Israel upon Mount Gerizim as the reward of obedience to the law of God!

II. — TO A WATERFOWL.

BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. He was admitted to the bar, but soon left the profession of the law, and has for many years resided in or near the city of New York, as one of the editors and proprietors of the "New York Evening Post," a daily paper which has a wide circulation and much influence. It is not necessary to point out, at any length, the merits of a poet whose productions were the delight of his own countrymen, and were well known abroad, long before the young persons for whose use this work is intended were born. It is enough to say that his poems are distinguished by the perfect finish of their style, their elevated tone, their dignity of sentiment, and their lovely pictures of American scenery. He is, at once, the most truthful and the most delightful of painters. We find in his pages all the most obvious and all the most retiring graces of our native landscapes, but nothing borrowed from books, — nothing transplanted from a foreign soil.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

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There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

III. — THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

ON the 14th of September, 1812, while the rear-guard of the Russians were in the act of evacuating Moscow, Napoleon reached the hill called the Mount of

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Salvation, because it is there that the natives kneel and cross themselves at first sight of the Holy City.

Moscow seemed lordly and striking as ever, with the steeples of its thirty churches and its copper domes glittering in the sun; its palaces of Eastern architecture, mingled with trees and surrounded with gardens; and its Kremlin, a huge triangular mass of towers, something between a palace and a castle, which rose like a citadel out of the general mass of groves and buildings. But not a chimney sent up smoke, not a man appeared on the battlements or at the gates.

Napoleon gazed, every moment expecting to see a train of bearded boyars arriving to fling themselves at his feet, and place their wealth at his disposal. His first exclamation was, "Behold at last that celebrated city!" His next, "It was full time!" His army, less regardful of the past or the future, fixed their eyes on the goal of their wishes, and a shout of "Moscow! Moscow!" passed from rank to rank. . . . .

When he entered the gates of Moscow, Bonaparte, as if unwilling to encounter the sight of the empty streets, stopped immediately on entering the first suburb. His troops were quartered in the desolate city.

During the first few hours after their arrival an obscure rumor, which could not be traced, but one of those which are sometimes found to get abroad before the approach of some awful certainty, announced that the city would be endangered by fire in the course of the night. The report seemed to arise from those evident circumstances which rendered the event probable; but no one took any notice of it until at midnight, when the soldiers were startled from their quarters by the report that the town was in flames.

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The memorable conflagration began amongst the warehouses and workshops in the bazaar, or general market, which was the richest district of the city. It was imputed to accident, and the progress of the flames was subdued by the exertions of the French soldiers.

Napoleon, who had been aroused by the tumult, hurried to the spot; and when the alarm seemed at an end, he retired, not to his former quarters in the suburbs, but to the Kremlin, the hereditary palace of the only sovereign whom he had ever treated as an equal, and over whom his successful arms had now attained such an apparently immense superiority. Yet he did not suffer himself to be dazzled by the advantage he had obtained, but availed himself of the light of the blazing bazaar to write to the Emperor proposals of peace with his own hand.

They were despatched by a Russian officer of rank, who had been disabled by indisposition from following the army; but no answer was ever returned.

Next day the flames had disappeared, and the French officers luxuriously employed themselves in selecting out of the deserted palaces of Moscow that which best pleased the fancy of each for his residence. At night the flames again arose in the north and west quarters of the city.

As the greater part of the houses were built of wood, the conflagration spread with the most dreadful rapidity. This was at first imputed to the blazing brands and sparks which were carried by the wind; but at length it was observed that as often as the wind changed — and it changed three times in that terrible night — new flames broke out in that direction where the existing gale was calculated to drive them on the Kremlin.

These horrors were increased by the chance of explo-

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sion. There was, though as yet unknown to the French, a magazine of powder in the Kremlin; besides that, a park of artillery, with its ammunition, was drawn up under the Emperor's window.

Morning came, and with it a dreadful scene. During the whole night the metropolis had glared with an untimely and unnatural light. It was covered with a thick and suffocating atmosphere of almost palpable smoke. The flames defied the efforts of the French soldiery; and it is said that the fountains of the city had been rendered inaccessible, the water-pipes cut, and the fire-engines destroyed or carried off.

Then came the report of fireballs having been found burning in deserted houses; of men and women that, like demons, had been seen openly spreading flames, and who were said to be furnished with combustibles for rendering their dreadful work more secure. Several wretches against whom such acts had been charged were seized upon, and, probably without much inquiry, were shot on the spot.

While it was almost impossible to keep the roof of the Kremlin clear of the burning brands which the wind showered down, Napoleon watched from the windows the course of the fire which devoured his fair conquest, and the exclamation burst from him, "These are indeed Scythians!"

The equinoctial gales rose higher and higher upon the third night, and extended the flames, with which there was no longer any human power of contending. At the dead hour of midnight the Kremlin itself was found to be on fire. A soldier of the Russian police, charged with being the incendiary, was turned over to the summary vengeance of the Imperial Guard.

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Bonaparte was then, at length, persuaded by the entreaties of all around him to relinquish his quarters in the Kremlin, to which, as the visible mark of his conquest, he had seemed to cling with the tenacity of a lion holding a fragment of his prey. He encountered both difficulty and danger in retiring from the palace; and before he could gain the city gate he had to traverse, with his suite, streets arched with fire, and in which the very air they breathed was suffocating.

At length he gained the open country, and took up his abode in a palace of the Czar's called Petrowsky, about a French league from the city. As he looked back on the fire, which, under the influence of the autumnal wind, swelled and surged round the Kremlin like an infernal ocean around a sable Pandemonium, he could not suppress the ominous expression, "This bodes us great misfortune!"

The fire continued to triumph unopposed, and consumed in a few days what had cost centuries to raise. "Palaces and temples," says a Russian author, "monuments of art and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages which had passed away and those which had been the creation of yesterday, the tombs of ancestors and the nursery-cradles of the present generation, were indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing was left of Moscow save the remembrance of the city, and the deep resolution to avenge its fall!"

The fire raged till the 19th with unabated violence, and then began to slacken for want of fuel. Four fifths of this great city were laid in ruins.

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IV. — YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow, July 27, 1777, and died in Boulogne, France, June 15, 1844. His first poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," was published in 1799, and was universally read and admired. His "Gertrude of Wyoming" was published in 1809, and was received with equal favor. It contains passages of great descriptive beauty, and the concluding portions are full of pathos; but the story moves languidly, and there is a want of truth in the costume, and of probability in the incidents. His genius is seen to greater advantage in his shorter poems, such as "O'Connor's Child," "Lochiel's Warning," "Hohenlinden," "The Battle of the Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England." These are matchless poems, with a ring and power that stir the blood, and at the same time a magic of expression which fastens the words forever to the memory.

YE mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To meet another foe,
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow!

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;

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Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

V.—THE POLISH BOY.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

ANN SOPHIA STEPHENS was born in Derby, Connecticut, in 1813. Her maiden name was Winterbotham. She married in 1832, and moved to Portland, Maine, where she edited "The Portland Magazine" and "The Portland Sketch-Book." In 1837 she removed to New York City, and has since been a frequent and popular contributor to the periodical literature of the country. She has published several separate works, the best known of which is a novel called "Fashion and Famine." An edition of her works was published in 1869–70, in fourteen volumes.

WHENCE come those shrieks, so wild and shrill
That cut, like blades of steel, the air,
Causing the creeping blood to chill
With the sharp cadence of despair?

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Again they come, as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart
To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence came they? from yon temple, where
An altar, raised for private prayer,
Now forms the warrior's marble bed,
Who Warsaw's gallant army led.
The dim funereal tapers throw
A holy luster o'er his brow,
And burnish, with their rays of light,
The mass of curls, that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that 's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress?
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp:
It is the hand of her whose cry
Rang wildly late upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye,
Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow,
She murmurs forth her anguish now.
But hark! the tramp of heavy feet
Is heard along the bloody street!
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep; —
The gate is burst! a ruffian band
Rush in and savagely demand,

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With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy, for exile's chain!

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom clasped her child;
Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted, with fearful energy,
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead!
Nor touch the living boy. I stand
Between him and your lawless band!
Take *me*, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild,
To perish, if 't will save my child!"

"Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side,
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.
"One moment!" shrieked the mother, "one!
Will land or gold redeem my son?
Take heritage, take name, take all,
But leave him free from Russian thrall!
Take these!" And her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like starlight there.
Her cross of blazing rubies, last
Down at the Russian's feet she cast.

He stooped to seize the glittering store;
Upspringing from the marble floor
The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy!

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But no ! the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell with one long cry
Of more than mortal agony.

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But the brave child is roused at length,
And, breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit fierce and bold.
Proudly he towers; his flashing eye
So blue, and yet so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.
His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks.
With a full voice of proud command
He turns upon the wondering band:
"Ye hold me not! no, no, nor can!
This hour has made the boy a man.
I knelt beside my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.
I wept upon his marble brow,
Yes, wept! I was a child; but *now* —
My noble mother on her knee
Has done the work of years for me!"

He drew aside his broidered vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jewelled haft of poniard bright
Glittered a moment on the sight.
"Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
Think ye my noble father's glaive
Would drink the life-blood of a slave?
The pearls that on the handle flame
Would blush to rubies in their shame;
The blade would quiver in thy breast,
Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
No! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
And fling him back *a boy's disdain!*"

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A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright;
Another, and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood!
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang:
"Up, mother, up! look on thy son!
His freedom is forever won!
And now he waits one holy kiss
To bear his father home in bliss;
One last embrace, one blessing, — one!
To prove thou know'st, approv'st, thy son.
What! silent yet? Canst thou not feel
My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?
Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head!
What! silent still? Then art thou dead!
Great God! I thank thee! Mother, I
Rejoice with thee — and *thus* — to die!"
One long, deep breath, and his pale head
Lay on his mother's bosom — dead!

VI. — AMERICAN BATTLE-FLAGS.

CARL SCHURZ.

CARL SCHURZ, an American statesman and orator, was born at Lihlar, near Cologne, in Germany, March 2, 1829. Taking an earnest part in the revolutionary movements of '48 and '49, he was forced to leave his native country, and went successively to Switzerland, Paris, and England. He came to this country in 1852. He first attracted attention as an orator, in the German language, in the Presidential campaign of 1856. He took a leading part in the convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency, and in the canvass which followed he was a very effective speaker in the language of his adopted country.

After Mr. Lincoln's election, he was appointed minister to Spain, but returned to the United States, December, 1861, and entered the military service as brigadier-general of volunteers. He served with distinction throughout the war.

In 1869 he was chosen United States Senator from Missouri. He has taken a very

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conspicuous part in the deliberations of the Senate. He is a philosophical thinker, as well as an eloquent speaker. His speeches show a mind of much originality and acuteness, and he never addresses the Senate without careful preparation.

The following extract is from his eulogy on Charles Sumner, delivered before the city authorities of Boston.

In defending the course of Mr. Sumner in moving a resolution that the names of the battles in the civil war should be removed from the regimental colors of the army and the army register, Mr. Schurz defends the course of Mr. Sumner by a reference to parallel examples in history. The battle of the Boyne was fought July 1, 1690, between William the Third, at the head of a confederate army of English and Dutch, and the French and Irish under James the Second. The result was the defeat of James and his flight into France. The battle of Culloden was fought April 16, 1764, between the English troops, commanded by the Duke of Cumberland, and the Scotch Highlanders, led by Prince Charles Edward. The latter were entirely defeated and the rebellion suppressed.

La Vendée is the name of a department in France in which a Royalist insurrection against Republican France broke out in 1793 and continued until 1796, with great loss of life on both sides. At Villagos a Hungarian army under Görgey surrendered at discretion to the Austrians and Russians, August 13, 1849. The battle of Koniggratz was fought July 2, 1866, between the Prussians under the flag of the Black Eagle, and the Austrians and Hanoverians, in which the latter were wholly defeated. The battle of Langensalza was fought June 27, 1866, the result of which was that the Austrians and Hanoverians were defeated by the Prussians and obliged to capitulate. The battle of Gravelotte was fought between the Prussians and their allies on the one side, and the French on the other, August 16, 1870, in which the latter were defeated after a desperate and bloody conflict.

FROM Europe Mr. Sumner returned late in the fall of 1872, much strengthened, but far from being well. At the opening of the session he reintroduced two measures, which, as he thought, should complete the record of his political life. One was his civil-rights bill, which had failed in the last Congress; and the other, a resolution providing that the names of the battles won over fellow-citizens in the war of the Rebellion should be removed from the regimental colors of the army, and from the army register.

It was in substance only a repetition of a resolution which he had introduced ten years before, in 1862, during the war, when the first names of victories were put on American battle-flags. This resolution called forth a new storm against him. It was denounced as an insult

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to the heroic soldiers of the Union, and a degradation of their victories and well-earned laurels. It was condemned as an unpatriotic act.

Charles Sumner insult the soldiers who had spilled their blood in a war for human rights! Charles Sumner degrade victories, and depreciate laurels, won for the cause of universal freedom! — how strange an imputation!

Let the dead man have a hearing. This was his thought: No civilized nation, from the republics of antiquity down to our days, ever thought it wise or patriotic to preserve in conspicuous and durable form the mementos of victories won over fellow-citizens in civil war. Why not? Because every citizen should feel himself with all others as the child of a common country, and not as a defeated foe. All civilized governments of our days have instinctively followed the same dictate of wisdom and patriotism.

The Irishman, when fighting for old England at Waterloo, was not to behold on the red cross floating above him the name of the Boyne. The Scotch Highlander, when standing in the trenches of Sevastopol, was not by the colors of his regiment to be reminded of Culloden. No French soldier at Austerlitz or Solferino had to read upon the tricolor any reminiscence of the Vendée.* No Hungarian at Sadowa was taunted by any Austrian banner with the surrender of Villagos.† No German regiment from Saxony or Hanover, charging under the iron hail of Gravelotte,‡ was made to remember, by words written on a Prussian standard, that the black

* Vendee, vän(g)-dā′.
† Villagos, vēl-yā′gos.
‡ Gravelotte, gräv-lōt′.

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eagle had conquered them at Koniggratz* and Langensalza.†

Should the son of South Carolina, when at some future day defending the Republic against some foreign foe, be reminded by an inscription on the colors floating over him, that under this flag the gun was fired that killed his father at Gettysburg? Should this great and enlightened Republic, proud of standing in the front of human progress, be less wise, less large-hearted, than the ancients were two thousand years ago, and the kingly governments of Europe are to-day?

Let the battle-flags of the brave volunteers, which they brought home from the war with the glorious record of their victories, be preserved intact as a proud ornament of our State Houses and armories; but let the colors of the army, under which the sons of all the States are to meet and mingle in common patriotism, speak of nothing but union, — not a union of conquerors and conquered, but a union which is the mother of all, equally tender to all, knowing of nothing but equality, peace, and love among her children.

Do you want conspicuous mementos of your victories? They are written upon the dusky brow of every freeman who was once a slave; they are written on the gate-posts of a restored Union; and the most glorious of all will be written on the faces of a contented people, reunited in common national pride.

Such were the sentiments which inspired that resolution. Such were the sentiments which called forth a storm of obloquy. Such were the sentiments for which the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a solemn resolu-

* Koniggratz, kŏn'ig-grĕtz.

† Langensalza, läng-en-sal'tsa.

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tion of censure upon Charles Sumner, — Massachusetts, his own Massachusetts, whom he loved so ardently with a filial love, of whom he was so proud, who had honored him so much in days gone by, and whom he had so long and so faithfully labored to serve and to honor.

Oh! those were evil days, that winter; days sad and dark, when he sat there in his lonesome chamber, unable to leave it, the world moving around him, and in it so much that was hostile, and he — prostrated by the tormenting disease, which had returned with fresh violence — unable to defend himself, and with this bitter arrow in his heart. Why was that resolution held up to scorn and vituperation as an insult to the brave, and an unpatriotic act? Why was he not attacked and condemned for it when he first offered it, ten years before, and when he was in the fullness of manhood and power? If not then, why now? Why now?

I shall never forget the melancholy hours I sat with him, seeking to lift him up with cheering words, and he — his frame for hours racked with excruciating pain, and then exhausted with suffering — gloomily brooding over the thought that he might die so.

How thankful I am, how thankful every human soul in Massachusetts, how thankful every American must be, that he did not die then! — and, indeed, more than once death seemed to be knocking at his door, — how thankful that he was spared to see the day, when the people, by striking developments, were convinced that those who had acted as he did had after all not been impelled by mere whims of vanity, or reckless ambition, or sinister designs, but had good and patriotic reasons for what they did; when the heart of Massachusetts came back to him

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full of the old love and confidence, assuring him that he would again be her chosen son for her representative seat in the House of States; when the lawgivers of the old Commonwealth, obeying an irresistible impulse of justice, wiped away from the records of the Legislature, and from the fair name of the State, that resolution of censure which had stung him so deeply; and when returning vigor lifted him up, and a new sunburst of hope illumined his life! How thankful we all are that he lived that one year longer!

And yet,—have you thought of it?—if he had died in those dark days, when so many clouds hung over him, would not then the much-vilified man have been the same Charles Sumner, whose death but one year later afflicted millions of hearts with a pang of bereavement, whose praise is now on every lip for the purity of his life, for his fidelity to great principles, and for the loftiness of his patriotism?

Was he not a year ago the same,—the same in purpose, the same in principle, the same in character? What had he done then that so many who praise him to-day should have then disowned him? See what he had done. He had simply been true to his convictions of duty. He had approved and urged what he thought right; he had attacked and opposed what he thought wrong.

To his convictions of duty he had sacrificed political associations most dear to him, the security of his position of which he was proud. For his convictions of duty he had stood up against those more powerful than he; he had exposed himself to reproach, obloquy, and persecution. Had he not done so, he would not have been the man you praise to-day; and yet for doing so he was cried down but yesterday.

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He had lived up to the great word he spoke when he entered the Senate, — "The slave of principle, I call no party master." That declaration was greeted with applause; and when, true to his word, he refused to call a party master, the act was covered with reproach.

VII. — THE CONTRAST; OR, PEACE AND WAR.

ATHENÆUM.

PEACE.

LOVELY art thou, O Peace! and lovely are thy children, and lovely are the prints of thy footsteps in the green valleys.

Blue wreaths of smoke ascend through the trees, and betray the half-hidden cottage; the eye contemplates well-thatched ricks, and barns bursting with plenty: the peasant laughs at the approach of winter.

White houses peep through the trees; cattle stand cooling in the pool; the casement of the farm-house is covered with jessamine and honeysuckle; the stately greenhouse exhales the perfume of summer climates.

Children climb the green mound of the rampart, and ivy holds together the half-demolished buttress.

The old men sit at their doors; the gossip leans over her counter; the children shout and frolic in the streets.

The housewife's stores of bleached linen, whiter than snow, are laid up with fragrant herbs; they are the pride of the matron, the toil of many a winter's night.

The wares of the merchant are spread abroad in the shops, or stored in the high-piled warehouses; the labor

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of each profits all; the inhabitant of the north drinks the fragrant herb of China; the peasant's child wears the webs of Hindostan.

The lame, the blind, and the aged repose in hospitals; the rich, softened by prosperity, pity the poor; the poor, disciplined into order, respect the rich.

Justice is dispensed to all. Law sits steady on her throne, and the sword is her servant.

WAR.

They have rushed through like a hurricane; like an army of locusts they have devoured the earth; the war has fallen like a water-spout, and deluged the land with blood.

The smoke rises not through the trees, for the honors of the grove are fallen, and the hearth of the cottager is cold; but it rises from villages burned with fire, and from warm ruins spread over the now naked plain.

The ear is filled with the confused bellowing of oxen, and sad bleating of overdriven sheep; they are swept from their peaceful plains; with shouting and goading are they driven away: the peasant folds his arms, and resigns his faithful fellow-laborers.

The farmer weeps over his barns consumed by fire, and his demolished roof, and anticipates the driving of the winter snows.

On that rising ground, where the green turf looks black with fire, yesterday stood a noble mansion; the owner had said in his heart: "Here will I spend the evening of my days, and enjoy the fruit of my years of toil; my name shall descend with mine inheritance, and my children's children shall sport under the trees which I have planted." The fruit of his years of toil is swept away in

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a moment; wasted, not enjoyed; and the evening of his days is left desolate.

The temples are profaned; the soldier's curse resounds in the house of God; the marble pavement is trampled by iron hoofs; horses neigh beside the altar.

Law and order are forgotten; violence and rapine are abroad; the golden cords of society are loosed.

Here are the shriek of woe and the cry of anguish; and there is suppressed indignation bursting the heart with silent despair.

The groans of the wounded are in the hospitals, and by the roadside, and in every thicket; and the housewife's web, whiter than snow, is scarcely sufficient to stanch the blood of her husband and children. Look at that youth, the first-born of her strength; yesterday he bounded as the roebuck; was glowing as the summer fruits; active in sports, strong to labor: he has passed in one moment from youth to age; his comeliness has departed; helplessness is his portion for the days of future years. He is more decrepit than his grandsire, on whose head are the snows of eighty winters; but those were the snows of nature; this is the desolation of man.

Everything unholy and unclean comes abroad from its lurking-place, and deeds of darkness are done beneath the eye of day. The villagers no longer start at horrible sights; the soothing rites of burial are denied, and human bones are tossed by human hands.

No one careth for another; every one, hardened by misery, careth for himself alone.

Lo, these are what God has set before thee, child of reason! son of woman! Unto which does thine heart incline?

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VIII. — THE MISERIES OF WAR.

HALL.

Robert Hall was born in Arnsby, Leicestershire, England, May 2, 1764, and died in Bristol, February 21, 1831. He was educated at the University of Aberdeen, in Scotland, became a clergyman of the Baptist persuasion, and was settled first at Bristol, next at Cambridge, then at Leicester, and lastly at Bristol again. He was a very eloquent and popular preacher, and hardly less remarkable for conversational power. He was of robust figure, but of feeble health, with a countenance expressive of self-reliance and intellectual strength. His works, edited, with a memoir, by Olinthus Gregory, and with an estimate of his character as a preacher, by John Foster, have been published in England and America. They consist of sermons, occasional productions, and contributions to periodical literature. Their style is rich, animated, and pure.

THOUGH the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution, and we are all hastening to our long home, yet at each successive moment life and death seem to divide between them the dominion of mankind, and life to have the larger share. It is otherwise in war; death reigns there without a rival, and without control. War is the work, the element, or rather the sport and triumph, of Death, who glories not only in the extent of his conquest, but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at the best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here they are the vigorous and the strong.

It is remarked by the most ancient of poets,* that in peace, children bury their parents; in war, parents bury their children: nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely, indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorrow which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects. Parents mourn for their children with the bitterness of despair; the aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children,

* Homer.

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everything but the capacity of suffering: her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other object, cherishes no other hope. It is Rachel, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

But to confine our attention to the number of the slain would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish instantaneously may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are liable. We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger, or an enemy, without being sensibly moved, and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment; every other emotion gives way to pity and terror.

In these last extremities we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene, then, must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amidst the trampling of horses and the insults of an enraged foe!

If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles for the wounded and the sick, where the variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife or mother or sister is near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death! Unhappy

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man! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust?

We must remember, however, that as a very small proportion of a military life is spent in actual combat, so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this source. More are consumed by the rust of inactivity than by the edge of the sword; confined to a scanty or unwholesome diet, exposed in sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches and perpetual alarms, their life is a continual scene of hardships and dangers. They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion spreads amongst their ranks till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

We have hitherto only adverted to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scenes of hostilities. How dreadful to hold everything at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent on the sword! How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except as far as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power!

Conceive but for a moment the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in our own neighborhood. When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors? Here you behold

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rich harvests, the bounty of Heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves but their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes, in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil! In another part you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, and every age, sex, and rank mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin!

IX. — WINTER.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, an American poet and man of letters, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 2, 1819. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1838. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced his profession. He has been for many years professor of belles-lettres in Harvard College. He is a man of original genius, and in variety of intellectual power has no equal among our men of letters. He has very rare powers of wit and humor. His "Fable for Critics" is a brilliant satire. He has published two series of "Biglow Papers," so called, the first of which has had great popularity both in England and America. No one has ever used the Yankee dialect with so much skill and effect as he. His serious poems are remarkable for their vigor, originality, and depth of thought. Many of them have been called forth by the antislavery conflict. His descriptions of nature are vivid and beautiful. He has published two volumes in prose, called "Among my Books" and "My Garden Windows," which contain much admirable criticism. The following extract is from "The Vision of Sir Launfal," a poem founded upon the Legend of King Arthur.

DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak

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It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined * his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
Which crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one;
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'T was as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

* Groined: adorned with intersecting arches.

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Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel* and rafter
With the lightsome green of ivy and holly;

* Corbel: a niche in a wall.

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Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap,
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was — "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

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X. — THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW is a native of Portland, Maine, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825. Soon after leaving college he went to Europe, and remained there till 1829. He then returned home and assumed the duties of professor of modern languages at Bowdoin College. He resigned his post in 1835, and visited Europe again, and upon his return in 1836, was appointed to a similar professorship in the University at Cambridge. Here he has resided ever since, but he resigned his professorship in 1854.

Mr. Longfellow holds a very high rank among the authors of America, and is one of the most popular of living poets. He has written "Evangeline," "The Golden Legend," "The Song of Hiawatha," and "Courtship of Miles Standish," narrative poems of considerable length; "The Spanish Student," a play; and a great number of smaller pieces. He has a fruitful imagination, under the control of the most perfect taste, and a remarkable power of illustrating moods of mind and states of feeling by material forms. He has a great command of beautiful diction, and equal skill in the structure of his verse. His poetry is marked by tenderness of feeling, purity of sentiment, elevation of thought, and healthiness of tone. His readers are more than admirers; they become friends. And over all that he has written there hangs a beautiful ideal light, — the atmosphere of poetry, — which illuminates his page as the sunshine does the natural landscape.

Mr. Longfellow has also won enduring praise as a prose writer. His "Outre-mer," a collection of travelling sketches and miscellaneous essays, his "Hyperion," a romance, and his "Kavanagh," a domestic story, are marked by the same traits as his poetry. He is a "warbler of poetic prose," and would be entitled to the honors of a poet had he never written a line of verse. His "Hyperion," especially, is full of beautiful description, rich fancy, and sweet and pensive thought. He is also a man of extensive literary attainments, familiar with the languages of modern Europe, and a great master in the difficult art of translation.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;
Across its antique portico,
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall,
An ancient timepiece says to all, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands

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From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all that pass, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber door, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed.

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O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall we all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death and time shall disappear, —
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

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XI. — THE SLAVE-TRADE.

WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782; and died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, October 24, 1852. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1801, was admitted to the bar in 1805, and settled in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1807. He was a member of the House of Representatives from New Hampshire from 1813 to 1817. In the latter part of 1816 he removed to Boston, and resided in that city, or at Marshfield, during the remainder of his life. He was chosen to the House of Representatives from the district of Boston, in 1822, and was a member of that body till 1827, when he was elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of Massachusetts. He continued there during the remainder of his life, with the exception of two intervals, when he held the office of Secretary of State, first under the administrations of Presidents Harrison and Tyler, and secondly under that of President Fillmore.

For the last twenty-five years of his life, Mr. Webster's biography is identified with the history of his country. Having been a leader of one of its great political parties, the time has hardly yet come for a calm and unbiased judgment to be passed upon his services; but no candid mind will ever question the sincerity and comprehensiveness of his patriotism, still less the splendor of his intellectual powers. He was a great lawyer, a great statesman, a great debater, and a great writer. As a writer — in which point of view alone we have now to regard him — he stands among the very first of his class. No style can be found more suited for the subjects of which it treats than his. It is strong, simple, and dignified; vehement and impassioned when necessary; readily rising into eloquence, and occasionally touched with high imaginative beauty. He excels in the statement of a case or the exposition of a principle; and in his occasional discourses there are passages of a lofty moral grandeur by which the heart and mind are alike affected. Some of his state papers may fairly challenge comparison with the best productions of the kind which the past has transmitted to us.

The following passage is taken from a discourse, pronounced at Plymouth, December 22, 1820, in commemoration of the first settlement of New England.

IF the blessings of our political and social condition have not been too highly estimated, we cannot well overrate the responsibility which they impose upon us. We hold these institutions of government, religion, and learning to be transmitted as well as enjoyed. We are in the line of conveyance through which whatever has been obtained by the spirit and efforts of our ancestors is to be communicated to our children.

We are bound to maintain public liberty, and, by the example of our own systems, to convince the world that

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order and law, religion and morality, the rights of conscience, the rights of persons, and the rights of property, may all be preserved and secured in the most perfect manner by a government entirely and purely elective. If we fail in this, our disaster will be signal, and will furnish an argument, stronger than has yet been found, in support of those opinions which maintain that government can rest safely on nothing but power and coercion.

As far as experience may show errors in our establishments, we are bound to correct them; and if any practices exist contrary to the principles of justice and humanity, within the reach of our laws or our influence, we are inexcusable if we do not exert ourselves to restrain and abolish them.

I deem it my duty on this occasion to suggest that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic at which every feeling of humanity must revolt, — I mean the African slave-trade. Neither public sentiment nor the law has yet been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts no sentiment of justice inhabits, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control.

In the sight of our law, the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon; and in the sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter part of our history than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the govern-

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ment at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call upon all the true sons of New England to co-operate with the laws of man and the justice of Heaven.

If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the Rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, — I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who, by stealth and at midnight, labor in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards; and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice, and all who minister at her altar, that they execute the wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of our religion, that they proclaim its denunciation of these crimes, and add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. If the pulpit be silent, whenever or wherever there may be a sinner, bloody with this guilt, within the hearing of its voice, the pulpit is false to its trust.

I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest upon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates that ever infested them. That ocean which seems to wave with a gentle magnificence, to waft the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll its treas-

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ures with a conscious pride; that ocean which hardy industry regards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil, — what is it to the victim of this oppression when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it for the first time from beneath chains and bleeding with stripes? — What is it to him, but a widespread prospect of suffering, anguish, and death? Nor do the skies smile longer; nor is the air fragrant to him. The sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman and cursed traffic has cut him off in his manhood, or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him.

XII. — THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771; and died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832. In 1792 he was called to the Scotch bar as an advocate; but he made little progress in his profession, and was soon allured from it by the higher attractions of literature. After having written and published a few fugitive pieces, and edited a collection of border ballads, he broke upon the world, in 1805, with his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was received with a burst of admiration almost without parallel in literary history. This was followed by "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake," which added to the author's reputation, and by "Rokeby," and "The Lord of the Isles," which fairly sustained it. These poems were unlike anything that had preceded them. Their versification was easy and graceful, though sometimes careless; their style was energetic and condensed; their pictures were glowing and faithful; the characters and incidents were fresh and startling; and in the battle scenes there was a power of painting which rivaled the pages of Homer. The whole civilized world rose up to greet with admiration the poet who transported them to the lakes and mountains of Scotland, introduced them to knights and moss-troopers, and thrilled them with scenes of wild adventure and lawless violence.

In 1814 there appeared, without any preliminary announcement, and anonymously, a novel called "Waverley," which soon attracted great attention, and gave rise to much speculation as to its authorship. This was the beginning of that splendid series of works of fiction, commonly called the Waverley novels, which continued to be poured forth in rapid succession till 1827. From the first there was very little doubt that Scott was the author of these works, although they were published without any name; and when the avowal was made, in 1827, it took nobody by surprise. Of the great

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powers put forth in these novels, of their immense popularity, and of the influence they have exerted, and are still exerting, upon literature, it is not necessary to speak, nor could such a subject be discussed in a notice like this.

Besides his poems and novels, Scott wrote a Life of Napoleon, various other biographies, and many works besides. He was a man of immense literary industry, and his writings fill eighty-eight volumes of small octavo size. All this did not prevent his discharging faithfully the duties of a citizen, of a father of a family, and (for many years) of a magistrate.

Scott's life has been written by his son-in-law, Lockhart; and it is a truthful record of what he was and what he did. His was a noble nature, with much to love, and much to admire. He was a warm friend, most affectionate in his domestic relations, and ever ready to do kind acts to those who stood in need of them.

The following extract from "Marmion" describes the battle of Flodden Field, or Flodden, in which the English, under the Earl of Surrey, defeated, with great slaughter, the Scotch, under their king, James IV., September 9, 1513. Flodden Hill, an offshoot of the Cheviot range, is in the county of Northumberland, in England, a few miles from the town of Coldstream. Marmion, an imaginary personage, is an English nobleman of bad character. Blount and Fitz Eustace are his squires. Lady Clare is an English heiress, for whose hand Marmion had been an unsuccessful suitor, and whose lover, Wilton, now fighting on the English side, he had attempted to ruin, but failed. Jeffrey, in his review of "Marmion," in the Edinburgh Review, says: "Of all the poetical battles which have been fought, from the days of Homer to those of Mr. Southey, there is none, in our opinion, at all comparable, for interest and animation, for breadth of drawing and magnificence of effect, with this."

BLOUNT* and Fitz Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill;
On which (for far the day was spent)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view:
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay!
No hope of gilded spurs to-day. — †
But see! look up, — on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.

* Pronounced Blŏnt or Blŭnt.

† That is, no hope of being advanced to the dignity of knighthood, of which gilded spurs were the badge.

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Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor marshal shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come. —
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close. —
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair!
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness naught descry.
At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumèd crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But naught distinct they see.
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;

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Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied,
'T was vain: — But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky.
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced, — forced back, — now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:
"By Heaven and all its saints! I swear
I will not see it lost!
Fitz Eustace, you, with Lady Clare,
May bid your beads, and patter prayer, —
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large, —
The rescued banner rose, —

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But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sank among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too; — yet stayed,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.
Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone. —
The scattered van of England wheels; —
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"
They fly, or maddened by despair,
Fight but to die. — "Is Wilton there?"

XIII.—THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

(CONCLUDED.)

WITH that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand:

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Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion! . . . .
When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare: —
"Where 's Harry Blount? Fitz Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon, — charge again!
Cry — 'Marmion to the rescue!' — vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again! —
Yet my last thought is England's: — fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring. —
Fitz Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down: — my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, —
With Chester charge and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England 's lost. —
Must I bid twice? — Hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone — to die!"
They parted, and alone he lay:
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured, "Is there none
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst?"
O, woman! in our hours of ease,

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Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou! —
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn? — behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray.
For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybil. Grey.
Who. built. this. cross. and. well.
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.
Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stooped his brows to lave, —
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose, —

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"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!" —
"Alas!" she said, "the while, —
O, think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She — died at Holy Isle." —
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound:
Though in the action burst the tide
In torrents from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth," he said; "I knew
That the dark presage must be true.
I would the fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be! this dizzy trance —
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labor Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound.
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,

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"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung;—
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine!
O, think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And—Stanley! was the cry:—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted, "Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

XIV.—HENRY V. BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

SHAKESPEARE.

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in England, April 23, 1564; and died April 23, 1616. Very little is known of the events of his life, and of his personal character and habits. He married young, went to London soon after his marriage, became an actor, a dramatic author, and a shareholder in one of the London theaters; acquired considerable property, and retired to his native place a few years before his death, and there lived in ease and honor. He was the author of thirty-five plays (rejecting those of doubtful authenticity), written between 1590 and 1613, besides poems and sonnets.

Shakespeare is pronounced by Mr Hallam, who was a most conscientious critic and careful writer, to be the greatest name in all literature. It would, of course, be im-

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possible, in the compass of a notice like this, to do anything like justice to the universality of his powers, his boundless fertility of invention, his dramatic judgment, his wit, humor, and pathos, his sharp observation, and his profound knowledge of the human heart. Nor is it easy to point out to the young reader, within a reasonable compass, the best sources of information and criticism; for the editions of Shakespeare are numberless, and the books that have been written about him would alone make a considerable library. The following works, however, may be read and consulted with profit: Drake's "Shakespeare and his Times," "Hazlitt's Lectures," Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women," Dr. Johnson's preface, Schlegel's "Lectures on Dramatic Literature," Coleridge's "Lectures on Shakespeare," the notes and introductory notices in Knight's pictorial edition, together with the biography prefixed, and, especially, the criticism upon Shakespeare contained in Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries.

Shakespeare's life and writings teach two lessons; which, as they are not very obvious to the apprehension of the young, and as they have a somewhat practical bearing upon life, may be here set down. He is an instance directly opposed to the Byronic notion, that great genius and great unhappiness invariably go together. We have every reason to believe that his temperament was cheerful and joyous, and that is certainly the spirit of his writings. He is often tragic, but never morbid. In the next place, Shakespeare is a proof that the highest poetical genius is not inconsistent with practical and successful business habits. There can be no doubt that he was himself an excellent man of business, for he accumulated an ample fortune within a few years, and by occupations in which punctuality, economy, and method are particularly important.

KING. What 's he, that wishes for more men from England?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin;
If we are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!

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Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight, —
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse!
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say, *To-morrow is Saint Crispian:*
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, *These wounds I had on Crispian's day.*
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he 'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words, —
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers!
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen now in England, now abed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

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XV. — THREE PICTURES OF BOSTON.

EVERETT.

EDWARD EVERETT was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 11, 1794; was graduated at Harvard College in 1811; and was settled over the church in Brattle Street, in Boston, as successor to Mr. Buckminster, in 1813. In 1815 he was appointed professor of Greek literature in Harvard College, and immediately proceeded to Europe, with a view of making an ample preparation for the duties of his new position. He remained in Europe about four and a half years, during which period he went through an extensive course both of travel and study. Upon his return he assumed the duties of his professorship, and also those of editor of the "North American Review," and continued in the discharge of both till his election to the House of Representatives, in 1824. He remained in Congress till 1835, in which year he was chosen governor of Massachusetts. To this office he was re-elected for three successive years. In 1841 he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, and he discharged the duties of that post till 1845. Upon his return to America he was chosen President of Harvard College, and held that office till 1849. He was Secretary of State for a short period, at the close of Mr. Fillmore's administration, and in 1853 was chosen to the Senate of the United States by the Legislature of Massachusetts, but resigned his place the next year, on account of ill-health, and has since resided as a private citizen in Boston, till his lamented death, January 15, 1865.

The variety of Mr. Everett's life and employments is but a type of the versatility of his powers, and the wide range of his cultivation. He was one of the most finished men of his time. His works consist mainly of occasional discourses and speeches, and of contributions to the "North American Review," — the last of which are very numerous, and deal with a great diversity of subjects, including Greek and German literature, the fine arts, politics, political economy, history, and American literature. His orations and speeches have been published in three large octavo volumes. His style is rich and glowing, but always under the control of sound judgment and good taste. His learning and scholarship are never needlessly obtruded; they are woven into the web of his discourse, and not embossed upon its surface. He wrote under the inspiration of a generous and comprehensive patriotism, and his speeches are eminently suited to create and sustain a just and high-toned national sentiment. Whatever he did, was done well; and his brilliant natural powers were through life trained and aided by those habits of vigorous industry which are falsely supposed by many to be found only in connection with dulness and mediocrity.

TO understand the character of the commerce of our own city, we must not look merely at one point, but at the whole circuit of country, of which it is the business center. We must not contemplate it only at this present moment of time, but we must bring before our imaginations, as in the shifting scenes of a diorama, at least three successive historical and topographical pictures; and truly instructive I think it would be to see them delineated on canvas.

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We must survey the first of them in the company of the venerable John Winthrop, the founder of the State. Let us go up with him, on the day of his landing, the seventeenth of June, sixteen hundred and thirty, to the heights of yonder peninsula, as yet without a name. Landward stretches a dismal forest; seaward, a waste of waters unspotted with a sail, except that of his own ship.

At the foot of the hill you see the cabins of Walford and the Spragues, who — the latter a year before, the former still earlier — had adventured to this spot untenanted else by any child of civilization. On the other side of the river lies Mr. Blackstone's farm. It comprises three goodly hills, converted by a spring-tide into three wood-crowned islets; and it is mainly valued for a noble spring of fresh water which gushes from the northern slope of one of the hills, and which furnished, in the course of the summer, the motive for transferring the seat of the infant settlement. This shall be the first picture.

The second shall be contemplated from the same spot — the heights of Charlestown — on the same day, the eventful seventeenth of June, one hundred and forty-five years later; namely, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-five. A terrific scene of war rages on the top of the hill.

Wait for a favorable moment, when the volumes of fiery smoke roll away, and, over the masts of that sixty-gun ship, whose batteries are blazing upon the hill, you behold Mr. Blackstone's farm changed into an ill-built town of about two thousand dwelling-houses, mostly of wood, with scarcely any public buildings, but eight or nine churches, the Old State House, and Faneuil Hall; Roxbury beyond, an insignificant village; a vacant marsh in all the space now occupied by Cambridgeport and East

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Cambridge, by Chelsea and East Boston; and beneath your feet the town of Charlestown, consisting, in the morning, of a line of about three hundred houses, wrapped in a sheet of flames at noon, and reduced at eventide to a heap of ashes.

But those fires are kindled at the altar of Liberty. American independence is established. American commerce smiles on the spot; and now, from the top of one of the triple hills of Mr. Blackstone's farm, a stately edifice arises, which seems to invite us as to an observatory. As we look down from this lofty structure, we behold the third picture, — a crowded, busy scene.

We see beneath us a city containing eighty or ninety thousand inhabitants, and mainly built of brick and granite. Vessels of every description are moored at the wharves. Long lines of commodious and even stately houses cover a space which, within the memory of man, was in a state of nature. Substantial blocks of warehouses and stores have forced their way to the channel.

Faneuil Hall itself, the consecrated and unchangeable, has swelled to twice its original dimensions. Athenæum, hospitals, asylums, and infirmaries adorn the streets. The schoolhouse rears its modest front in every quarter of the city, and sixty or seventy churches attest that the children are content to walk in the good old ways of their fathers.

Connected with the city by eight bridges, avenues, or ferries, you behold a range of towns,* most of them municipally distinct, but all of them in reality, forming, with Boston, one vast metropolis animated by one commercial life. Shading off from these, you see that most lovely background, a succession of happy settlements,

* Since this was written the towns of Dorchester, Roxbury, West Roxbury, Brighton, and Charlestown have been incorporated with Boston.

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spotted with villas, farm-houses, and cottages, united to Boston by a constant intercourse, sustaining the capital from their fields and gardens, and prosperous in the reflux of the city's wealth.

Of the social life included within this circuit, and of all that in times past has adorned and ennobled it, commercial industry has been an active element, and has exalted itself by its intimate association with everything else we hold dear. Within this circle what memorials strike the eye! what recollections, what institutions, what patriotic treasures and names, that cannot die!

There lie the canonized precincts of Lexington and Concord; there rise the sacred heights of Dorchester and Charlestown; there is Harvard, the ancient and venerable, foster-child of public and private liberality in every part of the State; to whose existence Charlestown gave the first impulse, to whose growth and usefulness the opulence of Boston has at all times ministered with open hand.

Still farther on than the eye can reach, four lines of communication by railroad and steam have, within our own day, united with the capital, by bands of iron, a still broader circuit of towns and villages.* Hark to the voice of life and business which sounds along the line.

While we speak, one of them is shooting onward to the illimitable West, and all are uniting with the other kindred enterprises to form one harmonious and prosperous whole, in which town and country, agriculture and manufactures, labor and capital, art and nature, wrought and compacted into one grand system, are constantly gathering and diffusing, concentrating and radiating, the economical, the social, the moral blessings of a liberal and diffusive commerce.

* Eight lines of railroad now connect Boston with other parts of the country.

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XVI. — DEATH AND BURIAL OF LITTLE NELL.

DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS was born in Portsmouth, England, February 7, 1812; and died June 9, 1870. His first work — a series of sketches under the name of "Boz" — was published in 1836, and, though it showed brilliant descriptive powers, did not attract great attention. But the "Pickwick Papers," which appeared the next year, fairly took the world by storm, and lifted the author up to a dizzy height of popularity, equaled by nothing since Scott and Byron. His subsequent productions were received with undiminished favor, and the interest in his works continued unabated till his death. In the latter years of his life, he was in the habit of reading extracts from his works to large and enthusiastic audiences in England and America. He twice visited this country, once in 1842 and again in 1867.

His most striking characteristic is a peculiar and original vein of humor, shown in sketches taken from low life, and expressing itself by the most quaint, grotesque, and unexpected combinations of ideas. His Sam Weller — a character he never surpassed — is the type of his creations of this class, and is truly original and well sustained.

He is hardly less successful in his pathetic passages than in his humorous delineations. He excels in scenes depicting sickness and death, especially of the lovely and the young. His pages have been blistered by many a tear. The extract in the text is alone enough to prove his great power over the sympathies of the heart.

He had also uncommon skill in the minute representation of scenes of still life, which he painted with the sharp fidelity of a Dutch artist. He depicted a bar-room, a kitchen, a court of justice, or a prison, so that we can almost see them. He sometimes used this gift in a way that violates good taste.

The tone of Dickens's writings is sound and healthy; though he takes us a little too much into scenes of low life, and obtrudes his evil and hateful characters upon us more than we could wish. He had a poetical imagination, and a heart full of genial charity. The generous and sympathetic tone of his writings is one of their most powerful attractions. He had a hatred of oppression and injustice in all forms, and was ever ready to take sides with the victim and the sufferer.

The following extract is from "Master Humphrey's Clock," a novel published in 1841. Little Nell is one of the sweetest and purest of all his creations; and her life and death have touched many thousands of hearts. She is represented in the novel as the constant attendant of her grandfather, an affectionate old man, but wanting in moral energy. She glides like a sunbeam of grace and innocence through many a troubled scene; but the burden of life is too heavy for her delicate spirit, and she thus gently lays it down.

BY little and little, the old man had drawn back towards the inner chamber, while these words were spoken. He pointed there, as he replied, with trembling lips, —

"You plot among you to wean my heart from her. You will never do that, — never while I have life. I

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have no relative or friend but her, — I never had, — I never will have. She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now."

Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind drew close together, and after a few whispered words, — not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered, — followed him. They moved so gently that their footsteps made no noise; but there were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived, and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird — a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed — was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. His was the true death before their weeping eyes. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled on that same

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sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and kept the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile, — the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was ebbing fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday, could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, — "it is not in this world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

When morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to

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her in the earlier portion of the night; but as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said, "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face, — such as they said they had never seen, and never could forget, — and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

For the rest, she had never murmured or complained; but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered, — save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them, — faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

And now the bell — the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice — rang its remorseless toll for her so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy poured forth — on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life — to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing, — grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old, — the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still could crawl and creep above it!

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Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under the porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window, — a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some — and they were not few — knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement-stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold, how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon's rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick, old wall.

A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early

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death, some thought it might be so indeed. Thus coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared, in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

They saw the vault covered and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place, — when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave, — in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, — then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

XVII. — THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

CHARLES MACKAY.

CHARLES MACKAY, an English writer, was born in Perth in 1812. He has been, during much of his life, connected with the newspaper press. In 1858 he visited the United States, where he lectured on Poetry and Song Writing. He has published several works, the best known of which is "The Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions," published in two volumes in 1851. He is best known as a writer of spirited songs and lyrical pieces; some of which have attained great popularity. In some cases they have been set to music by himself.

FIRST VOICE.

WHAT dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking? Comes the wished-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand
If the bright morning dawns upon the land.

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SECOND VOICE.

The stars are clear above me, scarcely one
Has dimmed its rays in reverence to the sun;
But yet I see, on the horizon's verge,
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge.

FIRST VOICE.

Look forth again, O watcher on the tower!
The people wake and languish for the hour;
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine
For the full daylight which they know must shine.

SECOND VOICE.

I see not well, — the morn is cloudy still, —
There is a radiance on the distant hill;
Even as I watch the glory seems to grow;
But the stars blink, and the night breezes blow.

FIRST VOICE.

And is that all, O watcher on the tower?
Look forth again; it must be near the hour.
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain-copes,
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?

SECOND VOICE.

A mist envelops them, I cannot trace
Their outline; but the day comes on apace.
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks.

FIRST VOICE.

We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;
But look again; and tell us, hour by hour,
All thou beholdest, — many of us die
Ere the day comes; O, give us a reply!

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SECOND VOICE.

I see the hill-tops now; and Chanticleer
Crows his prophetic carol in mine ear;
I see the distant woods and fields of corn,
And Ocean gleaming in the light of morn.

FIRST VOICE.

Again, — again, — O watcher on the tower!
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?

SECOND VOICE.

I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song,
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong
As of a lark, — young prophet of the noon, —
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune.

FIRST VOICE.

What doth he say, O watcher on the tower?
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime,
Filled with the glories of the future time?

SECOND VOICE.

He prophesies; his heart is full; his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day, —
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm.

FIRST VOICE.

We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. — Sings he of an hour
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong,
And Right shall rule supreme and vanquish Wrong?

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SECOND VOICE.

He sings of brotherhood and joy and peace,
Of days when hate and jealousies shall cease;
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind
Soar as unfettered as its God designed.

FIRST VOICE.

Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower!
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it; tell us, yet again,
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain?

SECOND VOICE.

It breaks, — it comes, — the misty shadows fly; —
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near.

XVIII. — THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

PIERPONT.

JOHN PIERPONT was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, April 6, 1785; and died August 27, 1866. He was originally a lawyer, but afterwards studied theology, and in 1819 was ordained minister of the Hollis Street Church in Boston, where he remained till 1845. He was afterwards settled over congregations in Troy, New York, and Medford, Massachusetts. He was an active laborer in behalf of temperance, antislavery, the improvement of prison discipline, and other reforms; and many of his poems have been called forth by the moral and religious movements of the day. His poetry is characterized by energy of expression, and a generous tone of feeling. The following poem was written for the celebration of the anniversary of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, in December, 1824.

THE Pilgrim Fathers, — where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore;

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Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And the rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale
When the heavens looked dark is gone; —
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile, — sainted name! —
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head; —
But the Pilgrim, — where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:
When Summer 's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;

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And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay where the Mayflower lay
Shall foam and freeze no more.

XIX. — DIALOGUE FROM IVANHOE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following scene is taken from "Ivanhoe," a novel, the scene of which is laid in England, in the twelfth century. Ivanhoe, an English knight, is lying wounded and a captive in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf, a Norman knight, while it is undergoing an assault from a party of outlawed forest rangers, aided by an unknown knight in black armor, hence called the Black Knight, who afterwards turns out to be Richard, King of England. Rebecca is a young Jewish maiden.

FOLLOWING with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm.

"The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed! Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight clad in sable armor is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to

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heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself, at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance."

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath; look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

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"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for, as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers, — they rush in, — they are thrust back! — Front-de-Bœuf* heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. It is the meeting of two fierce tides, — the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again; there is now less danger."

* Pronounced Frōn(g)-dŭ-Bŭf.

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Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, —

" Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed, and of the captive ! "

She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, —

" He is down ! — he is down ! "

" Who is down ? " cried Ivanhoe. " For our dear lady's sake, tell me which has fallen ? "

" The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly ; then instantly again shouted, with joyful eagerness, " But no, — but no ! — he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm, — his sword is broken, — he snatches an ax from a yeoman, — he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow, — the giant stoops and totters, like an oak under the steel of the woodman, — he falls, — he falls ! "

" Front-de-Bœuf ? " exclaimed Ivanhoe.

" Front-de-Bœuf ! " answered the Jewess. " His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar, — their united force compels the champion to pause, — they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

" The assailants have won the barriers, have they not ? " said Ivanhoe.

" They have, — they have ! " exclaimed Rebecca, " and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall ; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of one another, — down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded men to the rear, fresh men supply their place in the assault. Great God ! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren ? "

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"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? — who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering. "The soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles, — the besieged have the better!"

"St. George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca; "they bear themselves right yeomanly, — the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge ax, — the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle, — stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion, — he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre!" said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch; "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes, — it is splintered by his blows, — they rush in, — the outwork is won, — they hurl the defenders from the battlements, — they throw them into the moat! O men, — if ye be indeed men, — spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge, — the bridge which communicates with the castle, — have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed, — few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle, — the shrieks and cries which you hear, tell the fate of the others! Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle!"

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again, — this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

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"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca. "Our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foeman's shot, that the garrison only bestows a few bolts on it, from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

XX.—THE VOYAGE.

IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING, the most popular of American authors, and one of the most popular writers in the English language during his time, was born in New York, April 8, 1783; and died November 28, 1859. His numerous works are too well known to need enumeration; and his countrymen are so familiar with the graces of his style and the charm of his delightful genius, that any extended criticism would be superfluous. His writings are remarkable for their combination of rich and original humor with great refinement of feeling and delicacy of sentiment. His humor is unstained by coarseness, and his sentiment is neither mawkish nor morbid. His style is carefully finished, and in his most elaborate productions the uniform music of his cadences approaches monotony. He is an accurate observer, and his descriptions are correct, animated, and beautiful. In his biographical and historical works his style is flowing, easy, and transparent. His personal character was affectionate and amiable, and these traits penetrate his writings, and constitute no small portion of their charm. Few writers have ever awakened in their readers a stronger personal interest than Irving; and the sternest critic could not deal harshly with an author who showed himself to be so gentle and kindly a man.

TO an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the

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wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; or to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols, — shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus, slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting like a specter through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the North all the luxuries of the South; diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those

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scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, are the crew? Their struggle has long been over; they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, and the mother pored over the daily news to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more."

The sight of the wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat

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round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

"As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine, stout ship, across the banks of Newfoundland, one of the heavy fogs, that prevail in those parts, rendered it impossible for me to see far ahead, even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of our ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'a sail ahead!' but it was scarcely uttered till we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size and weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course.

"As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they had just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack was anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns,

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and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent, — we never heard nor saw anything of them more!"

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the mast-head. I question whether Columbus, when he discovered the New World, felt a more delicious throng of sensations, than rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations in the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with everything of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the period of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants around the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds, — all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitered the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass-plots. I saw the mouldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighboring hill; all were characteristic of England.

XXI. — THE FALL OF POLAND.

CAMPBELL.

THE following extract is from the "Pleasures of Hope." The events which it commemorates took place in 1794. Warsaw was captured by the Russians in November of that year. Kosciusko did not literally "fall," that is, die, at that time. He was severely wounded and taken prisoner in a battle shortly before the capture of Warsaw, but he lived till 1817. "Sarmatia" is used poetically for Poland, being the

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name by which the Romans designated that portion of Europe. "Prague" is Praga, a suburb of Warsaw, on the opposite side of the Vistula, and joined to the main city by a bridge of boats.

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandoors * and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her heights surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid.
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save! —
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live, — with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge or death, — the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm! —

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew: —
O, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,

* "Pandoor." One of a body of light infantry soldiers in the service of Austria; so called because originally raised from the mountainous districts, near the village of Pandur, in Lower Hungary.

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Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career: —
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked, — as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air, —
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark, as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook, — red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast,
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
O, once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell, — the Bruce of Bannockburn!

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth or Tully's name!

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Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus and the Theban lyre! *
Rapt in historic ardor, who adore
Each classic haunt and well-remembered shore,
Where valor tuned, amidst her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valor left the world — to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?
Yes, in that generous cause, forever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay.
Yes, there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordained to fire the adoring sons of earth,
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordained to light with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of nature as they play,
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakespeare's name below.

* "The Theban lyre." The poetry of Pindar, a celebrated lyric poet, born in Thebes.

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XXII. — OPPOSITION TO INDEPENDENCE.

WEBSTER.

THIS lesson and that which succeeds it are both taken from Mr. Webster's "Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson," delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, August 2, 1826. The first speech presents such arguments as might have been urged against the declaration of the independence of the Colonies, by a man of timid and desponding temperament; and the views of bolder and far-seeing statesmen are uttered by the lips of Mr. Adams. Many persons have supposed that the speech put into the mouth of Mr. Adams was really delivered by him, but this is not the case. It was written by Mr. Webster.

LET us pause! This step, once taken, cannot be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer Colonies, with charters and with privileges; these will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people, at the mercy of the conquerors.

For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard; but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England; for she will exert that strength to the utmost? Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people? or will they not act as the people of other countries have acted, and, wearied with a long war, submit, in the end, to a worse oppression? While we stand on our old ground and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing, then, can be imputed to us.

But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions further, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something

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which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground, of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretence, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious, subjects. I shudder before this responsibility.

It will be on us, if, relinquishing the ground we have stood on so long, and stood on so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill-judged declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption on the scaffold.

XXIII. — MR. ADAMS'S REPLY.

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there 's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

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Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen

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us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and

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it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of

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subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, — independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

XXIV. — YOUTH.

THIS is our morning; in the way before us
Its golden light is falling bright and fair;
No clearer sky than that now bending o'er us
E'er waked a longing for a dwelling there.

We start together: yet how far diverging
Our individual paths of life will be!
Each her own scheme will be intently urging,
Each working out her separate destiny.

As some fair landscape, stretching in the distance,
We look at life through eyes unused to tears,
And yet not knowing whether our existence
Shall cease in youth, or be prolonged through years;

Whether, ere noontide, everything we cherish
Shall fade before us into less than air,
And we, disheartened, lay us down to perish,
The Star of Hope extinguished in despair.

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Or, at the evening hours, our sun, descending
With gathering glory to the peaceful west,
Shall, as our well-wrought work is near its ending,
Behold us waiting for the promised rest.

Who knows the future? Who has turned its pages,
Reading its secrets with divining power?
We may look backward through the reach of ages;
We can look forward not a single hour.

Yet without fear, without one dark misgiving,
May we press onward with alacrity,
Hoping and *trustful;* only this believing, —
That as our purpose our reward shall be.

Then will the light that dwells in heavenly places,
Flooding with joy a world beyond our gaze,
Before whose brightness angels veiled their faces,
Shine with sweet influence upon all our ways.

We shall experience peace; and when life's river
Forgets to flow, — through the Omnipotent will, —
When on its banks the sunbeams cease to quiver
And deepening shadows settle dark and still;

Through the increasing dimness will our vision
To the perception of true life arise;
We shall catch glimpses of the land Elysian,
We shall see morning break in Paradise.

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XXV. — ETERNITY OF GOD.

GREENWOOD.

FRANCIS WILLIAM PITT GREENWOOD was born in Boston, February 5, 1797, was graduated at Harvard College in 1814, and settled in 1818 as pastor over the New South Church, in Boston. But he was soon obliged to leave this post of duty, on account of his failing health. In 1824 he was settled as colleague to the late Dr. Freeman, over the church worshiping in King's Chapel. He died August 2, 1843. He was a man of rare purity of life, who preached the gospel by his works as well as his words. His manner in the pulpit was simple, impressive, and winning; and his sermons were deeply imbued with true religious feeling. His style was beautifully transparent and graceful, revealing a poetical imagination under the control of a pure taste. He was a frequent contributor to the "North American Review" and the "Christian Examiner," and for a time was one of the editors of the latter periodical. A volume entitled "Sermons of Consolation" appeared during his lifetime, and a selection from his sermons, with an introductory memoir, was published after his death.

Dr. Greenwood was an attentive student of natural history, and was an accurate observer of nature, with remarkable powers of description. Some of his lighter productions, contributed to the gift annuals of the day, have great merit as vivid and picturesque delineations of natural scenes and objects. The following extract is from one of his sermons.

WE receive such repeated intimations of decay in the world through which we are passing, — decline and change and loss follow decline and change and loss in such rapid succession, — that we can almost catch the sound of universal wasting, and hear the work of desolation going on busily around us. "The mountain falling cometh to naught, and the rock is removed out of his place. The waters wear the stones, the things which grow out of the dust of the earth are washed away, and the hope of man is destroyed."

Conscious of our own instability, we look about for something to rest on; but we look in vain. The heavens and the earth had a beginning, and they will have an end. The face of the world is changing daily and hourly. All animated things grow old and die. The rocks crumble, the trees fall, the leaves fade, and the grass withers. The clouds are flying, and the waters are flowing, away from us.

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The firmest works of man, too, are gradually giving way. The ivy clings to the moldering tower, the brier hangs out from the shattered window, and the wall-flower springs from the disjointed stones. The founders of these perishable works have shared the same fate, long ago. If we look back to the days of our ancestors, to the men as well as the dwellings of former times, they become immediately associated in our imaginations, and only make the feeling of instability stronger and deeper than before.

In the spacious domes which once held our fathers, the serpent hisses and the wild bird screams. The halls which once were crowded with all that taste and science and labor could procure, which resounded with melody and were lighted up with beauty, are buried by their own ruins, mocked by their own desolation. The voice of merriment and of wailing, the steps of the busy and the idle, have ceased in the deserted courts, and the weeds choke the entrances, and the long grass waves upon the hearth-stone. The works of art, the forming hand, the tombs, the very ashes they contained, are all gone.

While we thus walk among the ruins of the past, a sad feeling of insecurity comes over us; and that feeling is by no means diminished when we arrive at home. If we turn to our friends, we can hardly speak to them before they bid us farewell. We see them for a few moments, and in a few moments more their countenances are changed, and they are sent away. It matters not how near and dear they are. The ties which bind us together are never too close to be parted, or too strong to be broken. Tears were never known to move the king of terrors, neither is it enough that we are compelled to surrender one, or two, or many, of those we love; for though

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the price is so great, we buy no favor with it, and our hold on those who remain is as slight as ever. The shadows all elude our grasp, and follow one another down the valley.

We gain no confidence, then, no feeling of security, by turning to our contemporaries and kindred. We know that the forms which are breathing around us are as short-lived and fleeting as those were which have been dust for centuries. The sensation of vanity, uncertainty, and ruin is equally strong, whether we muse on what has long been prostrate, or gaze on what is falling now or will fall so soon.

If everything which comes under our notice has endured for so short a time, and in so short a time will be no more, we cannot say that we receive the least assurance by thinking on ourselves. When they, on whose fate we have been meditating, were engaged in the active scenes of life, as full of health and hope as we are now, what were we? We had no knowledge, no consciousness, no being; there was not a single thing in the wide universe which knew us. And after the same interval shall have elapsed, which now divides their days from ours, what shall we be? What they are now.

When a few more friends have left, a few more hopes deceived, and a few more changes mocked us, "we shall be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the tomb: the clods of the valley shall be sweet unto us, and every man shall follow us, as there are innumerable before us." All power will have forsaken the strongest, and the loftiest will be laid low, and every eye will be closed, and every voice hushed, and every heart will have ceased its beating. And when we have gone ourselves, even our memories will not stay behind us long. A few of the

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near and dear will bear our likeness in their bosoms, till they too have arrived at the end of their journey, and entered the dark dwelling of unconsciousness.

In the thoughts of others we shall live only till the last sound of the bell, which informs them of our departure, has ceased to vibrate in their ears. A stone, perhaps, may tell some wanderer where we lie, when we came here, and when we went away; but even that will soon refuse to bear us record. "Time's effacing fingers" will be busy on its surface, and at length will wear it smooth; and then the stone itself will sink or crumble, and the wanderer of another age will pass, without a single call upon his sympathy, over our unheeded graves.

Is there nothing to counteract the sinking of the heart which must be the effect of observations like these? Can no support be offered? Can no source of confidence be named? O yes! there is one Being, to whom we can look with a perfect conviction of finding that security which nothing about us can give, and which nothing about us can take away.

To this Being we can lift up our souls, and on him we may rest them, exclaiming in the language of the monarch of Israel, "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God!" "Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

Here, then, is a support which will never fail; here is a foundation which can never be moved, — the everlast-

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ing Creator of countless worlds, "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity." What a sublime conception! *He inhabits eternity*, occupies this inconceivable duration, pervades and fills throughout this boundless dwelling.

The contemplation of this glorious attribute of God is fitted to excite in our minds the most animating and consoling reflections. Standing as we are amid the ruins of time and the wrecks of mortality, where everything about us is created and dependent, proceeding from nothing, and hastening to destruction, we rejoice that something is presented to our view which has stood from everlasting, and will remain forever. We can look to the throne of God: change and decay have never reached that; the revolution of ages has never moved it; the waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken; the waves of another eternity are rushing towards it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

XXVI. — THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, England, October 21, 1772; and died July 25, 1834. He was one of the most remarkable men of his time; and few writers have exerted a wider and deeper intellectual influence than he. His influence, too, is most felt by minds of the highest class. He was an original and imaginative poet, a profound and suggestive philosophical writer, and a critic of unrivaled excellence. His works are somewhat fragmentary in their character, for he wanted patience in intellectual construction; but they are the fragments of a noble edifice. In conversational eloquence he is said to have excelled all his contemporaries.

Coleridge's life was not in all respects what the admirers of his genius could have wished. His great defect was a want of will. He could see the right, but not always go to it; he could see the wrong, but not always go from it.

HOW seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!

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It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

For shame, dear friend; renounce this canting strain.
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place, titles, salary, a gilded chain, —
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? three treasures, — love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night, —
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

XXVII. — SLAVERY.

COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER was born at Berkhampstead, in Hertfordshire, England, November 26, 1731; and died April 25, 1800. He was of an extremely delicate and sensitive organization; and he had the misfortune, when only six years old, to lose an affectionate mother, whom he has commemorated in one of the most popular and beautiful of his poems. He was educated at Westminster School, where his gentle nature suffered much at the hands of older and rougher lads. He spent some time in the study of the law, and was called to the bar; but his morbid temperament was found unequal to the discharge of professional and official duties. He declined the struggles and the prizes of an active career, and retired into the country, to a life of seclusion; living for many years in the family of Mr. Unwin, an English clergyman. His first volume of poems, containing "Table Talk," "Hope," "The Progress of Error," "Charity," etc., was published in 1782, when he was fifty-one years old. It rarely happens that a poet's first appearance is so late in life. This volume did not attract much attention. But in 1784 he published "The Task," which was received with much more favor. Its vigorous and manly style, its energetic moral tone, and its charming pictures of natural scenery and domestic life, were soon appreciated, although the general taste at that time preferred a more artificial style of poetry. After the publication of "The Task," he spent some years upon a translation of Homer into blank verse, published in 1791.

Many of Cowper's smaller pieces still enjoy great and deserved popularity. Like many men of habitual melancholy, he had a vein of humor running through his

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nature. His "John Gilpin" is a well-known instance of this; and the same quality throws a frequent charm over his correspondence. Cowper's life is full of deep and sad interest. His mind was more than once eclipsed by insanity, and often darkened by melancholy. He had tender and loving friends, who watched over him with affectionate and untiring interest. His most intimate friendships were with women; and there is a striking contrast between the masculine vigor of his style and his feminine habits and manner of life.

His letters are perhaps the best in the language. They are not superior, as intellectual efforts, to those of Gray, Walpole, Byron, or Scott; but they have in the highest degree that conversational ease and playful grace which we most desire in this class of writings. They are not epistolary essays, but genuine letters, — the unstudied effusions of the heart, meant for no eye but that of the person to whom they are addressed. Cowper's life has been written, and his poems and prose writings edited, by Southey; and they form a work of great interest and permanent value in literature.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been melted into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,

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Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home, — then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That 's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

XXVIII. — PEARL AT PLAY.

HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, an American novelist, was born in Salem, July 4, 1804; and died May 19, 1864. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825. He is the author of "The Scarlet Letter," "The Blithedale Romance," "The House of the Seven Gables," "Our Old Home," — a collection of sketches of the scenery and manners of England, where he resided for some years as United States Consul at Liverpool, — "The Marble Faun," of "Twice-Told Tales," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "The Snow Image, and other Twice-Told Tales," the last three being collections of papers contributed to various periodicals. He has also written three or four books

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for children. Since his death, six volumes have been published containing extracts from his Note-Books in America, England, and Italy.

Hawthorne was a man of peculiarly original genius, and no writer of our time was less indebted to the thoughts and words of other men than he. Reserved in his temperament and secluded in his habits, his mind grew by a self-contained law of increase. He combined a rare imaginative faculty with a vein of deep, often mournful, reflection. He had an unequal power of moving in that twilight region which lies between the real and the unreal, and of so clearing up his mysteries as still to leave the shadow of doubt resting upon them. He was a fine and sharp observer, and painted character with admirable discrimination and effect. His scenes and incidents are mostly drawn from the history and life of New England; and it is a proof of no common genius in him to have found the elements of romantic interest in a soil generally deemed unpropitious to such growth. His popularity is great, and probably would be greater were it not for the frequent intrusion into his pages of dark and sad visions, which fascinate but do not charm.

Hawthorne's style is of rare beauty and finish; he writes with perfect correctness; hardly any living writer, English or American, is equal to him in this respect, and yet without any stiffness or appearance of elaboration. The music of his delicious cadences never palls upon the ear, because it is always natural and never monotonous. He has a poet's sense of beauty, and his descriptions of natural scenes have all the elements of poetry except the garb of verse.

The following extract is from "The Scarlet Letter," one of his most original and powerful productions, and of deep and painful interest.

HESTER PRYNNE went, one day, to the mansion of Governor Bellingham. This was a large wooden house, built in a fashion of which there are specimens still extant in the streets of our elder towns; now moss-grown, crumbling to decay, and melancholy at heart, with the many sorrowful or joyful occurrences, remembered or forgotten, that have happened and passed away within their dusky chambers. Then, however, there was the freshness of the passing year on its exterior, and the cheerfulness gleaming forth from the sunny windows of a human habitation, into which death had never entered.

It had, indeed, a very cheery aspect; the walls being overspread with a kind of stucco, in which fragments of broken glass were plentifully intermixed, so that, when the sunshine fell aslantwise over the front of the edifice, it glittered and sparkled as if diamonds had been flung

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against it by the double handful. The brilliancy might have befitted Aladdin's palace, rather than the mansion of a grave old Puritan ruler.

Pearl, looking at this bright wonder of a house, began to caper and dance, and imperatively required that the whole breadth of sunshine should be stripped off its front and given her to play with.

"No, my little Pearl!" said her mother. "Thou must gather thine own sunshine. I have none to give thee."

They approached the door, when they beheld the old physician, with a basket on one arm, and a staff in the other hand, stooping along the ground in quest of roots and herbs to concoct his medicines withal.

Hester bade little Pearl run down to the margin of the water, and play with the shells and tangled sea-weed, until she should have talked awhile with yonder gatherer of herbs.

So the child flew away like a bird; and, making bare her small feet, went pattering along the moist margin of the sea. Here and there she came to a full stop, and peeped curiously into a pool, left by the retiring tide as a mirror for Pearl to see her face in. Forth peeped at her, out of the pool, with dark, glistening curls around her head, and an elf smile in her eyes, the image of a little maid, whom Pearl, having no other playmate, invited to take her hand and run a race with her.

But the visionary little maid, on her part, beckoned likewise, as if to say, "This is a better place! Come thou into the pool!" And Pearl, stepping in, beheld her own white feet at the bottom; while, out of a still lower depth, came the gleam of a kind of fragmentary smile, floating to and fro on the agitated water. Soon finding,

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however, that the image was unreal, she turned elsewhere for better pastime.

She made little boats out of birch-bark, and freighted them with snail-shells, and sent out more ventures on the

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mighty deep than any merchant in New England. But the larger part of them foundered near the shore. She seized a horseshoe by the tail, and made a prize of several five-fingers, and laid out a jelly-fish to melt in the warm sun. Then she took up the white foam, that streaked the line of the advancing tide, and threw it upon the breeze, scampering after it to catch the great snow-flakes ere they fell.

Perceiving a flock of beach-birds that fed and fluttered along the shore, the naughty child picked up her apron full of pebbles, and, creeping from rock to rock after these small sea-fowl, displayed remarkable dexterity in pelting them. One little gray bird with a white breast, Pearl was almost sure, had been hit by a pebble and fluttered away with a broken wing.

But then the elf child sighed and gave up her sport, because it grieved her to have done harm to a little being that was as wild as the sea-breeze, or as wild as Pearl herself.

Her final employment was to gather sea-weed of various kinds, and make herself a scarf or mantle, and a head-dress, and thus assume the aspect of a little mermaid.

Just then she heard her mother's voice, and, flitting along as lightly as one of the little sea-birds, appeared before Hester, dancing and laughing.

The road homeward, after the two wayfarers had crossed from the peninsula to the mainland, was no other than a foot-path. It straggled onward into the mystery of the primeval forest. This hemmed it in narrowly, and stood black and dense on either side, and disclosed imperfect glimpses of the sky above. The day was chill and somber. Overhead was a gay expanse of cloud, slightly stirred by

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a breeze; so that a gleam of flickering sunshine might now and then be seen at its solitary play along the path. This flitting cheerfulness was always at the farther extremity of some long vista through the forest.

"Mother," said little Pearl, "the sunshine runs away and hides itself, because it is afraid of something. Now, see! There it is, playing, a good way off. Stand you here, and let me run and catch it. I am but a child. It will not flee from me."

"Run away, child," answered the mother, "and catch it! It will soon be gone."

Pearl set forth at a great pace, and, as Hester smiled to perceive, did actually catch the sunshine, and stood laughing in the midst of it, all brightened by its splendor, and scintillating with the vivacity excited by rapid motion. The light lingered about the lonely child as if glad of such a playmate, until her mother had drawn almost nigh enough to step into the magic circle, too.

"Come, my child," said Hester, looking about her, "we will sit down a little way within the wood, and rest ourselves."

They entered sufficiently deep into the wood to secure themselves from the observation of any casual passenger along the forest track. Here they seated themselves in a little dell, with a leaf-strewn bank rising gently on either side, and a brook flowing through the midst, over a bed of fallen leaves. Continually, as it stole onward, the streamlet kept up a babble, kind, quiet, soothing, but melancholy.

"O brook! O foolish and tiresome little brook!" cried Pearl, after listening awhile to its talk. "Why art thou so sad? Pluck up a spirit, and do not be all the time sighing and murmuring."

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But the brook, in the course of its little lifetime among the forest trees, had gone through so solemn an experience that it could not help talking about it, and seemed to have nothing else to say. Pearl resembled the brook, inasmuch as the current of her life had flowed through scenes shadowed as heavily with gloom.

But, unlike the little stream, she danced and sparkled, and prattled airily along her course. There was no other attribute that so much impressed her mother with a sense of vigor in Pearl's nature as her never-failing vivacity of spirits. It was a doubtful charm, imparting a hard, metallic luster to the child's character. She wanted — what some people want throughout life — a grief that should deeply touch her, and thus humanize and make her capable of sympathy. But there was time enough yet for little Pearl.

"What does this sad little brook say, mother?" inquired she.

"If thou hadst a sorrow of thine own, the brook might tell thee of it," answered her mother. "Now, Pearl, go and play. But do not stray far into the wood. And take heed that thou come at my first call."

The child went singing away, following up the current of the brook, and striving to mingle a more lightsome cadence with its melancholy voice. But the little stream would not be comforted; and so Pearl chose to break off all acquaintance with it, and the great black forest became the playmate of the lonely infant, as well as it knew how. It offered her the partridge-berries, now red as drops of blood upon the withered leaves. These Pearl gathered, and was pleased with their wild flavor. The small denizens of the wilderness hardly took pains to move out of her path.

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A partridge, indeed, with a brood of ten behind her, ran forward threateningly, but soon repented her fierceness, and clucked to her young ones not to be afraid. A pigeon, alone on a low branch, allowed Pearl to come beneath, and uttered a sound, as much of greeting as alarm. A squirrel, from the lofty depths of his domestic tree, chattered, either in anger or merriment, — for a squirrel is such a choleric and humorous little personage that it is hard to distinguish between his moods, — and flung down a nut upon her head.

A fox, startled from his sleep by her light footstep on the leaves, looked inquisitively at Pearl, as doubting whether it were better to steal off, or renew his nap on the same spot. The truth seems to be, that the mother-forest, and these wild things which it nourished, all recognized a kindred wildness in the human child.

And she was gentler here than in the grassy margined streets of the settlement, or in her mother's cottage. The flowers seemed to know it; and one and another whispered, as she passed, "Adorn thyself with me, thou beautiful child; adorn thyself with me!" and, to please them, Pearl gathered the violets, and anemones, and scarlet columbines, and some twigs of the freshest green, which the old trees held down before her eyes. With these she decorated her hair and waist, and became a nymph child or an infant dryad, when she heard her mother's voice, and came slowly back.

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XXIX. — CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON, a living poet of England, was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in 1810. He has published two volumes of miscellaneous poetry; also "The Princess," a narrative, in blank verse; a volume called "In Memoriam"; "Maud," in which an unhappy love-story is told in a broken and fragmentary way; and "Idyls of the King," comprising four poems founded on the legends of King Arthur.

He is a man of rare and fine genius, whose poetry is addressed to refined and cultivated minds. The music of his verse and his skill in the use of language are alike excellent. He is a poet of poets; and, in general, is only fully appreciated by those who have something of the poetical faculty themselves. He is more valued by women than by men, and by young men than by old. He is evidently a man of the finest organization, and his poetry is of the most exquisite and ethereal cast. He has an uncommon power of presenting pictures to the eye, and often in a very few words. His pages are crowded with subjects for the artist. A portion of what he has written is rather remote from the beaten track of human sympathies and feelings; but that he can write popular poetry is shown by his well-known "May Queen."

His volume called "In Memoriam" is a very remarkable book. It is a collection of one hundred and twenty-nine short poems, written in a peculiar and uniform meter, which were called forth by the early death of Arthur Henry Hallam, the eldest son of the historian, a young man of rare excellence of mind and character, the intimate friend of Tennyson, and betrothed to his sister. Such a book will not be welcome to all minds, nor to any mind at all periods and in all moods; but it contains some of the most exquisite poetry which has been written in our times, and some of the deepest and sweetest effusions of feeling to be found anywhere.

The following spirited poem commemorates a gallant and desperate charge made by a brigade of English light-horse at the battle of Balaklava, in the Crimea, October 25, 1854, under circumstances that seemed to insure the destruction of the whole body. The order to charge was supposed to have been given under a mistake; but nothing was ever distinctly known about it, as Captain Nolan, who delivered it, was the first man who fell. Of six hundred and thirty who started on the charge only a hundred and fifty returned.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?

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Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered:

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Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
  Noble six hundred!

XXX. — PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

REV. JARED SPARKS.

JARED SPARKS, an American historian and author, was born in Willington, Connecticut, May 10, 1789; and died March 14, 1866. He was first a Unitarian minister, and was settled in Baltimore from 1819 to 1823. In 1821 he was Chaplain to the House of Representatives. He edited the North American Review from 1823 to 1830. He is best known by his valuable contributions to American history, of which the principal are "The Life and Works of Washington," in twelve volumes, and "The Life and Works of Franklin," in ten volumes. He also wrote "The Life of John Ledyard," "The Life of Governeur Morris," in three volumes, edited "The Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution," several numbers of the "American Almanac," and "The Library of American Biography," in twenty-five volumes. He was McLane Professor of History at Harvard College from 1839 to 1849, and President of this College from 1849 to 1852. His historical writings are remarkable for their judgment and good sense, for accuracy and thoroughness of research, and for an unadorned simplicity and correctness of style.

THE person of Washington was commanding, graceful, and fitly proportioned; his stature six feet, his chest broad and full, his limbs long and somewhat slen-

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der, but well shaped and muscular. His features were regular and symmetrical, his eyes of a light blue color, and his whole countenance, in its quiet state, was grave, placid, and benignant.

When alone, or not engaged in conversation, he appeared sedate and thoughtful; but, when his attention was excited, his eye kindled quickly and beamed with animation and intelligence. He was not fluent in speech, but what he said was apposite, and listened to with more interest as being known to come from the heart. He seldom attempted sallies of wit or humor, but no man received more pleasure from an exhibition of them by others; and, although contented in seclusion, he sought his chief happiness in society, and participated with delight in all its rational and innocent amusements.

Without austerity on the one hand, or an appearance of condescending familiarity on the other, he was affable, courteous, and cheerful; but it has often been remarked, that there was a dignity in his person and manner, not easy to be defined, which impressed every one who saw him for the first time with an instinctive deference and awe. This may have arisen in part from a conviction of his superiority, as well as from the effect produced by his external form and deportment.

His moral qualities were in perfect harmony with those of his intellect. Duty was the ruling principle of his conduct; and the rare endowments of his understanding were not more constantly tasked to devise the best methods of effecting an object, than they were to guard the sanctity of conscience.

No instance can be adduced, in which he was actuated by a sinister motive, or endeavored to attain an end by unworthy means. Truth, integrity, and justice were

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deeply rooted in his mind; and nothing could rouse his indignation so soon, or so utterly destroy his confidence, as the discovery of the want of these virtues in any one whom he had trusted. Weaknesses, follies, indiscretions, he could forgive; but subterfuge and dishonesty he never forgot and rarely pardoned.

He was candid and sincere, true to his friends, and faithful to all, neither practicing dissimulation, descending to artifice, nor holding out expectations which he did not intend should be realized. His passions were strong, and sometimes they broke out with vehemence, but he had the power of checking them in an instant. Perhaps self-control was the most remarkable trait of his character. It was in part the effect of discipline; yet he seems by nature to have possessed this power to a degree which has been denied to other men.

A Christian in faith and practice, he was habitually devout. His reverence for religion is seen in his example, his public communications, and his private writings. He uniformly ascribed his success to the beneficent agency of the Supreme Being. Charitable and humane, he was liberal to the poor, and kind to those in distress. As a husband, son, and brother, he was tender and affectionate. Without vanity, ostentation, or pride, he never spoke of himself or his actions, unless required by circumstances which concerned the public interests.

As he was free from envy, so he had the good fortune to escape the envy of others, by standing on an elevation which none could hope to attain. If he had one passion stronger than another, it was love of his country. The purity and ardor of his patriotism were commensurate with the greatness of its object. Love of country in him was invested with the sacred obligation of a duty;

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and from the faithful discharge of this duty he never swerved for a moment, either in thought or deed, through the whole period of his eventful career.

XXXI. — WASHINGTON'S GENIUS.

E. P. WHIPPLE.

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the 8th of March, 1819. He has been for many years a resident of Boston. He is well known as a lyceum lecturer and a brilliant essayist. He has addressed various literary societies in a style of much beauty and power. His published works are remarkable for vigor of treatment and copious illustrations. They are as follows: "Success and its Conditions," "Literature and Life," "Essays and Reviews," two volumes, "Character and Characteristic Men," "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth." In the year 1850, he delivered a Fourth of July oration before the city authorities of Boston, on the character of Washington.

THE history, so sad and so glorious, which chronicles the stern struggle in which our rights and liberties passed through the awful baptism of fire and blood, is eloquent with the deeds of many patriots, warriors, and statesmen; but these all fall into relations to one prominent and commanding figure, towering above the whole group in unapproachable majesty, whose exalted character, warm and bright with every public and private virtue, and vital with the essential spirit of wisdom, has burst all sectional and national bounds, and made the name of Washington the property of all mankind.

This illustrious man, at once the world's admiration and enigma, we are taught by a fine instinct to venerate, and by a wrong opinion to misjudge. The might of his character has taken strong hold upon the feelings of great masses of men, but in translating this universal sentiment into an intelligent form, the intellectual element of his wonderful nature is as much depressed as the moral ele-

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ment is exalted, and consequently we are apt to misunderstand both. Mediocrity has a bad trick of idealizing itself in eulogizing him, and drags him down to its own low level while assuming to lift him to the skies.

How many times have we been told that he was not a man of genius, but a person of "excellent common-sense," of "admirable judgment," of "rare virtues"; and by a constant repetition of this odious cant we have nearly succeeded in divorcing comprehension from his sense, insight from his judgment, force from his virtues, and life from the man. Accordingly, in the panegyric of cold spirits, Washington disappears in a cloud of commonplaces; in the rodomontade of boiling patriots he expires in the agonies of rant.

The sooner this bundle of mediocre talents and moral qualities, which its contrivers have the audacity to call George Washington, is hissed out of existence, the better it will be for the cause of talent and the cause of morals: contempt of that is the beginning of wisdom.

He had no genius, it seems. O no! genius, we must suppose, is the peculiar and shining attribute of some orator, whose tongue can spout patriotic speeches, or some versifier, whose muse can "Hail Columbia," but not of the man who supported states on his arm, and carried America in his brain. The madcap Charles Townsend,* the motion of whose pyrotechnic mind was like the whiz of a hundred rockets, is a man of genius; but George Washington, raised up above the level of even eminent statesmen, and with a nature moving with the still and orderly celerity of a planet round its sun,

* Charles Townsend entered Parliament in 1747. He held various high offices during his life. He supported the Stamp Act and the taxation of the American Colonies. He had great parliamentary abilities and oratorical powers.

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— he dwindles, in comparison, into a kind of angelic dunce!

What is genius? Is it worth anything? Is splendid folly the measure of its inspiration? Is wisdom its base and summit, — that which it recedes from, or tends towards? And by what definition do you award the name to the creator of an epic, and deny it to the creator of a country? On what principle is it to be lavished on him who sculptures in perishing marble the image of possible excellence, and withheld from him who built up in himself a transcendent character, indestructible as the obligations of Duty, and beautiful as her rewards?

XXXII. — PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LONGFELLOW.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, — "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal-light, —
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

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Then he said good night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,

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And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and somber, and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village-street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

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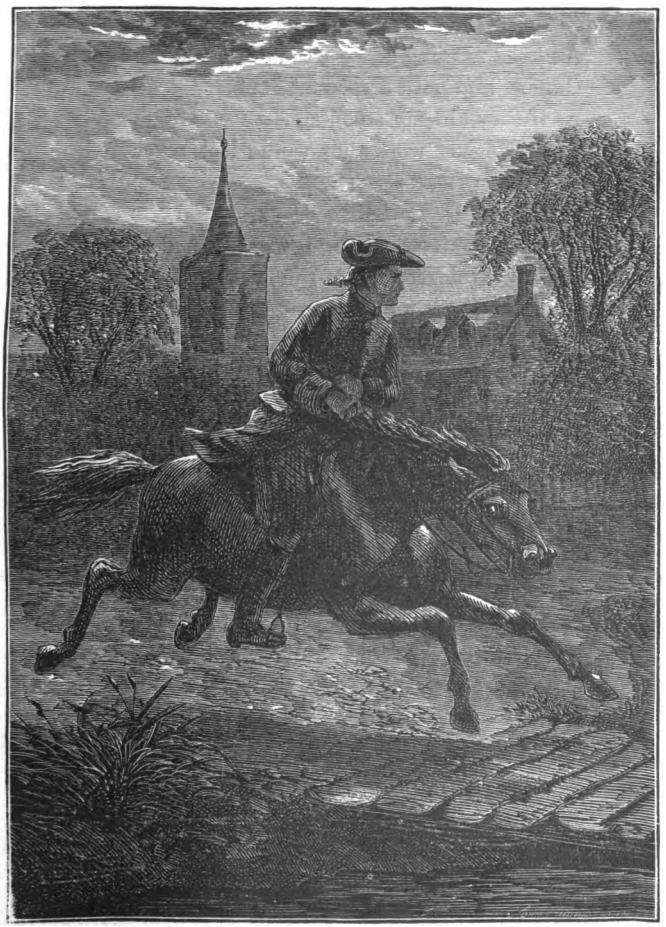
It was twelve by the village-clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,



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And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village-clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village-clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning-breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —

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A cry of defiance, and not of fear, —
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight-message of Paul Revere.

XXXIII. — THE CHARACTER OF GRATTAN.

SYDNEY SMITH.

SYDNEY SMITH, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Woodford, in the county of Essex, England, in 1771, and died in 1845. He was one of the founders of the "Edinburgh Review," a periodical journal which has exerted, and is continuing to exert, so great an influence over the literature and politics of Great Britain; and for many years he was a constant contributor to its pages. Among all the writers of his time, he is remarkable for his brilliant wit and rich vein of humor, which give a peculiar and pungent flavor to everything that falls from his pen. But his wit and humor rested upon a foundation of sound common-sense, and were always under the control of a warm and good heart. In reading him, we feel first that he is a wise man, and then a witty man. He was a courageous and consistent friend of civil and religious liberty; and in the various articles which he contributed to the "Edinburgh Review," on social and political reform, he shows the enlarged views of an enlightened statesman, and the benevolent feeling of a Christian philanthropist.

THANK God that all is not profligacy and corruption in the history of that devoted people, and that the name of Irishman does not always carry with it the idea of the oppressor or the oppressed, the plunderer or the plundered, the tyrant or the slave.

Great men hallow a whole people, and lift up all who live in their time. What Irishman does not feel proud that he has lived in the days of Grattan? Who has not turned to him for comfort, from the false friends and open enemies of Ireland? Who did not remember him in the

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days of its burnings and wastings and murders? No government ever dismayed him, the world could not bribe him; he thought only of Ireland, lived for no other object, dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his elegant wit, his manly courage, and all the splendor of his astonishing eloquence.

He was so born and so gifted, that poetry, forensic skill, elegant literature, and all the highest attainments of human genius, were within his reach; but he thought the noblest occupation of a man was to make other men happy and free; and in that straight line he went on for fifty years, without one sidelook, without one yielding thought, without one motive in his heart which he might not have laid open to the view of God and man. He is gone! — but there is not a single day of his honest life of which every good Irishman would not be more proud, than of the whole political existence of his countrymen, — the annual deserters and betrayers of their native land.

XXXIV. — FINITE AND INFINITE.

R. C. WINTHROP.

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP was born in Boston, May 12, 1809, and graduated at Harvard College in 1828. He was admitted to the bar in 1831, but never engaged in the practice of the profession. In 1834 he was elected to the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and re-elected during five successive years, during the last three of which he served as Speaker. In the autumn of 1840 he was chosen to the House of Representatives in Congress, and continued a member of that body during the next ten years, with the exception of a brief interval. From December, 1847, to March, 1849, he was Speaker of the House. In 1856 he served a short time in the Senate of the United States, by appointment of the governor of Massachusetts. During his public life Mr. Winthrop was a leading member of the Whig party. He spoke frequently upon the great questions of the day, and his speeches always commanded attention from their well-considered arguments and propriety of tone. A volume of his addresses and speeches was published in 1852, since which time he has published several lectures and public discourses.

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LET men lift their vast reflectors or refractors to the skies, and detect new planets in their hiding-places. Let them waylay the fugitive comets in their flight, and compel them to disclose the precise period of their orbits, and to give bonds for their punctual return. Let them drag out reluctant satellites from "their habitual concealments." Let them resolve the unresolvable nebulæ of Orion or Andromeda. They need not fear. The sky will not fall, nor a single star be shaken from its sphere.

Let them perfect and elaborate their marvelous processes for making the light and the lightning their ministers, for putting "a pencil of rays" into the hand of art, and providing tongues of fire for the communication of intelligence. Let them foretell the path of the whirlwind, and calculate the orbit of the storm. Let them hang out their gigantic pendulums, and make the earth do the work of describing and measuring her own motions. Let them annihilate human pain, and literally "charm ache with air, and agony with ether." The blessing of God will attend all their toils, and the gratitude of man will await all their triumphs.

Let them dig down into the bowels of the earth. Let them rive asunder the massive rocks, and unfold the history of creation as it lies written on the pages of their piled-up strata. Let them gather up the fossil fragments of a lost Fauna, reproducing the ancient forms which inhabited the land or the seas, bringing them together, bone to his bone, till Leviathan and Behemoth stand before us in bodily presence and in their full proportions, and we almost tremble lest these dry bones should live again! Let them put Nature to the rack, and torture her, in all her forms, to the betrayal of her inmost secrets and

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confidences. They need not forbear. The foundations of the round world have been laid so strong that they cannot be moved.

But let them not think by searching to find out God. Let them not dream of understanding the Almighty to perfection. Let them not dare to apply their tests and solvents, their modes of analysis or their terms of definition, to the secrets of the spiritual kingdom. Let them spare the foundations of faith. Let them be satisfied with what is revealed of the mysteries of the Divine Nature. Let them not break through the bounds to gaze after the Invisible, lest the day come when they shall be ready to cry to the mountains, Fall on us, and to the hills, Cover us.

XXXV.—THE NEW YEAR.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going; let him go;
Ring out the false; ring in the true.

Ring out the grief, that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

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Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

XXXVI. — THE REFORM THAT IS NEEDED.

BUSHNELL.

HORACE BUSHNELL, D. D., was born in Washington, Litchfield County, Conn., in 1804, and was graduated at Yale College in 1827. In May, 1833, he was invited to be pastor of the North Congregational Church in Hartford, which position he still retains. Dr. Bushnell's writings have been mainly on theological subjects, though in his addresses before literary societies he has occasionally touched upon other themes. His productions are remarkable for their spiritual beauty and elevation of style, and an original method of treatment. He is an earnest thinker rather than a rhetorician.

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IT is getting to be a great hope of our time, that society is about to slide into something better, by a course of natural progress, — by the advance of education, by great public reforms, by courses of self-culture, and philanthropic practice. We have a new gospel that corresponds, — a gospel which preaches not so much a faith in God's salvation as a faith in human nature, — an attenuated, moralizing gospel, that proposes development, not regeneration; that shows men how to grow better, how to cultivate their amiable instincts, how to be rational in their own light, and govern themselves by their own power.

Sometimes it is given as the true problem, how to reform the shape and reconstruct the style of their heads! Alas, that we are taken, or can be, with so great folly! How plain it is that no such gospel meets our want! What can it do for us but turn us away, more and more fatally, from that gospel of the Son of God which is our only hope? Man, as a ruin, going after development and progress and philanthropy and social culture, and by this firefly glimmer, to make a day of glory!

And this is the doctrine that proposes shortly to restore society, to settle the passion, regenerate the affection, reglorify the thought, fill the aspiration of a desiring and disjointed world. As if any being but God had power to grapple with these human disorders; as if man or society, crazed and maddened by the demoniacal frenzy of sin, were going to rebuild the state of order, and reconstruct the harmony of nature by such kind of desultory counsel and unsteady application as it can manage to enforce in its own cause; going to do this miracle by its science, its compacts, and self-executed reforms!

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As soon will the desolations of Karnac gather up their fragments and reconstruct the proportions out of which they have fallen. No; it is not progress, not reforms, that are wanted as any principal thing. Nothing meets our case, but to come unto God and be medicated in him; to be born of God, and so, by his regenerative power, to be set in heaven's own order. He alone can rebuild the ruin, he alone set up the glorious temple of the mind, and those divine affinities in us that raven * with immortal hunger; he alone can satisfy them in the bestowment of himself!

XXXVII. — OBLIGATIONS OF AMERICA TO ENGLAND.

EVERETT.

THE following extract is from an oration delivered at Plymouth, December 22, 1824.

WHAT citizen of our Republic does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived to this land out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual, and moral truth from which we have drawn in England? What American does not feel proud that his fathers were the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke? Who does not know that, while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British Empire beat warm and full in the bosom of our ancestors, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the friends of liberty there?

* Pronounced răv'vn. To consume, or waste away.

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Who does not remember that, when the Pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained till the stars of hope should go up in the western skies? And who will ever forget that, in that eventful struggle which severed these youthful republics from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America than that of Burke or of Chatham within the walls of the British Parliament and at the foot of the British throne?

No; for myself, I can truly say that, after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. In touching the soil of England, I seem to return, like a descendant, to the old family seat; to come back to the abode of an aged and venerable parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. The sound of my native language, beyond the sea, is as music to my ear, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness or Castilian majesty.

I am not yet in a land of strangers, while surrounded by the manners, the habits, and the institutions under which I have been brought up. I wander, delighted, through a thousand scenes which the historians and the poets have made familiar to us, of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers; — the pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land, — rich in the memory of the great and good, the champions and the martyrs of liberty, the exiled her-

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alds of truth; and richer, as the parent of this land of promise in the west.

I am not — I need not say I am not — the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The scepter, the miter, and the coronet, — stars, garters, and blue ribbons, — seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies mustered for the battles of Europe, her navies overshadowing the ocean, nor her empire, grasping the farthest east. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are too often maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections.

But it is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the pilgrim; — it is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakespeare and Milton. I should think him cold in his love for his native land, who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

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XXXVIII. — ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION, LONDON.

HORACE SMITH.

HORACE SMITH, a native of London, died in July, 1849, in the seventieth year of his age. In 1812, in conjunction with his elder brother, James Smith, he published a volume called "Rejected Addresses," consisting of imitations of the popular poets of the day. It had great and deserved success, and has since been frequently reprinted. Horace Smith was a stock-broker by profession; but in the leisure hours stolen from his employment he wrote a number of works of fiction, which were received with favor, and many contributions, both in verse and prose, to the magazines of the time. His poems have been collected and published in two volumes. He was a very amiable and estimable man.

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's * streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium † was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue, — come, let us hear its tune;
Thou 'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon;
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —
To whom should we assign the sphinx's ‡ fame?

* Thebes was a celebrated city of Upper Egypt, of which extensive ruins still remain.

† The Memnonium was a building combining the properties of a palace and a temple, the ruins of which are remarkable for symmetry of architecture and elegance of sculpture.

‡ The great sphinx, at the pyramids, is hewn out of a rock, in the form of a lion with a human head, and is one hundred and forty-three feet in length, and sixty-two feet in height in front.

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Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
  Of either pyramid that bears his name? *
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer? †
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
  By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade;
Then say what secret melody was hidden
  In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played.‡
Perhaps thou wert a priest; if so, my struggles
Are vain; Egyptian priest ne'er owned his juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
  Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharoah, glass to glass:
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat;
  Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
  Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
  Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
  We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;

* The pyramids are well-known structures near Cairo. According to Herodotus, the great pyramid, so called, was built by Cheops (pronounced Kē'ops). He was succeeded by his brother Cephren or Cephrenes (pronounced Sef'rē-nes), who, according to the same historian, built another of the pyramids.

† Pompey's Pillar is a column almost a hundred feet high, near Alexandria. It is now generally admitted by the learned to have had no connection with the Roman general whose name it bears.

‡ This was a statue at Thebes, said to utter at sunrise a sound like the twanging of a harp-string or of a metallic wire.

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The Roman Empire has begun and ended;
  New worlds have risen, — we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
  When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,*
  O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,†
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
  The nature of thy private life unfold: —
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
  And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled: —
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What were thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh, — immortal of the dead!
  Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
  And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
  If its undying guest be lost forever?
O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
  In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

* Egypt was conquered 525 B. C. by Camby'ses, the second king of Persia
† These are the names of Egyptian deities.

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XXXIX. — GOD IN NATURE.

CHAPIN.

EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN, D. D., was born in Union Village, Washington County, New York, December 20, 1814. He is a clergyman of the Universalist denomination; but his sympathies are not bounded by the limits of any sect. Since 1848 he has been settled over a church in New York. He is one of the most eloquent pulpit orators in America. He is remarkable for earnestness and persuasiveness flowing from a warm heart and a genial temperament. His style is picturesque and striking; his thoughts are commended to his hearers by a voice of uncommon richness and power.

THE grandest scale on which the operation of a Providence appears is the entire system of the natural world. It is true that here is the field from which, in theory, many seem to exclude the notion of a Providence. They speak of Nature as a stupendous machine, wound up and running by its own vitality, — an automaton which, by a kind of clock-work, simulates a life and an intelligence that are really absent from it. Or, if they do not deny the operation of a Divine Providence, they refer to what are termed "the laws of nature" in such a manner as to shut off the immediate agency of God.

But what is a law of nature, except a fixed way in which the Creator works? The finest element that the chemist can detect — the subtile, immaterial force whatever it may be — is not the law, but merely an expression of the law. And in the last analysis we cannot separate law from the operation of intelligent will.

I do not say that God acts only through nature, or that God is identical with nature; but in a profound sense it is true that nature is Providence. God, who in essence is distinct from his works, is perpetually in his works. And so every night and every day his providence is illustrated before us. His beneficence streams out from the morning sun, and his love looks down upon

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us from the starry eyes of midnight. It is his solicitude that wraps us in the air, and the pressure of his hand, so to speak, that keeps our pulses beating.

O, it is a great thing to realize that the Divine Power is always working; that nature, in every valve and every artery, is full of the presence of God! It is a great thing to conceive of Providence as both general and special, comprehending immensity in its plan, yet sustaining the frailest being, and elaborating the humblest form. Take up as much as you can, in your imagination, the great circle of existence. How wide its sweep! How immeasurable its currents! And are there some who tell us that God cares only for the grand whole, and has no regard for details, — that this is beneath the majesty of his nature, the dignity of his scheme?

I say, again, that nature is Providence; and this tells us a different story. For it is full of minute ministrations, as though the Divine solicitude were concentrated upon the insect or the worm; so that whatever thing you observe, it seems as though the universe were constructed and arranged for that alone.

And the sublimities of God's glory beam upon us in his care for the little, as well as in his adjustments of the great; in the comfort which surrounds the little wood-bird and blesses the denizen of a single leaf, as well as in happiness that streams through the hierarchies of being that cluster and swarm in yon forests of the firmament; in the skill displayed in the spider's eye, in the beauty that quivers upon the butterfly's wing, as in the splendors that emboss the chariot-wheels of night, or glitter in the sandals of the morning.

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XL. — THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

REV. THOMAS STARR KING.

THOMAS STARR KING, an American divine and author, was born in New York, December 16, 1824; and died in San Francisco, March 4, 1864. He was settled over Hollis Street Church, Boston, in December, 1848, and continued in that place until April, 1860, when he went to San Francisco to take charge of a Unitarian congregation there. He had great influence there by his eloquent exertions on behalf of the Union, and against the Southern Confederacy. As a preacher and lecturer, combining a fervid spirit with elegance of expression, he enjoyed great and deserved popularity. The work by which he is best known is entitled "The White Hills: Their Legends and Poetry," published in quarto in 1859.

WELL has it been said, that "mountains are to the rest of the body of the earth what violent muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and tendons of its anatomy are, in the mountains, brought out with fierce and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion, and strength; the plains and the lower hills are the repose and the effortless motion of the frame, when its muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath the lines of its beauty, yet ruling those lines in their every undulation."

This vigor, this fierce vitality in which they had their origin, is the source of much of the exhilaration which the sight of their wild outline inspires, even when the beholder is unconscious of it. The waves of flame that drove up the great wedges of granite in New Hampshire through ribs of sienite and gneiss, bolted them with traps of porphyry and quartz, crusted them with mica and schist, and cross-riveted them with spikes of iron, lead, and tin, suggest their power in the strength with which the mountains are organized into the landscape, just as the force of a man's temperament is shown in the lines of his jaw and nose.

The richest beauty that invests the mountains suggests

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this branch of their utility. The mists that settle round them, above which their cones sometimes float, aerial islands in a stagnant sea; the veils of rain that trail along them; the crystal snow that makes the light twinkle and dance; the somber thunder-heads that invest them with Sinai-like awe, — are all connected with their mission as the hydraulic distributors of the world, — the mighty troughs that apportion to the land the moisture which the noiseless solar suction is ever lifting from the sea. Their peaks are the cradles; their furrows the first playgrounds, of the great rivers of the earth.

Take a century or two into account, and we find the mountains fertilizing the soil by the minerals which they restore to it to compensate the wastes of the harvests. "The hills, which, as compared with living beings, seem everlasting, are, in truth, as perishing as they. Its veins of flowing fountain weary the mountain heart, as the crimson pulse does ours! The natural force of the iron crag is abated in its appointed time like the strength of the sinews in a human old age; and it is but the lapse of the longer years of decay which, in the sight of its Creator, distinguishes the mountain range from the moth and the worm."

We see, then, in looking at a chain of lofty hills, and in thinking of their perpetual waste in the service of the lowlands, that the moral and physical worlds are built on the same pattern.

They represent the heroes and all beneficent genius. They receive upon their heads and sides the larger baptisms from the heavens, not to be selfish with their riches, but to give, — to give all that is poured upon them, — yes, and something of themselves with every stream and tide.

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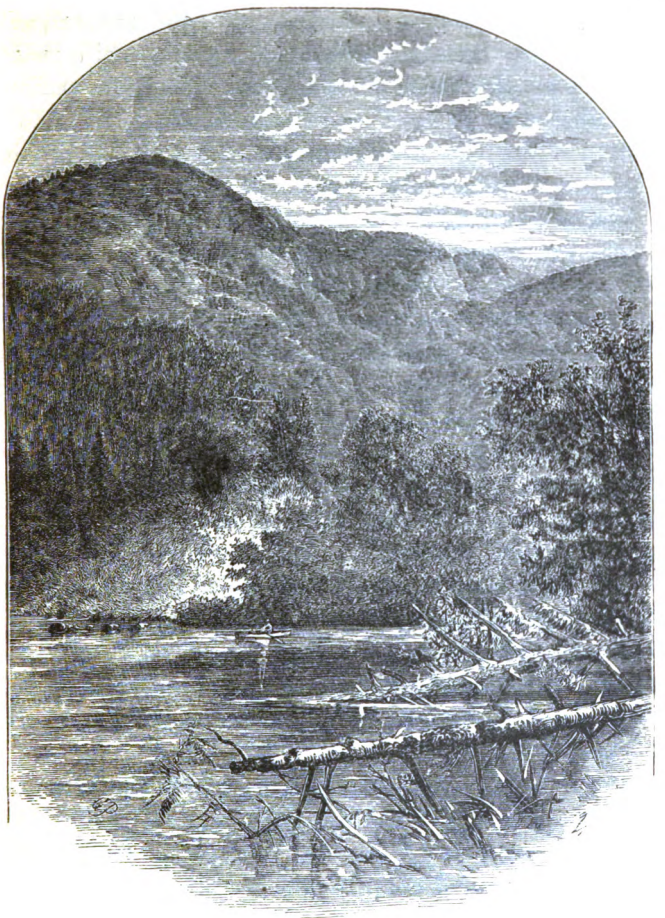

When we look up at old Lafayette, or along the eastern slopes of Mt. Washington, we find that the lines of noblest expression are those which the torrents have made where soil has been torn out, and rocks have been grooved, and

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ridges have been made more nervous, and the walls of ravines have been channeled for noble pencilings of shadow by the waste of the mountain in its patient suffering.

In its gala-day of sunlight the artist finds that its glory is its character.

All its losses are glorified then into expression.

The great mountains rise in the landscape as heroes and prophets in history, ennobled by what they have given, sublime in the expressions of struggle and pain, invested with richest draperies of light, because their brows have been torn and their cheeks have been furrowed by toils and cares in behalf of districts below.

Upon the mountains is written the law, and in their grandeur is displayed the fulfillment of it, that perfection comes through suffering.

But we come to the highest use which mountains serve when we speak of their beauty. No farm in Coös * County has been a tithe so serviceable as the cone of Mt. Washington, with the harvests of color that have been reaped from it for the canvas of artists or for the joy of visitors.

Think of the loss to human nature if the summits of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau † could be leveled, and their jagged sides, sheeted with snow and flaming with amethyst and gold, should be softened by the sun and tilled for vines and corn! Pour out over them every year all the wine that is wrung from the vineyards of Italy and France, and what a mere sprinkling in comparison with the floods of amber, of purple, and of more vivid and celestial flames, with which no wine was ever pierced,

* Pronounced Co-ŏs'. † Pronounced Yo͝ong'frö͞o.

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that are shed over them by one sunrise, or that flow up their cold acclivities at each clear sunset.

The mountains are more grand and inspiring when we stand at the proper distance and look at them than when we look from them. Their highest call is to be resting-places of the light, the staffs from which the most gorgeous banners of morning and evening are displayed. And these uses we may observe and enjoy among the moderate mountains of New Hampshire.

They are huge lay figures on which Nature shows off the splendors of her aerial wardrobe. She makes them wear mourning-veils of shadow, exquisite lace-work of distant rain, hoary wigs of cloud, the blue costume of north-west winds, the sallow dress of sultry southern airs, white wrappers of dogday fog, purple and scarlet vests of sunset light, gauzy films of moonlight, the gorgeous embroidery of autumn chemistries, the flashing ermine dropped from the winter sky, and the glittering jewelry strewn over their snowy vestments by the cunning fingers of the frost. These are the crops which the intellect and heart find waiting and waving for them, without any effort or care of mortal culture, on the upper barrenness of the hills.

"So call not waste that barren cone
Above the floral zone,
Where forests starve;
It is pure use; —
What sheaves like those which here we glean and bind
Of a celestial Ceres and the Muse?"

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XLI. — ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

WHITTIER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808. He has written much in prose and verse; and his writings are characterized by earnestness of tone, high moral purpose, and energy of expression. His spirit is that of a sincere and fearless reformer; and his fervent appeals are the true utterances of a brave and loving heart. The themes of his poetry have been drawn, in a great measure, from the history, traditions, manners, and scenery of New England; and he has found the elements of poetical interest among them, without doing any violence to truth. He describes natural scenery correctly and beautifully; and a vein of genuine tenderness runs through his writings.

IN the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws;
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'T was on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas * tell, —
The twilight of the gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.

Birds ceased to sing, and all the barnyard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture-bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings

* A sā'ga is an old heroic Scandinavian tale.

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Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The day of judgment, which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till he come. So, at the post
Where he hath set me in his providence,
I choose, for one, to meet him face to face, —
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do his work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.
Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
"An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewive fisheries." Whereupon,
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man:

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His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.
And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

XLII. — RICHELIEU'S VINDICATION.

BULWER.

SIR EDWARD GEORGE EARLE BULWER-LYTTON (generally known by his original name of Bulwer), one of the most popular and distinguished writers of England, was born at Haydon Hall, in the county of Norfolk, in 1805, educated at the University of Cambridge, and died January 18, 1873. He was the author of a large number of novels, as well as of plays, poems, and miscellanies. He was a writer of various and versatile power, and his novels are remarkable for brilliant description, startling adventures, sharp delineation of character, and — especially the later ones — a vein of philosophical reflection. The moral tone of his earlier works is not always to be commended, but in this respect, as well as in substantial literary merit, there is a marked improvement in those of later date.

The following passage is from "Richelieu," a play founded upon certain incidents in the life of the great French statesman of that name.

MY liege, your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers; but my name, my deeds,
Are royal in a land beyond your scepter.
Pass sentence on me, if you will; — from kings,
Lo, I appeal to Time! Be just, my liege.
I found your kingdom rent with heresies,
And bristling with rebellion; — lawless nobles
And breadless serfs; England fomenting discord;
Austria, her clutch on your dominion; Spain
Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind

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To armèd thunderbolts. The Arts lay dead;
Trade rotted in your marts; your armies mutinous,
Your treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
Your trust, so be it! and I leave you, sole,
Supremest Monarch of the mightiest realm,
From Ganges to the icebergs. Look without, —
No foe not humbled! Look within, — the Arts
Quit, for our schools, their old Hesperides,
The golden Italy! while throughout the veins
Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides
Trade, the calm health of Nations! Sire, I know
That men have called me cruel; —
I am not; — I am *just!* I found France rent asunder,
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to rebellion; and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have re-created France; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization, on her luminous wings,
Soars, phenix-like, to Jove! What was my art?
Genius, some say; — some, Fortune; Witchcraft, some.
Not so; — my art was Justice.

XLIII. — JOHN HAMPDEN.

MACAULAY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born in the village of Rothley, in the county of Leicester, England, October 25, 1800; and died December 28, 1859. He was educated at Cambridge University, and was called to the bar in 1826. In 1830 he became a member of Parliament, and took an active part in the debates on the Reform Bill. In 1834 he was sent to India as a member of the Supreme Council. Returning home in 1838, he was again elected to Parliament in 1839, and was appointed Secretary of War. At the election of 1847 he was defeated, and remained out of Parliament till 1852, when he again became a member. He was created a peer of England, with the

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title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley, in 1857. His principal literary work is a History of England, in five volumes, the last a fragmentary volume published since his lamented death. No historical work in the English language has ever enjoyed so wide a popularity. It is written in a most animated and attractive style, and abounds with brilliant pictures. It embodies the results of very thorough research, and its tone and spirit are generous and liberal.

His essays, most of which were originally contributed to the "Edinburgh Review," have had a popularity greater even than that of his History. They are remarkable for brilliant rhetorical power, splendid coloring, and affluence of illustration.

Lord Macaulay has also written "Lays of Ancient Rome," and some ballads in the same style, which are full of animation and energy, and have the true trumpet ring which stirs the soul and kindles the blood. His parliamentary speeches have been also collected and published, and are marked by the same brilliant rhetorical energy as his writings.

The following account of the death and character of John Hampden, the great English patriot, is taken from a review of Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden, published in the "Edinburgh Review" in 1831.

In June, 1643, Prince Rupert, a nephew of Charles I., and a general in his service, had sallied out from Oxford on a predatory expedition, and, after some slight successes, was preparing to hurry back with his prisoners and booty. The Earl of Essex was the Parliamentary commander-in-chief.

AS soon as Hampden received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the general. In the mean time he resolved to set out with all the cavalry he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. "But he was," says Lord Clarendon, "second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all men." On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone and lodged in his body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands lean-

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ing on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which, in his youth, he had carried home his bride Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither and die. But the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse towards Thame, where he arrived almost fainting with agony. The surgeons dressed his wounds. But there was no hope. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating. But he endured it with admirable firmness and resignation.

His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London, concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the head-quarters, recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the Church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Greencoats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter describes as a famous and excellent divine.

A short time before his death, the sacrament was administered to him. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself, and for the cause in which he died. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed, in the moment of the last agony, "receive my soul. O Lord, save my country! O Lord, be merciful to —" In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

He was buried in the parish church of Hampden. His soldiers, bareheaded, with reversed arms and muffled drums and colors, escorted his body to the grave, singing, as they

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marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

The news of Hampden's death produced as great a consternation in his party, according to Clarendon, as if their whole army had been cut off. The journals of the time amply prove that the Parliament and all its friends were filled with grief and dismay. Lord Nugent has quoted a remarkable passage from the next "Weekly Intelligencer": "The loss of Colonel Hampden goeth near the heart of every man that loves the good of his king and country, and makes some conceive little content to be at the army, now that he is gone. The memory of this deceased colonel is such, that in no age to come but it will more and more be had in honor and esteem; a man so religious, and of that prudence, judgment, temper, valor, and integrity, that he hath left few his like behind." He had indeed left none his like behind him.

There still remained, indeed, in his party many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, half fanatic, half buffoon,* whose talents, discerned as yet only by one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which, at such a crisis, were necessary to save the state, — the valor and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sidney. Others might possess the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in

* Cromwell.

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the crisis of danger; he alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile.

A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skillful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights over Dunbar. But it was when, to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendency and burning for revenge, — it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction, — that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.

XLIV. — A TASTE FOR READING.

GEORGE S. HILLARD.

WE cannot linger in the beautiful creations of inventive genius, or pursue the splendid discoveries of modern science, without a new sense of the capacities and dignity of human nature, which naturally leads to a sterner self-respect, to manlier resolves and higher aspirations. We cannot read the ways of God to man as revealed in the history of nations, of sublime virtues as exemplified in the lives of great and good men, without falling into that mood of thoughtful admiration, which, though it be but a transient glow, is a purifying and elevating influence while it lasts.

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The study of history is especially valuable as an antidote to self-exaggeration. It teaches lessons of humility, patience, and submission. When we read of realms smitten with the scourge of famine or pestilence, or strewn with the bloody ashes of war; of grass growing in the streets of great cities; of ships rotting at the wharves; of fathers burying their sons; of strong men begging their bread; of fields untilled, and silent workshops, and despairing countenances, — we hear a voice of rebuke to our own clamorous sorrows and peevish complaints. We learn that pain and suffering and disappointment are a part of God's providence, and that no contract was ever yet made with man by which virtue should secure to him temporal happiness.

In books, be it remembered, we have the best products of the best minds. We should any of us esteem it a great privilege to pass an evening with Shakespeare or Bacon, were such a thing possible. But, were we admitted to the presence of one of these illustrious men, we might find him touched with infirmity, or oppressed with weariness, or darkened with the shadow of a recent trouble, or absorbed by intrusive and tyrannous thoughts. To us the oracle might be dumb, and the light eclipsed.

But, when we take down one of their volumes, we run no such risk. Here we have their best thoughts, embalmed in their best words; immortal flowers of poetry, wet with Castalian dews, and the golden fruit of wisdom that had long ripened on the bough before it was gathered. Here we find the growth of the choicest seasons of the mind, when mortal cares were forgotten, and mortal weaknesses were subdued; and the soul, stripped of its vanities and its passions, lay bare to the finest effluences of truth and beauty. We may be sure that

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Shakespeare never out-talked his Hamlet, nor Bacon his Essays. Great writers are indeed best known through their books. . . . .

For the knowledge that comes from books, I would claim no more than it is fairly entitled to. I am well aware that there is no inevitable connection between intellectual cultivation, on the one hand, and individual virtue or social well-being, on the other. "The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life."

I admit that genius and learning are sometimes found in combination with gross vices, and not unfrequently with contemptible weaknesses; and that a community at once cultivated and corrupt is no impossible monster. But it is no overstatement to say, that, other things being equal, the man who has the greatest amount of intellectual resources is in the least danger from inferior temptations, — if for no other reason, because he has fewer idle moments. The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul; and the train of Idleness is borne up by all the vices. I remember a satirical poem, in which the Devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his baits to the taste and temperament of his prey; but the idler, he said, pleased him most, because he bit the naked hook.

To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime; for the moon and stars see more of evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of

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a pitiless city, and stands "homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth.

In this mood, his best impulses become a snare to him; and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man, thus circumstanced, within the sound of my voice, let me say to him, that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you by their wit; who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times.

XLV. — BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

ELIZABETH AKERS.

THE time for toil has passed, and night has come, —
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain; —
Master, behold my sheaves!

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Few, light, and worthless, — yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hopeless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late, —
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value or utility, —
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do:
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

XLVI. — LINES TO A CHILD, ON HIS VOYAGE TO FRANCE, TO MEET HIS FATHER.

WARE.

HENRY WARE, JR., was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, April 21, 1794; and died September 25, 1843. He was a settled clergyman in Boston from 1817 to 1829, and afterwards professor in the theological school at Cambridge. He published many essays and discourses on moral and religious subjects, and a few pieces of poetry. He was a man of ardent piety, an earnest and excellent preacher, and always controlled by the highest sense of duty. His prose writings are marked by simplicity, directness, and strong religious feeling; and the few poems he wrote show poetical powers of no common order.

The following lines originally appeared in the "Christian Disciple."

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LO! how impatiently upon the tide
The proud ship tosses, eager to be free.
Her flag streams wildly, and her fluttering sails
Pant to be on their flight. A few hours more,
And she will move in stately grandeur on,
Cleaving her path majestic through the flood,
As if she were a goddess of the deep.

O, 't is a thought sublime, that man can force
A path upon the waste, can find a way
Where all is trackless, and compel the winds,
Those freest agents of Almighty power,
To lend their untamed wings, and bear him on
To distant climes! Thou, William, still art young,
And dost not see the wonder. Thou wilt tread
The buoyant deck, and look upon the flood,
Unconscious of the high sublimity,
As 't were a common thing, — thy soul unawed,
Thy childish sports unchecked; while thinking *man*
Shrinks back into himself, — himself so mean
Mid things so vast, — and, rapt in deepest awe,
Bends to the might of that mysterious Power,
Who holds the waters in his hand, and guides
The ungovernable winds. 'T is not in man
To look unmoved upon that heaving waste,
Which, from horizon to horizon spread,
Meets the o'erarching heavens on every side,
Blending their hues in distant faintness there.

'T is wonderful! — and yet, my boy, just such
Is life. Life is a sea as fathomless,
As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes
As calm and beautiful. The light of Heaven
Smiles on it, and 't is decked with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon, dark clouds

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Arise, contending winds of fate go forth,
And hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.

And thou must sail upon this sea, a long,
Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer wreck,
The foolish *must*. O, then be early wise!
Learn from the mariner his skillful art
To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze,
And dare the threatening storm, and trace a path
Mid countless dangers, to the destined port,
Unerringly secure. O, learn from him
To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
To guard thy sail from Passion's sudden blasts,
And make Religion thy magnetic guide,
Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
Points to the light that changes not, in Heaven!

Farewell, — Heaven smile propitious on thy course,
And favoring breezes waft thee to the arms
Of love paternal. — Yes, and more than this, —
Blest be thy passage o'er the changing sea
Of life; the clouds be few that intercept
The light of joy; the waves roll gently on
Beneath thy bark of hope, and bear thee safe
To meet in peace thine other father, — GOD.

XLVII. — EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

LINGARD.

JOHN LINGARD was born in Winchester, England, February 5, 1771; and died July 13, 1851. He was a clergyman of the Roman Catholic faith. The chief literary labor of his life was his "History of England," from the earliest period down to the revolution of 1688; the latest edition of which is in ten volumes, octavo. This work has taken a high and permanent rank in the historical literature of his country. The style is simple, correct, and manly, without being remarkable for beauty or eloquence. The chief

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value of the work consists in its thorough and patient research into the original sources of English history. How far it is impartial when treating upon controverted points is a question which neither Catholics nor Protestants are exactly in a position to answer. Dr. Lingard was a sincere and conscientious Catholic; his temperament was calm and judicial; and if he betrays any bias in favor of his own faith, it is, perhaps, no more than that unconscious bias which always attends genuine conviction. His History, at all events, should be carefully read by every one who is not content with the cheap task of deciding before he hears both sides.

Dr. Lingard also wrote "The History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church," and some manuals of religious teaching.

Mary of Scotland, after the total defeat of her party at the battle of Langside, in 1568, fled to England, and threw herself upon the protection of Elizabeth, Queen of England, by whom, however, she was kept a prisoner for nineteen years. She was then tried by a commission for engaging in a conspiracy against the life of Elizabeth, and condemned to death. She was beheaded February 8, 1587, at Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire; and the following is a description of her execution.

IN the midst of the great hall of the castle had been raised a scaffold, covered with black serge, and surrounded with a low railing. About seven the doors were thrown open; the gentlemen of the county entered with their attendants; and Paulet's* guard augmented the number to between one hundred and fifty and two hundred spectators. Before eight, a message was sent to the queen, who replied that she would be ready in half an hour. At that time, Andrews, the sheriff, entered the oratory, and Mary arose, taking the crucifix from the altar in her right, and carrying her prayer-book in her left hand. Her servants were forbidden to follow; they insisted; but the queen bade them to be content, and turning, gave them her blessing. They received it on their knees, some kissing her hands, others her mantle. The door closed; and the burst of lamentation from those within resounded through the hall.

Mary was now joined by the earl and her keepers, and, descending the staircase, found at the foot Melville, the steward of her household, who, for several weeks, had been excluded from her presence. This old and faithful servant

* Sir Amias Paulet was the officer who had the custody of Mary's person.

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threw himself on his knees, and wringing his hands, exclaimed, "Ah, madam, unhappy me! was ever a man on earth the bearer of such sorrow as I shall be, when I report that my good and gracious queen and mistress was beheaded in England!" Here his grief impeded his utterance; and Mary replied, "Good Melville, cease to lament; thou hast rather cause to joy than mourn; for thou shalt see the end of Mary Stuart's troubles. Know that this world is but vanity, subject to more sorrow than an ocean of tears can bewail. But I pray thee, report that I die a true woman to my religion, to Scotland, and to France. May God forgive them that have long thirsted for my blood, as the hart doth for the brooks of water. O God, thou art the Author of truth, and Truth itself! Thou knowest the inward chambers of my thoughts, and that I always wished the union of England and Scotland. Commend me to my son, and tell him that I have done nothing prejudicial to the dignity or independence of his crown, or favorable to the pretended superiority of our enemies." Then, bursting into tears, she said, "Good Melville, farewell"; and, kissing him, "Once again, good Melville, farewell, and pray for thy mistress and thy queen." It was remarked as something extraordinary, that this was the first time in her life she had ever been known to address a person with the pronoun "thou."

The procession now set forward. It was headed by the sheriff and his officers; next followed Paulet and Drury, and the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent; and lastly came the Scottish queen, with Melville bearing her train. She wore the richest of her dresses, — that which was appropriate to the rank of a queen dowager. Her step was firm, and her countenance cheerful. She bore without shrinking the gaze of the spectators, and the sight of the scaffold,

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the block, and the executioner, and advanced into the hall with that grace and majesty which she had so often displayed in her happier days, and in the palace of her fathers. To aid her as she mounted the scaffold, Paulet offered his arm. "I thank you, sir," said Mary; "it is the last trouble I shall give you, and the most acceptable service you have ever rendered me."

The queen seated herself on a stool which was prepared for her. On her right stood the two earls; on the left the sheriff and Beal, the clerk of the council; in front, the executioner from the Tower, in a suit of black velvet, with his assistant, also clad in black. The warrant was read, and Mary, in an audible voice, addressed the assembly.

She would have them recollect that she was a sovereign princess, not subject to the Parliament of England, but brought there to suffer by injustice and violence. She, however, thanked her God that he had given her this opportunity of publicly professing her religion, and of declaring, as she had often before declared, that she had never imagined, nor compassed, nor consented to, the death of the English queen, nor ever sought the least harm to her person. After her death, many things, which were then buried in darkness, would come to light. But she pardoned from her heart all her enemies, nor should her tongue utter that which might turn to their prejudice.

Here she was interrupted by Dr. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, who, having caught her eye, began to preach, and under that cover, perhaps through motives of zeal, contrived to insult the feelings of the unfortunate sufferer. Mary repeatedly desired him not to trouble himself and her. He persisted; she turned aside. He made the circuit of the scaffold, and again addressed her in front. An

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end was put to this extraordinary scene by the Earl of Shrewsbury, who ordered him to pray.

His prayer was the echo of his sermon; but Mary heard him not. She was employed at the time in her devotions, repeating with a loud voice, and in the Latin language, passages from the Book of Psalms; and after the dean was reduced to silence, a prayer in French, in which she begged of God to pardon her sins, declared that she forgave her enemies, and protested that she was innocent of ever consenting, in wish or deed, to the death of her English sister. She then prayed in English for Christ's afflicted church, for her son James, and for Queen Elizabeth, and in conclusion, holding up the crucifix, exclaimed, "As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and forgive my sins!"

When her maids, bathed in tears, began to disrobe their mistress, the executioners, fearing the loss of their usual perquisites, hastily interfered. The queen remonstrated, but instantly submitted to their rudeness, observing to the earls, with a smile, that she was not accustomed to employ such grooms, or to undress in the presence of so numerous a company.

Her servants, at the sight of their sovereign in this lamentable state, could not suppress their feelings; but Mary, putting her finger to her lips, commanded silence, gave them her blessing, and solicited their prayers. She then seated herself again. Kennedy, taking from her a handkerchief edged with gold, pinned it over her eyes; the executioners, holding her by the arms led her to the block; and the queen, kneeling down, said repeatedly, with a firm voice, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

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But the sobs and groans of the spectators disconcerted the headsman. He trembled, missed his aim, and inflicted a deep wound in the lower part of the skull. The queen remained motionless; and at the third stroke her head was severed from her body. When the executioner held it up, the muscles of the face were so strongly convulsed, that the features could not be recognized. He cried as usual, "God save Queen Elizabeth."

"So perish all her enemies!" subjoined the Dean of Peterborough.

"So perish all the enemies of the gospel!" exclaimed, in a still louder tone, the fanatical Earl of Kent.

Not a voice was heard to cry amen. Party feeling was absorbed in admiration and pity.

XLVIII.—THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

MACAULAY.

THIS description of the trial of Warren Hastings is from the review of Gleig's "Life of Hastings," in the "Edinburgh Review." Hastings was governor-general of India from 1774 to 1785; and on his return to England was impeached by the House of Commons, and tried by the House of Lords, for numerous acts of injustice and oppression. The trial began in 1788, and dragged on its slow length till 1795, when he was finally acquitted. The judgments of men entitled to respect are still divided as to the amount of blame to be attached to Hastings. He was a man of great abilities, but there can be no doubt that he was often unscrupulous in his conduct, and cruel in his government. He constantly acted upon the dangerous doctrine, that a good end justifies the use of any means to attain it. He was nearly ruined by the expenses of his trial, which are said to have amounted to nearly four hundred thousand dollars.

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus;* the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon,

* Westminster Hall was built by William Rufus, for a banqueting hall.

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and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the high court of justice, with the placid courage that has half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp were wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by heralds under the garter king-at-arms. The judges, in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the upper house, as the upper house then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, — George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defense of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and the sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art.

There were seated round the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed

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with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire * thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate that still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.

There were seen, side by side, the greatest scholar and the greatest painter of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr † to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid.

There appeared the voluptuous charms of her‡ to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she,§ the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there

* Gibbon.

† Samuel Parr, a clergyman and man of learning, but hardly the "greatest scholar of the age."

‡ Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom the Prince of Wales was supposed to have secretly married.

§ The first wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, a woman remarkable for beauty and musical genius, whom Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted as St. Cecilia.

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the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue.

He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, — such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been, by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet.

On the third day, Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which

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the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the company, and of the English presidencies.

Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile chancellor,* and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit.

At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

* Lord Thurlow, a stern, rough man, and friendly to Hastings.

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XLIX. — CHARLES SUMNER.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE following is a portion of a poem written by Mr. Whittier and read at the legislative commemoration of Charles Sumner at Boston, June 9, 1874. "Mother State" refers to Massachusetts, "Auburn's Field of God" to the cemetery of Mount Auburn.

"I am not one who has disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a freeman by the actions of a slave; but, by the grace of God, I have kept my life unsullied." — MILTON'S *Defence of the People of England.*

O MOTHER State! the winds of March
Blew chill o'er Auburn's Field of God,
Where, slow, beneath a leaden arch
Of sky, thy mourning children trod.

And now, with all thy woods in leaf,
Thy fields in flower, beside thy dead
Thou sittest, in thy robes of grief,
A Rachel yet uncomforted!

And once again the organ swells,
Once more the flag is half-way hung,
And yet again the mournful bells
In all thy steeple-towers are rung.

No trumpet sounded in his ear,
He saw not Sinai's cloud and flame,
But never yet to Hebrew seer
A clearer voice of duty came.

God said: "Break thou these yokes; undo
These heavy burdens. I ordain
A work to last thy whole life through,
A ministry of strife and pain.

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"Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,
Put thou the scholar's promise by,
The rights of man are more than these."
He heard, and answered: "Here am I!"

He set his face against the blast,
His feet against the flinty shard,*
Till the hard service grew, at last,
Its own exceeding great reward.

Beyond the dust and smoke he saw
The sheaves of freedom's large increase,
The holy fanes of equal law,
The New Jerusalem of peace.

The first to smite, the first to spare;
When once the hostile ensigns fell,
He stretched out hands of generous care
To lift the foe he fought so well.

For there was nothing base or small
Or craven in his soul's broad plan;
Forgiving all things personal,
He hated only wrong to man.

The old traditions of his State,
The memories of her great and good,
Took from his life a fresher date,
And in himself embodied stood.

If than Rome's tribunes statelier
He wore his senatorial robe,
His lofty port was all for her,
The one dear spot on all the globe.

* A fragment of any brittle substance.

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Proud was he? If his presence kept
Its grandeur whereso'er he trod,
As if from Plutarch's gallery stepped
The hero and the demigod,

None failed, at least, to reach his ear,
Nor want nor woe appealed in vain;
The homesick soldier knew his cheer,
And blessed him from his ward of pain.

He cherished, void of selfish ends,
The social courtesies that bless
And sweeten life, and loved his friends
With most unworldly tenderness.

His state-craft was the Golden Rule;
His right of vote a sacred trust;
Clear, over threat and ridicule,
All heard his challenge, "Is it just?"

Long shall the good State's annals tell,
Her children's children long be taught,
How, praised or blamed, he guarded well
The trust he neither shunned nor sought.

The lifted sword above her shield
With jealous care shall guard his fame;
The pine-tree on her ancient field
To all the winds shall speak his name.

O State, so passing rich before,
Who now shall doubt thy highest claim?
The world that counts thy jewels o'er
Shall longest pause at Sumner's name.

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L. — JUNE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there 's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace:
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay.
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;

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No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
'T is the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake,
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrows and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

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LI. — EULOGY ON O'CONNELL.

W. H. SEWARD.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD was born in Florida, New York, May 16, 1801; was graduated at Union College in 1819, and admitted to the bar in 1822. He died at Auburn, New York, October 10, 1872. Without neglecting his professional duties, he early engaged in politics, and in 1838 was chosen governor of New York by the Whigs, and was re-elected in 1846. In February, 1849, he was chosen to the Senate of the United States, and continued a member of that body till the election of President Lincoln, when he became a member of his Cabinet as Secretary of State. During his career in the Senate he was remarkable for the ability and consistency with which he maintained the policy and principles of the antislavery party, but he by no means confined his attention to this subject, but spoke upon a variety of questions connected with the commercial and industrial relations of the country. He was a man of patient and persevering industry, and his speeches, which were always carefully prepared, are honorably distinguished for their decorum of tone and their great literary merit. His writings have been published in four octavo volumes, with a biographical memoir and historical notes.

The following extracts are from a eulogy delivered before the Irish citizens of New York, upon the life and character of Daniel O'Connell, the distinguished champion of the liberties of Ireland. This was one of his most powerful efforts, full of eloquent allusions, historic references, and touches of tender pathos and sorrow.

THERE is sad news from Genoa. An aged and weary pilgrim, who can travel no farther, passes beneath the gate of one of her ancient palaces, saying, with pious resignation, as he enters its silent chambers, "Well, it is God's will that I shall never see Rome. I am disappointed, but I am ready to die."

The "superb," though fading queen of the Mediterranean holds anxious watch through ten long days over that majestic stranger's wasting frame. And now death is there, — the Liberator of Ireland has sunk to rest in the cradle of Columbus.

Coincidence beautiful and most sublime! It was the very day set apart by the elder daughter of the Church for prayer and sacrifice throughout the world for the children of the sacred island, perishing by famine and pestilence in their houses and in their native fields, and

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on their crowded paths of exile, on the sea and in the havens, and on the lakes, and along the rivers of this far-distant land. The chimes rung out by pity for his countrymen were O'Connell's fitting knell; his soul went forth on clouds of incense that rose from altars of Christian charity; and the mournful anthems which recited the faith, and the virtue, and the endurance of Ireland were his becoming requiem.

~~But has not~~ O'Connell done more than enough for fame? On the lofty brow of Monticello, under a green old oak, is a block of granite, and underneath are the ashes of Jefferson. Read the epitaph, — it is the sage's claim to immortality: "Author of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Statute for Religious Liberty."

Stop now and write an epitaph for Daniel O'Connell: "He gave liberty of conscience to Europe, and renewed the revolutions of the kingdoms towards universal freedom, which began in America and had been arrested by the anarchy of France."

Let the statesmen of the age read that epitaph and be humble. Let the kings and aristocracies of the earth read it and tremble.

Who has ever accomplished so much for human freedom with means so feeble? Who but he has ever given liberty to a people by the mere utterance of his voice, without an army, a navy, or revenues, — without a sword, a spear, or even a shield?

Who but he ever subverted tyranny, and saved the lives of the oppressed, and yet spared the oppressor?

Who but he ever detached from a venerable constitution a column of aristocracy, dashed it to the earth, and yet left the ancient fabric stronger and more beautiful than before?

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Who but he has ever lifted up seven millions of people from the debasement of ages, to the dignity of freedom, without exacting an ounce of gold, or wasting the blood of one human heart?

Whose voice yet lingers like O'Connell's in the ear of tyrants, making them sink with fear of change; and in the ear of the most degraded slaves on earth, awaking hopes of freedom?

Who before him has brought the schismatics of two centuries together, conciliating them at the altar of universal liberty? Who but he ever brought Papal Rome and Protestant America to burn incense together?

It was O'Connell's mission to teach mankind that Liberty was not estranged from Christianity, as was proclaimed by revolutionary France; that she was not divorced from law and public order; that she was not a demon like Moloch, requiring to be propitiated with the blood of human sacrifice; that democracy is the daughter of peace, and, like true religion, worketh by love.

I see in Catholic emancipation, and in the repeal of the act of union between Great Britain and Ireland, only incidents of an all-pervading phenomenon, — a phenomenon of mighty interest, but not portentous of evil. It is the universal dissolution of monarchical and aristocratical governments, and the establishment of pure democracies in their place.

I know this change must come, for even the menaced governments feel and confess it. I know that it will be resisted, for it is not in the nature of power to relax. It is a fearful inquiry, How shall that change be passed? Shall there never be an end to devastation and carnage? Is every step of human progress in the future, as in the past, to be marked by blood?

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Must the nations of the earth, after groaning for ages under vicious institutions established without their consent, wade through deeper seas to reach that condition of more perfect liberty to which they are so rapidly, so irresistibly impelled?

Or shall they be able to change their forms of government by slow and measured degrees, without entirely or all at once subverting them, and from time to time to repair their ancient constitutions so as to adapt them peacefully to the progress of the age, the diffusion of knowledge, the cultivation of virtue, and the promotion of happiness?

When that crisis shall come, the colossal fabric of the British Empire will have given way under its always accumulating weight. I see England, then, in solitude and in declining greatness, as Rome was when her provinces were torn away, — as Spain now is since the loss of the Indies. I see Ireland, invigorated by the severe experience of a long though peaceful revolution, extending her arms east and west in fraternal embrace towards new rising states, her resources restored and improved, her people prosperous and happy, and her institutions again shedding the lights of piety, art, and freedom over the world.

Come forward, then, ye nations who are trembling between the dangers of anarchy and the pressure of despotism, and hear a voice that addresses the Liberator of Ireland from the caverns of Silence where Prophecy is born: —

> "To thee, now sainted spirit,
> Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,
> Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn,
> Whether they would restore or build. To thee!
> As one who rightly taught how Zeal should burn;
> As one who drew from out Faith's holiest urn
> The purest streams of patient energy."

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LII. — HUBERT AND ARTHUR.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE following scene is from "King John." Arthur, a young boy, is lawful heir to the crown of England, which has been usurped by his uncle, the king, who employs Hubert to put out his nephew's eyes.

PRINCE ARTHUR, HUBERT, *and* ATTENDANTS.

SCENE, — A room in the castle, Northampton.

Enter HUBERT *and two* ATTENDANTS.

HUBERT. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras:* when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch.

1ST ATTENDANT. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUB. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't.

[*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS.

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

ARTHUR. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUB. Good morrow, little prince,

ARTH. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be. — You are sad.

HUB. Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTH. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,†
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

* Tapestry, or hangings, for rooms.

† Christening, baptism.

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I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to Heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

HUB. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. (*Aside.*)

ARTH. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

HUB. His words do take possession of my bosom. —
Read here, young Arthur. (*Showing a paper.*)
How now, foolish rheum! * (*Aside.*)
Turning dispiteous † torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears. —
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

ARTH. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUB. Young boy, I must.

ARTH. And will you?

HUB. And I will.

ARTH. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?

* Tears. † Unpitying, cruel.

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Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you:
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will.
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must. — Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

HUB. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTH. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him. No tongue but Hubert's — *

HUB. Come forth. (*Stamps.*)

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, *with cord, irons, etc.*

Do as I bid you do.

ARTH. O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUB. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ARTH. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?

* This line has been read variously. We give it as it is printed in Charles Knight's pictorial edition. "Arthur begins a fresh sentence, which is interrupted by Hubert's stamping. He is about to say, 'No tongue but Hubert's would have made me believe it.'"

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I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly;
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUB. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1ST ATTEND. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS.

ARTH. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart: —
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

HUB. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTH. Is there no remedy?

HUB. None but to lose your eyes.

ARTH. O Heaven! — that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUB. Is this your promise? Go to; hold your tongue.

ARTH. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

HUB. I can heat it, boy.

ARTH. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief, —
Being create for comfort, to be used

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In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

HUB. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTH. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre * him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends, —
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

HUB. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes;†
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTH. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

HUB. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I 'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

ARTH. O Heaven! — I thank you, Hubert.

HUB. Silence: no more. Go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

* Urge or set him on. † Owns.

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LIII. — WARREN'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

PIERPONT.

STAND! the ground 's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye hope for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What 's the mercy despots feel!
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it — ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! they 're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! — From the vale
On they come! — and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may, — and die we must:
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell!

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LIV. — INCENTIVES TO DUTY.

SUMNER.

CHARLES SUMNER was born in Boston, January 6, 1811, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1830. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, and in 1837 visited Europe, where he remained till 1840, traveling in Italy, Germany, and France, and residing nearly a year in England. On the Fourth of July, 1845, he pronounced before the municipal authorities of Boston an oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," which was an eloquent argument against the war-system of nations, and in favor of peaceful arbitration in the settlement of international questions. This oration was widely circulated, both in America and England. Having become earnestly engaged in the antislavery cause, he was chosen to the Senate of the United States from the State of Massachusetts in the winter of 1851, and continued a member of that body until his death, March 11, 1874. He was well known for the energy and eloquence with which he has assailed the institution of slavery. His works, consisting of speeches and occasional addresses, have been published in three volumes, and are remarkable for fervid eloquence and abundant illustration.

The following extract is the conclusion of a discourse pronounced before the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society of Harvard College, at their anniversary, August 27, 1846, entitled "The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, the Philanthropist," and in commemoration of four deceased members of the society, John Pickering, Joseph Story, Washington Allston, and William Ellery Channing.

THUS have I attempted, humbly and affectionately, to bring before you the images of our departed brothers, while I dwelt on the great causes in which their lives were made manifest. Servants of Knowledge, of Justice, of Beauty, of Love, they have ascended to the great Source of Knowledge, Justice, Beauty, Love. Each of our brothers is removed; but though dead, yet speaketh, informing our understandings, strengthening our sense of justice, refining our tastes, enlarging our sympathies. The body dies: but the page of the Scholar, the interpretation of the Jurist, the creation of the Artist, the beneficence of the Philanthropist, cannot die.

I have dwelt upon their lives and characters, less in grief for what we have lost, than in gratitude for what we so long possessed, and still retain, in their precious example. In proud recollection of her departed children,

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Alma Mater might well exclaim, in those touching words of paternal grief, that she would not give her dead sons for any living sons in Christendom. Pickering, Story, Allston, Channing! A grand Quaternion! Each, in his peculiar sphere, was foremost in his country. Each might have said, what the modesty of Demosthenes did not forbid him to boast, that, through him, his country had been crowned abroad. Their labors were wide as the Commonwealth of Letters, Laws, Art, Humanity, and have found acceptance wherever these have found dominion.

Their lives, which overflow with instruction, teach one persuasive lesson, which speaks alike to all of every calling and pursuit, — *not to live for ourselves alone.* They lived for Knowledge, Justice, Beauty, Humanity. Withdrawing from the strifes of the world, from the allurements of office, and the rage for gain, they consecrated themselves to the pursuit of excellence, and each, in his own vocation, to beneficent labor. They were all philanthropists; for the labors of all promoted the welfare and happiness of mankind.

In the contemplation of their generous, unselfish lives, we feel the insignificance of office and wealth, which men so hotly pursue. What is office? and what is wealth? They are the expressions and representatives of what is present and fleeting only, investing their possessor, perhaps, with a brief and local regard. But let this not be exaggerated; let it not be confounded with the serene fame which is the reflection of important labors in great causes. The street-lights, within the circle of their nightly scintillation, seem to outshine the distant stars, observed of men in all lands and times; but gas-lamps are not to be mistaken for the celestial luminaries.

They who live only for wealth and the things of this

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world follow shadows, neglecting the great realities which are eternal on earth and in heaven. After the perturbations of life, all its accumulated possessions must be resigned, except those alone which have been devoted to God and mankind. What we do for *ourselves*, perishes with this mortal dust; what we do for *others*, lives in the grateful hearts of all who feel or know the benefaction. Worms may destroy the body; but they cannot consume such a fame. It is fondly cherished on earth, and never forgotten in heaven.

The selfish struggles of the crowd, the clamors of a false patriotism, the suggestions of a sordid ambition, cannot obscure that great commanding duty which enjoins perpetual labor, without distinction of country, of color, or of race, for the welfare of the whole Human Family. In this mighty Christian cause, Knowledge, Jurisprudence, Art, Philanthropy, all are blessed ministers. More puissant than the Sword, they shall lead mankind from the bondage of error into that service which is perfect freedom. Our departed brothers join in summoning you to this gladsome obedience. Their examples speak for them. Go forth into the many mansions of the house of life: scholars! store them with learning; jurists! build them with justice; artists! adorn them with beauty; philanthropists! let them resound with love. Be servants of truth, each in his vocation; doers of the word and not hearers only. Be sincere, pure in heart, earnest, enthusiastic. A virtuous enthusiasm is always self-forgetful and noble. It is the only inspiration now vouchsafed to man. Like Pickering, blend humility with learning. Like Story, ascend above the Present, in place and time. Like Allston, regard fame only as the eternal shadow of excellence. Like Channing, bend in

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adoration before the right. Cultivate alike the wisdom of experience and the wisdom of hope. Mindful of the Future, do not neglect the Past; awed by the majesty of Antiquity, turn not with indifference from the Future. True wisdom looks to the ages before us, as well as behind us. Like the Janus of the Capitol, one front thoughtfully regards the Past, rich with experience, with memories, with the priceless traditions of virtue; the other is earnestly directed to the All Hail Hereafter, richer still with its transcendent hopes and unfulfilled prophecies.

We stand on the threshold of a new age, which is preparing to recognize new influences. The ancient divinities of Violence and Wrong are retreating to their kindred darkness.

There 's a fount about to stream,
There 's a light about to beam,
There 's a warmth about to glow,
There 's a flower about to blow;
There 's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way.

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play;
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way.

The age of Chivalry has gone. An age of Humanity has come. The horse, whose importance, more than human, gave the name to that early period of gallantry and war, now yields his foremost place to man. In serving him,

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in promoting his elevation, in contributing to his welfare, in doing him good, there are fields of bloodless triumph, nobler far than any in which the bravest knight ever conquered. Here are spaces of labor, wide as the world, lofty as heaven. Let me say, then, in the benison once bestowed upon the youthful knight, — Scholars! jurists! artists! philanthropists! heroes of a Christian age, companions of a celestial knighthood, "Go forth; be brave, loyal, and successful!"

And may it be our office to-day to light a fresh beacon-fire on the venerable walls of Harvard, sacred to Truth, to Christ, and the Church, — to Truth Immortal, to Christ the Comforter, to the Holy Church Universal. Let the flame spread from steeple to steeple, from hill to hill, from island to island, from continent to continent, till the long lineage of fires shall illumine all the nations of the earth; animating them to the holy contests of KNOWLEDGE, JUSTICE, BEAUTY, LOVE.

LV. — THE WESTERN POSTS.

AMES.

FISHER AMES was born in Dedham, Massachusetts, April 9, 1758; and died in the same place, July 4, 1808. When the Federal government went into operation, he was elected the first representative of his district in Congress, and retained his seat through the whole of the administration of Washington, of whose policy and measures he was an ardent supporter. He was a very eloquent man, remarkable alike for his readiness in debate and the finished beauty of his prepared speeches. He was a copious writer upon political subjects, and his essays are remarkable for vigor of thought and brilliant and animated style. In private life Mr. Ames was one of the most amiable and delightful of men, and possessed of rare conversational powers.

The speech from which the following extract is taken was delivered in the House of Representatives, April 28, 1796, in support of a resolution in favor of passing the laws necessary for carrying into effect a treaty recently negotiated with Great Britain by Mr. Jay. By this treaty, Great Britain agreed to surrender certain posts on the western frontier, which she still held. Mr. Ames argued that the possession of these posts was essential for the preservation of the Western settlers against the Indians.

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IF any, against all these proofs, should maintain that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the convictions of the Western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

On this theme my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants: Wake from your false security; your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions, are soon to be renewed; the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again; in the daytime, your path through the woods will be ambushed; the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father, — the blood of your sons shall fatten your cornfield. You are a mother, — the war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings; it is a spectacle of horror which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language, compared with which all I have said or can say will be poor and frigid.

Will it be whispered that the treaty has made me a new champion for the protection of the frontiers? It is

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known that my voice, as well as vote, has been uniformly given in conformity with the ideas I have expressed. Protection is the right of the frontiers; it is our duty to give it.

Who will accuse me of wandering out of the subject? Who will say that I exaggerate the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer by a sneer that this is all idle preaching? Will any one deny that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty, for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their subjects? Are republicans irresponsible? Have the principles on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish petty topics of harangue from the windows of that State House? I trust it is neither too presumptuous nor too late to ask, Can you put the dearest interest of society at risk, without guilt and without remorse?

It is vain to offer as an excuse that public men are not to be reproached for the evils that may happen to ensue from their measures. This is very true, where they are unforeseen or inevitable. Those I have depicted are not unforeseen; they are so far from inevitable, we are going to bring them into being by our vote; we choose the consequences, and become as justly answerable for them as for the measure that we know will produce them.

By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render an account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make; to the wretches that will be roasted at the

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stake; to our country; and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable; and if duty be anything more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

There is no mistake in this case, there can be none; experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The Western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness; it exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture; already they seem to sigh in the western wind; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

LVI. — THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

WEBSTER.

Conclusion of a discourse delivered at Plymouth, Massachusetts, December 22, 1820, in commemoration of the first settlement in New England.

LET us not forget the religious character of our origin. Our fathers were brought hither by their high veneration for the Christian religion. They journeyed in its light, and labored in its hope. They sought to incorporate its principles with the elements of their society, and to diffuse its influence through all their institutions, civil,

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political, and literary. Let us cherish these sentiments, and extend their influence still more widely; in the full conviction that that is the happiest society which partakes in the highest degree of the mild and peaceable spirit of Christianity.

The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century.

We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave, for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men.

And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done

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for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you as you rise in your long succession to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred and parents and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth!

LVII. — THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

LONGFELLOW.

ALL is finished, and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

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The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide
With ceaseless flow
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage-day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms.

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And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms."

How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity,
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,

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In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'T is of the wave, and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee:
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee.

LVIII. — OVER THE RIVER.

MISS PRIEST.

NANCY A. W. PRIEST, author of the following beautiful and touching poem, was born in Hinsdale, New Hampshire, in 1847; and died September 21, 1870. She received no other education than that of a common country district school, and was for several years an operative in a factory in Winchendon, Massachusetts. It was during the hour's interval from the toil of the mill that she composed this now famous poem, which was written on a piece of brown paper as she sat at a window overlooking the river. It was laid aside and forgotten; but a year later it was accidentally found, and published in the "Springfield Republican," in August, 1867, when the author was only twenty years of age. It appeared over the *nom de plume* of "Lizzie Lincoln." Miss Priest afterwards became Mrs. A. C. Wakefield.

OVER the river they beckon to me, —
Loved ones who 've crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There 's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.

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We saw not the angels who met him there;
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, — the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale, —
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail, —
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;

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I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit-land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

LIX. — HYMN IN THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

COLERIDGE.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee, and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black.
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge. But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody, —
So sweet we know not we are listening to it, —
Thou, the mean while, wast blending with my thought,

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Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs! all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink, —
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald, — wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded, — and the silence came, —
"Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?"

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —

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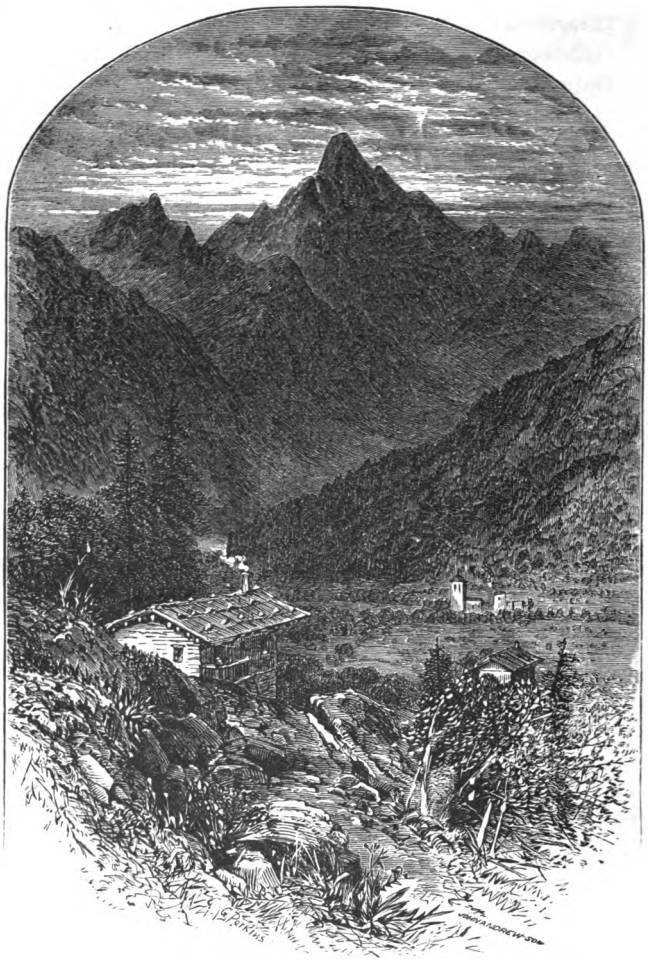

Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven

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Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates on the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

LX. — KOSSUTH.

HORACE MANN.

HORACE MANN was born in Franklin, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796; and died August 2, 1859. He was graduated at Brown University in 1819, and admitted to the bar in 1823, and continued in the practice of his profession, first at Dedham, and then at Boston, for the next fourteen years. He was, during this period, almost constantly a member of the Legislature, and for two years President of the Senate. He was an earnest supporter of all legislative measures for the suppression of vice and crime, and the relief of human suffering. In 1837 he was chosen secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and for several years devoted himself to the labors of this arduous post with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. By his writings, his lectures, his correspondence, and his personal influence, he gave a great impulse to the cause of education, not merely in Massachusetts, but all over the country. Upon the death of John Quincy Adams, in 1848, Mr. Mann was chosen to Congress in his place, and remained a member of the House of Representatives till 1852, when he was chosen president of Antioch College, Ohio, where he remained till the time of his death, laboring with his usual zeal and energy in the cause of education and philanthropy. While in Congress he was distinguished for his fervent antislavery zeal. He was a man of ardent benevolence and great force of character, and his writings are distinguished for fervid eloquence and impassioned earnestness.

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ON the banks of the Danube a young man sprang, at a single bound, from comparative obscurity to universal fame. His heroism organized armies. His genius created resources. He abolished the factitious order of nobility, but his exalted soul poured the celestial ichor * of the gods through ten millions of peasant hearts, and made them truly noble.

Though weak in all but the energies of the soul, yet it took two mighty empires to break down his power. When he sought refuge in Turkey, the sympathies of the civilized world attended his exile. He was invited to our shores. He came, and spoke as man never before spake.

It was Byron's wish that he could condense all the raging elements of his soul

"Into one word,
And that one word were lightning."

Kossuth found what Byron in vain prayed for; for all his words were lightning: not bolts, but a lambent flame, which he poured into men's hearts, not to kill, but to animate with a more exalted and a diviner life.

In cities, where the vast population went forth to hail him; in academic halls, where the cultivation of eloquence and knowledge is made the business of life; in those great gathering-places where the rivers of people have their confluence, — he was addressed by the most eloquent men whom this nation of orators could select. More than five hundred of our select speakers spoke before him that which they had laboriously prepared from history and embellished from the poets, with severe toil, by the long-trimmed lamp.

* Pronounced ī'kŏr. An ethereal fluid that supplied the place of blood in the arterial circulation of the ancient gods.

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Save in two or three peculiar cases, his unprepared and improvised replies, in eloquence, in pathos, in dignity, in exalted sentiment, excelled them all. For their most profound philosophy he gave them deeper generalization; he out-circuited their widest ranges of thought, and in the whole sweep of the horizon revealed glories they had never seen; and while they checked their ambitious flight beneath the sun, he soared into the empyrean and brought down, for the guidance of men's hearts and deeds, the holy light that shines from the face of God. Though all their splendors were gathered to a focal point, they were outshone by his effulgence. His immortal theme was Liberty. Liberty for the nations, Liberty for the people.

The person of this truly noble Hungarian has departed from our shores, but he has left a spirit behind him that will never die. He has scattered seeds of liberty and truth, whose flowers and fruit will become honors and glories amaranthine. I trust he goes to mingle in sterner scenes; I trust he goes to battle for the right, not with the tongue and pen alone, but with all the weapons that freedom can forge and wield.

Before the Divine government I bow in reverence and adoration; but it tasks all my philosophy and all my religion to believe that the despots of Europe have not exercised their irresponsible and cruel tyrannies too long. It seems too long since Charles was brought to the ax and Louis to the guillotine. Liberty, humanity, justice, demands more modern instances.

The time has fully come when the despot, not the patriot, should feel the executioner's steel or lead. The time has fully come when, if the oppressed demand their inalienable and Heaven-born rights of their op-

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pressors, and this demand is denied, that they should say, not exactly in the language of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death"; that was noble language in its day, but we have now reached an advanced stage in human developments, and the time has fully come when the oppressed, if their rights are forcibly denied them, should say to the oppressor, "Give me liberty, or I will give *you* death!"

LXI. — TRUE GREATNESS.

CHANNING.

FROM an article on the "Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte," originally published in the "Christian Examiner," in 1827.

SUCH was Napoleon Bonaparte. But some will say he was still a great man. This we mean not to deny. But we would have it understood, that there are various kinds or orders of greatness, and that the highest did not belong to Bonaparte.

There are different orders of greatness. Among these, the first rank is unquestionably due to *moral* greatness, or magnanimity; to that sublime energy by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses as its own the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness, and defies all peril; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; withstands all the powers of the universe which would sever it from the cause of freedom and religion; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour; and is ever "ready to be offered up" on the altar of its country or of mankind.

Of this moral greatness, which throws all other forms

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of greatness into obscurity, we see not a trace in Napoleon. Though clothed with the power of a God, the thought of consecrating himself to the introduction of a new and higher era, to the exaltation of the character and condition of his race, seems never to have dawned on his mind. The spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice seems not to have waged a moment's war with self-will and ambition.

His ruling passions, indeed, were singularly at variance with magnanimity. Moral greatness has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too self-subsistent, and enters into others' interests with too much heartiness, to live an hour for what Napoleon always lived, — to make itself the theme and gaze and wonder of a dazzled world.

Next to moral comes *intellectual* greatness, or genius in the highest sense of that word; and by this we mean that sublime capacity of thought, through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all comprehending laws of nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations all the objects of its knowledge, rises from the finite and transient to the infinite and the everlasting, frames to itself, from its own fullness, lovelier and sublimer forms than it beholds, discerns the harmonies between the world within and the world without us, and finds in every region of the universe types and interpreters of its own deep mysteries and glorious inspirations. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers and to the master-spirits in poetry and the fine arts.

Next comes the greatness of *action;* and by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving bold and extensive

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plans; of constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects.

To this head belongs the greatness of Bonaparte, and that he possessed it, we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man who raised himself from obscurity to a throne; who changed the face of the world; who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations; who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans; whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny; whose donatives were crowns; whose antechamber was thronged by submissive princes; who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps, and made them a highway; and whose fame was spread beyond the boundaries of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack, and the deserts of the Arab, — a man who has left this record of himself in history has taken out of our hands the question whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action, — an energy equal to great effects.

LXII. — THE USES OF THE OCEAN.

SWAIN.

THE following extract is a portion of a sermon of striking eloquence and beauty by the late Rev. Leonard Swain, of Providence, Rhode Island, published in the "Bibliotheca Sacra."

THE traveler who would speak of his experience in foreign lands must begin with the sea. God has spread this vast pavement of his temple between the hemispheres, so that he who sails to foreign shores must pay a double tribute to the Most High; for through this temple

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he has to carry his anticipations as he goes, and his memories when he returns. The sea speaks for God; and however eager the tourist may be to reach the strand that lies before him, and enter upon the career of business or pleasure that awaits him, he must check his impatience during this long interval of approach, and listen to the voice with which Jehovah speaks to him as, horizon after horizon, he moves to his purpose along the aisles of God's mighty tabernacle of the deep.

It is a common thing, in speaking of the sea, to call it "a waste of waters." But this is a mistake. Instead of being an encumbrance or a superfluity, the sea is as essential to the life of the world, as the blood is to the life of the human body. Instead of being a waste and desert, it keeps the earth itself from becoming a waste and a desert. It is the world's fountain of life and health and beauty; and if it were taken away, the grass would perish from the mountains, the forests would crumble on the hills, the harvests would become powder on the plains, the continent would be one vast Sahara of frosts and fire, and the solid globe itself, scarred and blasted on every side, would swing in the heavens, silent and dead as on the first morning of creation.

Water is as indispensable to all life, vegetable or animal, as the air itself. From the cedar on the mountains to the lichen that clings to the wall; from the elephant that pastures on the forests, to the animalcule that floats in the sunbeam; from the leviathan that heaves the sea into billows, to the microscopic creatures that swarm, a million in a single foam-drop, — all alike depend for their existence on this single element and must perish if it be withdrawn.

This element of water is supplied entirely by the sea.

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The sea is the great inexhaustible fountain which is continually pouring up into the sky precisely as many streams, and as large, as all the rivers of the world are pouring into it.

The sea is the real birthplace of the clouds and the rivers, and out of it come all the rains and dews of heaven. Instead of being a waste and an encumbrance, therefore, it is a vast fountain of fruitfulness, and the nurse and mother of all the living. Out of its mighty breast come the resources that feed and support the population of the world. Omnipresent and everywhere alike is this need and blessing of the sea. It is felt as truly in the center of the continent, — where, it may be, the rude inhabitant never heard of the ocean, — as it is on the circumference of the wave-beaten shore.

We are surrounded, every moment, by the presence and bounty of the sea. It looks out upon us from every violet in our garden-bed; from every spire of grass that drops upon our passing feet the beaded dew of the morning; from the bending grain that fills the arm of the reaper; from bursting presses, and from barns filled with plenty; from the broad foreheads of our cattle and the rosy faces of our children; from the cool dropping well at our door; from the brook that murmurs from its side; and from the elm or spreading maple that weaves its protecting branches beneath the sun, and swings its breezy shadow over our habitation.

It is the sea that feeds us. It is the sea that clothes us. It cools us with the summer cloud, and warms us with the blazing fires of winter. We make wealth for ourselves and for our children out of its rolling waters, though we may live a thousand leagues away from its shore, and never have looked on its crested beauty, or listened to its eternal

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anthem. Thus the sea, though it bears no harvest on its bosom, yet sustains all the harvests of the world. Though a desert itself, it makes all the other wildernesses of the earth to bud and blossom as the rose. Though its own waters are as salt and wormwood, it makes the clouds of heaven to drop with sweetness, opens springs in the valleys, and rivers among the hills, and fountains in all dry places, and gives drink to all the inhabitants of the earth.

The sea is a perpetual source of health to the world. Without it there could be no drainage for the lands. It is the scavenger of the world. Its agency is omnipresent. Its vigilance is omniscient. Where no sanitary committee could ever come, where no police could ever penetrate, its myriad eyes are searching, and its million hands are busy exploring all the lurking-places of decay, bearing swiftly off the dangerous sediments of life, and laying them a thousand miles away in the slimy bottom of the deep.

The sea is also set to purify the atmosphere. The winds, whose wings are heavy and whose breath is sick with the malaria of the lands over which they have blown, are sent out to range over these mighty pastures of the deep, to plunge and play with its rolling billows, and dip their pinions over and over in its healing waters. There they rest when they are weary, cradled into sleep on that vast swinging couch of the ocean. There they rouse themselves when they are refreshed, and lifting its waves upon their shoulders, they dash it into spray, and hurl it backwards and forwards through a thousand leagues of sky. Thus their whole substance is drenched, and bathed, and washed, and winnowed, and sifted through and through, by this glorious baptism. Thus they fill their mighty lungs once more with the sweet breath of ocean, and, striking their wings for the shore, they go breathing health and

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vigor along all the fainting hosts that wait for them in mountain and forest and valley and plain, till the whole drooping continent lifts up its rejoicing face, and mingles its laughter with the sea that has waked it from its fevered sleep, and poured its tides of returning life through all its shriveled arteries.

The ocean is not the idle creature that it seems, with its vast and lazy length stretched between the continents, with its huge bulk sleeping along the shore, or tumbling in aimless fury from pole to pole. It is a mighty giant, who, leaving his oozy bed, comes up upon the land to spend his strength in the service of man. He there allows his captors to chain him in prisons of stone and iron, to bind his shoulders to the wheel, and set him to grind the food of the nations, and weave the garments of the world. The mighty shaft, which that wheel turns, runs out into all the lands; and geared and belted to that center of power, ten thousand times ten thousand clanking engines roll their cylinders, and ply their hammers, and drive their million shuttles.

Thus the sea keeps all our mills and factories in motion. Thus the sea spins our thread and weaves our cloth. It is the sea that cuts our iron bars like wax, rolls them out into proper thinness, or piles them up in the solid shaft strong enough to be the pivot of a revolving planet. It is the sea that tunnels the mountains, and bores the mine, and lifts the coal from its sunless depths, and the ore from its rocky bed. It is the sea that lays the iron track, that builds the iron horse, that fills his nostrils with fiery breath, and sends his tireless hoofs thundering across the longitudes. It is the power of the sea that is doing for man all those mightiest works that would be else impossible. It is by this power that he is to level the

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mountains, to tame the wildernesses, to subdue the continents, to throw his pathways around the globe, and make his nearest approaches to omnipresence and omnipotence.

LXIII. — GREECE, IN 1809.

BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON, Lord Byron, was born in London, January 22, 1788; and died at Missolonghi, in Greece, April 19, 1824. In March, 1812, he published the first two cantos of his splendid poem, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," which produced an impression upon the public almost without precedent in English literature, and gained him the very highest place among the poets of the day.

Lord Byron's poetry has, in an intellectual point of view, some great and enduring excellences. In description and in the expression of passion he is unrivaled. His poetry abounds with passages of melting tenderness and exquisite sweetness, which take captive and bear away the susceptible heart. His wit, too, is playful and brilliant, and his sarcasm venomous and blistering. His leading characteristic is energy: he is never languid or tame; and in his highest moods, his words flash and burn like lightning from the cloud, and hurry the reader along with the breathless speed of the tempest.

Much of Lord Byron's poetry is objectionable in a moral point of view. Some of it ministers undisguisedly to the evil passions, and confounds the distinctions between right and wrong; and still more of it is false and morbid in its tone, and teaches, directly or indirectly, the mischievous and irreligious doctrine, that the unhappiness of men is just in proportion to their intellectual superiority.

The following extract is from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Thermopylæ is a narrow pass leading from Thessaly into Southern Greece, where Leonidas and a small band of Spartan heroes, resisting an immense Persian host, were all slain. The town of Sparta, or Lacedæmon, was upon the river Eurotas. Thrasybulus was an Athenian general who overthrew the power of the Thirty Tyrants in Athens, B. C. 403. He first seized the fortress of Phyle, which was about fifteen miles from Athens. The Helots were slaves to the Spartans. Colonna, or Colonni, anciently Sunium, is a promontory forming the southern extremity of Attica where there was a temple to Minerva, who was also called Tritonia. Hymettus and Pentelicus were mountains near Athens, the former famous for honey, and the latter for marble. The modern name of Pentelicus is Mendeli. Athena was a name by which the Greeks called Minerva, the literary goddess of Athens.

FAIR Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
And long-accustomed bondage uncreate?

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Not such thy sons who whilom* did await —
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom —
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait:
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks and call thee from the tomb?

Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour that now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle† can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmanned.

In all, save form alone, how changed! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew
With thy unquenchéd beam, lost Liberty!
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage;
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

Hereditary bondmen! know ye not
Who would be free, *themselves* must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought:
Will Gaul, or Muscovite, redress ye? — No!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low;
But not for *you* will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords: thy state is still the same:
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame.

* Formerly. † A *rude* man.

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When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to *men*,
Then thou mayst be restored; but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust; and when
Can man its shattered splendor renovate?
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

And yet, how lovely, in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods, and godlike men, art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now.
Thy fanes, thy temples, to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth;
Broke by the share of every rustic plow:
So perish monuments of mortal birth;
So perish all in turn save well-recorded worth:

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
While strangers only, not regardless pass,
Lingering, like me, perchance, to gaze and sigh, "Alas!"

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields.
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,

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The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air.
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beams Mendeli's marbles glare:
Art, Glory, Freedom, fail, but Nature still is fair.

Where'er we tread 't is haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mold;
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing, to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon.
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,*
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

Long, to the remnants of thy splendor past,
Shall pilgrims pensive, but unwearied, throng;
Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song.
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

LXIV. — THANATOPSIS.†

BRYANT.

TO him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile

* A wood. † From two Greek words, signifying *a view of death.*

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And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice, — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world; with kings,
The powerful of the earth, — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past, —
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;

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The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and traverse Barca's desert sands;
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings — yet — the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep, — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves

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To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

LXV. — JOAN OF ARC.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY was born in Manchester, England, August 15, 1785; lived for some years in Grassmere, in the county of Westmoreland, and latterly in Scotland. He died December 2, 1859. He first attracted attention as a writer by his "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," published in 1822, which was much admired for the splendor of its descriptions, the vividness of its pictures, and the impassioned eloquence of its style. He afterwards wrote a great number of papers in periodical journals, especially in "Blackwood's Magazine." These have been collected and published in America; filling thus far (and the list is not exhausted) not less than eighteen small-sized volumes.

De Quincey was a man of great learning and genius. His style is distinguished for elaborate splendor and imperial magnificence. He has a rare power of painting solemn and gorgeous pictures; not with a few touches, but in lines slowly drawn and with colors carefully laid on. He has equal skill in expressing the language of strong and deep passion, — the sorrow that softens the heart and the remorse which lacerates it. He has also a peculiar vein of humor, which produces its effects by amplification and slowly adding one ludicrous conception to another. And combined with these are a rare faculty of acute metaphysical analysis, which divides and defines with the sharpest precision, and a biting critical discernment, which eats into the heart of ignorance and presumption. The writings of De Quincey are well worth studying on account of their rhetorical power and their wealth of expression.

WHAT is to be thought of *her?* What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that — like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judæa — rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings?

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The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies

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bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of good-will, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes.

The boy rose — to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a byword amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the scepter was departing from Judah. The poor forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domremy * as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances of Vaucouleurs,† which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France.

No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once — no, not for a moment of weakness — didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee! O no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood.

Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee. Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will not obey the summons. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall pro-

* Domremy, dŏm'rë-my. † Vaucouleurs, vō-cô-lërs'.

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claim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl, that gave up all for her country, — thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.

To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to *do*, — never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*, — never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own: that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. "Life," thou saidst, "is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long."

This pure creature, — pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious, — never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen* as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints, — these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust.

* Rouen, rô'en *or* rô-än(g)'.

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Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew — early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth — that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*.

LXVI. — ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

HOW peacefully they rest,
Cross-folded there
Upon his little breast,
Those small white hands that ne'er were still before,
But ever sported with his mother's hair,
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore!

Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm,
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes
To bless him with their holy calm, —
Sweet thoughts! they made her eyes as sweet.

How quiet are the hands
That wove those pleasant bands!
But that they do not rise and sink
With his calm breathing, I should think
That he were dropped asleep:
Alas! too deep, too deep

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Is this his slumber;
Time scarce can number
The years ere he will wake again —
O, may we see his eyelids open then, —
O, stern word — nevermore?

He did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples' play,
Or listening to their fairy chime;
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale;
He did but float a little way,
And putting to the shore,
While yet 't was early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more!

Full short his journey was; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals clave;
The weary weight that old men must,
He bore not to the grave.

He seemed a cherub who had lost his way,
And wandered hither; so his stay
With us was short, and 't was most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God —
O, blest word — evermore!

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LXVII. — THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

WHITTIER.

BUENA VISTA is a hamlet in Mexico where the Mexican army, under General Santa Anna, was defeated by the Americans, under General Taylor, February 22 and 23, 1847. La Angostura is about a mile and a half distant. La Puebla (pwā'blä, or poo-ā'blä) is the second city of Mexico.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena,* looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls!"
Who is losing? who is winning? — "Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon, clouding through the mountain rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more!
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon† wheels:
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

* Pronounced HI-mā'na.

† Minon (pronounced min-yon) was a Mexican general.

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"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;
Like a plowshare in the fallow, through them plows the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on.
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who has won?
"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall;
O'er the dying rush the living; pray, my sisters, for them all!

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting. Blessed Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee;
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? Canst thou see?
O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernard, look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! mercy! mercy! all is o'er."

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;

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But, as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead:
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling
breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parched lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand, and faintly
smiled,
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her
child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he,
and died.

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely in the
North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death
behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded
strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, forgive!"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray shad-
ows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle
rolled,
In its sheath the saber rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

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But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and lacking food;
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

LXVIII. — VOICES OF THE DEAD.

CUMMING.

JOHN CUMMING, D. D., is the pastor of a Scotch Presbyterian church in the city of London. He is a popular and eloquent preacher, and the author of many works which are favorably known in this country as well as in Europe. Among them are "Apocalyptic Sketches," "Lectures on the Parables," and "Voices of the Night."

WE die, but leave an influence behind us that survives. The echoes of our words are evermore repeated, and reflected along the ages. It is what man was that lives and acts after him. What he said sounds along the years like voices amid the mountain gorges; and what he did is repeated after him in ever-multiplying and never-ceasing reverberations. Every man has left behind him influences for good or for evil that will never exhaust themselves. The sphere in which he acts may be small, or it may be great. It may be his fireside, or it may be a kingdom; a village, or a great nation; it may be a parish, or broad Europe: but act he does, ceaselessly and forever. His friends, his family, his successors

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in office, his relatives, are all receptive of an influence, a moral influence, which he has transmitted and bequeathed to mankind; either a blessing which will repeat itself in showers of benedictions, or a curse which will multiply itself in ever-accumulating evil.

Every man is a missionary, now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends and designs it or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society, or he may be a blessing, spreading benedictions over the length and breadth of the world; but a blank he cannot be. The seed sown in life springs up in harvests of blessings or harvests of sorrow. Whether our influence is great or small, whether it is good or evil, it lasts, it lives somewhere, within some limit, and is operative wherever it is. The grave buries the dead dust, but the character walks the world, and distributes itself, as a benediction or a curse, among the families of mankind.

The sun sets beyond the western hills; but the trail of light he leaves behind him guides the pilgrim to his distant home. The tree falls in the forest; but in the lapse of ages it is turned into coal, and our fires burn now the brighter because it grew and fell. The coral insect dies; but the reef it raised breaks the surge on the shores of great continents, or has formed an isle in the bosom of the ocean, to wave with harvests for the good of man. We live and we die; but the good or evil that we do lives after us, and is not "buried with our bones."

The babe that perished on the bosom of its mother, like a flower that bowed its head and drooped amid the death-frosts of time, — that babe, not only in its image, but in its influence, still lives and speaks in the chambers of the mother's heart.

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The friend with whom we took sweet counsel is removed visibly from the outward eye; but the lessons that he taught, the grand sentiments that he uttered, the holy deeds of generosity by which he was characterized, the moral lineaments and likeness of the man, still survive, and appear in the silence of eventide, and on the tablets of memory, and in the light of morn, and noon, and dewy eve; and, being dead, he yet speaks eloquently, and in the midst of us.

Mahomet still lives in his practical and disastrous influence in the East. Napoleon still is France, and France is almost Napoleon. Martin Luther's dead dust sleeps at Wittenberg, but Martin Luther's accents still ring through the churches of Christendom. Shakespeare, Byron, and Milton all live in their influence, for good or evil. The apostle from his chair, the minister from his pulpit, the martyr from his flame-shroud, the statesman from his cabinet, the soldier in the field, the sailor on the deck, who all have passed away to their graves, still live in the practical deeds that they did, in the lives they lived, and in the powerful lessons that they left behind them.

"None of us liveth to himself"; others are affected by that life: "or dieth to himself"; others are interested in that death. Our queen's crown may molder, but she who wore it will act upon the ages which are yet to come. The noble's coronet may be reft in pieces, but the wearer of it is now doing what will be reflected by thousands who will be made and molded by him. Dignity and rank and riches are all corruptible and worthless; but moral character has an immortality that no sword-point can destroy, that ever walks the world and leaves lasting influences behind.

What we do is transacted on a stage of which all in the

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universe are spectators. What we say is transmitted in echoes that will never cease. What we are is influencing and acting on the rest of mankind. Neutral we cannot be. Living we act, and dead we speak; and the whole universe is the mighty company forever looking, forever listening, and all nature the tablets forever recording the words, the deeds, the thoughts, the passions, of mankind!

Monuments and columns and statues, erected to heroes, poets, orators, statesmen, are all influences that extend into the future ages. "The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle" * still speaks. The Mantuan bard † still sings in every school. Shakespeare, the bard of Avon, is still translated into every tongue. The philosophy of the Stagirite ‡ is still felt in every academy. Whether these influences are beneficent or the reverse, they are influences fraught with power. How blest must be the recollection of those who, like the setting sun, have left a trail of light behind them by which others may see the way to that rest which remaineth with the people of God!

It is only the pure fountain that brings forth pure water. The good tree only will produce the good fruit. If the center from which all proceeds is pure and holy, the radii of influence from it will be pure and holy also. Go forth, then, into the spheres that you occupy, the employments, the trades, the professions of social life; go forth into the high places or into the lowly places of the land; mix with the roaring cataracts of social convulsions, or mingle amid the eddies and streamlets of quiet and domestic life; whatever sphere you fill, carrying into it a holy heart, you will radiate around you life and power, and leave behind you holy and beneficent influences.

* Homer. † Virgil. ‡ Aristotle.

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LXIX. — THE BOSTON TEA CATASTROPHE.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born in Dumfriesshire, in Scotland, in 1796, and has resided for many years in or near London. While quite young, he wrote several papers for Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia"; but he first began to attract attention by his contributions to the "Edinburgh Review," and especially by an admirable paper on Burns. He rose by degrees into great popularity and commanding influence as a writer, but was known and valued at an earlier period in America than at home. His works are quite numerous: among them are a "Life of Schiller," "Sartor Resartus," a "History of the French Revolution," "Past and Present," "Hero-Worship," "Latter-Day Pamphlets," a "Life of Sterling," "The Life and Letters of Cromwell," "Chartism," and several volumes of contributions to periodical literature.

Carlyle is an original thinker and a powerful writer. His early and familiar acquaintance with the literature of Germany has given a peculiar character to his style, by which some are repelled and some are attracted; the latter being now the larger part. Portions of his later writings read like literal translations from the German. He is fond of odd terms of expression, and has a family of pet words, which he introduces on all occasions. His style is thus very marked, and never to be mistaken for that of any other author. His writings are not easy reading at first; but those who like them at all like them much.

The following extract is from the "History of Frederick the Great," Vol. VI. pp. 406, 407.

CURIOUS to remark, while Frederick is writing this letter, "Thursday, December 16, 1773," what a commotion is going on, far over seas, at Boston, New England, in the "Old South Meeting-house" there, in regard to three English tea-ships that are lying embargoed in Griffin's Wharf, for above a fortnight past. The case is well known, and still memorable to mankind.

British Parliament, after nine years of the saddest haggling and baffling to and fro, under constitutional stress of weather, and such east winds and west winds of Parliamentary eloquence as seldom were, has made up its mind that America shall pay duty on these teas before infusing them; and America, Boston more especially, is tacitly determined that it will not; and that, to avoid mistakes, these teas shall never be landed at all. Such is Boston's private intention, more or less fixed, — to say

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nothing of the Philadelphias, Charlestons, New Yorks, who are watching Boston, and will follow suite of it.

Sunday, November 26th, — that is, nineteen days ago, — the first of these tea-ships, the "Dartmouth," Captain Hall, moored itself in Griffin's Wharf. Owner and consignee is a broad-brimmed Boston gentleman called Rotch, more attentive to profits of trade than to the groans of Boston; but already on that Sunday, much more on the Monday following, there had a meeting of citizens run together (on Monday Faneuil Hall won't hold them, and they adjourn to the Old South Meeting-house), who make it apparent to Rotch that it will much behove him, for the sake both of tea and skin, not to "enter" (or officially announce) this ship "Dartmouth" at the custom-house in any wise; but to pledge his broad-brimmed word, equivalent to his oath, that she shall lie dormant there in Griffin's Wharf, till we see.

Which, accordingly, she has been doing ever since; she and two others that arrived some days later, dormant all three of them, side by side, three crews totally idle; a "Committee of Ten" supervising Rotch's procedures; and the Boston world much expectant. Thursday, December 16th: this is the twentieth day since Rotch's "Dartmouth" arrived here; if not "entered" at custom-house in the course of this day, custom-house cannot give her a "clearance" either (a leave to depart); she becomes a smuggler, an outlaw, and her fate is mysterious to Rotch and to us.

This Thursday, accordingly, by ten in the morning, in the Old South Meeting-house, Boston is assembled, and country people to the number of 2,000; and Rotch was never in such a company of human friends before. They are not uncivil to him (cautious people, heedful of the

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verge of the law); but they are peremptory, to the extent of — Rotch may shudder to think what.

"I went to the custom-house yesterday," said Rotch, "your Committee of Ten can bear me witness, and demanded clearance and leave to depart; but they would not: were forbidden, they said." "Go, then, sir; get you to the governor himself; a clearance, and out of harbor this day; had n't you better?" Rotch is well aware that he had; hastens off to the governor (who has vanished to his country-house on purpose). Old South Meeting-house adjourning till 3 P. M., for Rotch's return with clearance.

At three no Rotch, nor at four, nor at five; miscellaneous plangent,* intermittent speech instead, mostly plangent, in tone sorrowful rather than indignant; at a quarter to six, here at length is Rotch; sun is long since set, — has Rotch a clearance or not?

Rotch reports at large, willing to be questioned and cross-questioned: "Governor absolutely would not! My Christian friends, what could I or can I do?" There are by this time 7,000 people in Old South Meeting-house; very few tallow lights in comparison, — almost no lights for the mind either, — and it is difficult to answer.

Rotch's report done, the chairman (one Adams, "American Cato," subsequently so called) "dissolves the sorrowful 7,000," with these words: "This meeting declares that it can do nothing more to save the country." Will merely go home, then, and weep. Hark, however: almost on the instant, in front of Old South Meeting-house, a terrific war-whoop; and about fifty Mohawk Indians, — with whom Adams seems to be acquainted, and speaks without interpreter. Aha!

* Plangent: literally, *dashing*, as the waves of the sea; here, *sad and monotonous.*

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And, sure enough, before the stroke of seven, these fifty painted Mohawks are forward, without noise, to Griffin's Wharf; have put sentries all round there; and, in a great silence of the neighborhood, are busy, in three gangs, on the dormant tea-ships, opening their chests and punctually shaking them out into the sea. "Listening from the distance, you could hear the ripping open of the chests and no other sound." About 10 P. M., all was finished; 342 chests of tea flung out to infuse in the Atlantic; the fifty Mohawks gone like a dream; and Boston sleeping more silently even than usual.

LXX. — INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland, England, April 7, 1770; and died April 23, 1850. His life was passed for the most part in that beautiful region of England where he was born, and with which so much of his poetry is inseparably associated. He made his first appearance as an author in 1793, by the publication of a thin quarto volume of poems, which did not attract much attention. Indeed, for many years his poetry made little impression on the general public, and that not of a favorable kind. The "Edinburgh Review" — the great authority in matters of literary taste — set its face against him; and Wordsworth's own style and manner were so peculiar, and so unlike those of the poetry which was popular at the time, that he was obliged to create the taste by which he himself was judged. As time went on, his influence and popularity increased, and many years before his death he enjoyed a fame and consideration which in calmness and serenity resembled the unbiased judgment of posterity.

Wordsworth's character was pure and high. He was reserved in manner, and somewhat exclusive in his tastes and sympathies; but his friends were warmly attached to him. His domestic affections were strong and deep.

His Life has been published, since his decease, by his nephew, the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, and republished in this country. In Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," there is an admirable review of his poetical genius, in which praise is bestowed generously and discriminately, and defects are pointed out with a loving and reverent hand.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem

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Appareled in celestial light, —
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore :
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

Thy rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose ;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare :
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there comes a thought of grief ;
A timely utterance gives that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep, —
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng ;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay ;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity ;
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ; —
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd-boy !

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O joy ! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !
The thoughts of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction : not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest, —
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast, —
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise ;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised, —
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence ; truths that awake,
To perish never, —
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

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Which brought us hither, —
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears, —
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

LXXI. — THE BIBLE.

STUDY how to be wise; and in all your gettings get understanding. And especially would I urge upon your soul-wrapt attention that Book upon which all feelings, all opinions, are concentrated; which enlightens the judgment, while it enlists the sentiments, and soothes the imagination in songs upon the harp of the "sweet songster of Israel." The Book which gives you a faithful insight into your heart, and consecrates its character in

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"Shrines
Such as the keen tooth of time can never touch."

Would you know the effect of that Book upon the heart? It purifies its thoughts and sanctifies its joys; it nerves and strengthens it for sorrow and the mishaps of life; and when these shall have ended, and the twilight of death is spreading its dew-damp upon the wasting features, it pours upon the last glad throb the bright and streaming light of Eternity's morning. O, have you ever stood beside the couch of a dying saint, when

"Without a sigh,
A change of feature or a shaded smile,
He gave his hand to the stern messenger,
And as a glad child seeks his father's arms,
Went home"?

Then you have seen the deep, the penetrating influence of this Book.

Would you know its name? It is the Book of books, — its author, God, — its theme, Heaven, Eternity. The Bible! Read it, search it. Let it be first upon the shelves of your library, and first in the affections of your heart. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." O, if there is sublimity in the contemplation of God, — if there is grandeur in the display of eternity, — if there is anything ennobling and purifying in the revelation of man's salvation, search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of these things!

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LXXII. — WILLIAM TELL.

KNOWLES.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1784; and died in 1862. He was the author of "The Hunchback," "Virginius," "William Tell," "The Wife," and several other plays, some of which have been highly successful. He was originally an actor and teacher of elocution, but in his latter years he was a zealous and eloquent preacher of the Baptist denomination.

The following extract is from "William Tell," a play founded on the leading incidents in the life of the Swiss patriot of that name. Gesler (pronounced Gĕs'lẹr) is the Austrian governor of Switzerland, and Sarnem one of his officers.

WILLIAM TELL, ALBERT, *and* GESLER.

GESLER. What is thy name?

TELL. My name?
It matters not to keep it from thee now:
My name is Tell.

GES. Tell, — William Tell!

TELL. The same.

GES. What! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 't is said
His arrows never miss! Indeed, I 'll take
Exquisite vengeance! Mark! I 'll spare thy life, —
Thy boy's too, — both of you are free, — on one
Condition.

TELL. Name it.

GES. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.

TELL. Name the trial you
Would have me make.

GES. You look upon your boy
As though instinctively you guessed it.

TELL. Look upon my boy! What mean you? Look upon
My boy as though I guessed it, — guessed the trial

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You 'd have me make, — guessed it
Instinctively! You do not mean — No, — no, —
You would have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.

GES. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.

TELL. Is my boy to hold it?

GES. No.

TELL. No! — I 'll send the arrow through the core!

GES. It is to rest upon his head.

TELL. Great Heaven, you hear him!

GES. Thou dost hear the choice I give, —
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you; not otherwise
To be escaped.

TELL. O monster!

GES. Wilt thou do it?

ALBERT. He will! he will!

TELL. Ferocious monster! — make
A father murder his own child!

GES. Take off
His chains, if he consent.

TELL. With his own hand!

GES. Does he consent?

ALB. He does.

(GESLER *signs to his officers, who proceed to take off* TELL'S *chains.* TELL *all the time unconscious what they do.*)

TELL. With his own hand!
Murder his child with his own hand, — this hand, —
The hand I 've led him, when an infant, by!
'T is beyond horror, — 't is most horrible!
Amazement! (*His chains fall off.*) What 's that you 've done to me.

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Villains! put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's! Here! here! I 'll not
Murder my boy for Gesler.

ALB. Father, — father!
You will not hit me, father!

TELL. Hit thee! — Send
The arrow through thy brain; or, missing that,
Shoot out an eye; or, if thine eye escape,
Mangle the cheek I 've seen thy mother's lips
Cover with kisses! — Hit thee, — hit a hair
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart —

GES. Dost thou consent?

TELL. Give me my bow and quiver.

GES. For what?

TELL. To shoot my boy!

ALB. No, father, — no!
To save me! You 'll be sure to hit the apple, —
Will you not save me, father?

TELL. Lead me forth;
I 'll make the trial!

ALB. Thank you!

TELL. Thank me! Do
You know for what? I will not make the trial,
To take him to his mother in my arms,
And lay him down a corpse before her!

GES. Then he dies this moment, — and you certainly
Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.

TELL. Well, — I 'll do it: I 'll make the trial.

ALB. Father —

TELL. Speak not to me:
Let me not hear thy voice. Thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be. Earth should be dumb,
And Heaven, — unless its thunders muttered at

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The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me
My bow and quiver!

GES. When all's ready.

TELL. Well! Lead on!

LXXIII. — WILLIAM TELL.

(CONCLUDED.)

PERSONS. — *Enter, slowly, people in evident distress,* — OFFICERS, SARNEM, GESLER, TELL, ALBERT, *and* SOLDIERS, — *one bearing* TELL'S *bow and quiver, another with a basket of apples.*

GES. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.

TELL. Is the line a true one?

GES. True or not, what is't to thee?

TELL. What is't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing; a yard or two
Is nothing here or there — were it a wolf
I shot at! Never mind.

GES. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

TELL. I will be thankful, Gesler! — Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun.

GES. And what of that?
What matter whether to or from the sun?

TELL. I'd have it at my back; the sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I cannot see to shoot against the sun, —
I will not shoot against the sun!

GES. Give him his way! Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.

TELL. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.

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GES. Stay! show me the basket! There —
TELL. You 've picked the smallest one.
GES. I know I have.
TELL. Oh! do you? — But you see
The color on 't is dark, I 'd have it light,
To see it better.
GES. Take it as it is:
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hit'st it.
TELL. True, — true! I did not think of that; I wonder
I did not think of that. Give me some chance
To save my boy! (*Throws away the apple with all his force.*)
I will not murder him,
If I can help it — for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.
GES. Well: choose thyself.
TELL. Have I a friend among the lookers-on?
VERNER. (*Rushing forward.*) Here, Tell.
TELL. I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief:
When once the bow is bent, we cannot take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!
The boy! — the boy! Thinkest thou he hath the courage
To stand it?
VER. Yes.
TELL. Does he tremble?
VER. No.
TELL. Art sure?
VER. I am.
TELL. How looks he?
VER. Clear and smilingly:
If you doubt it, look yourself.

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TELL. No, — no, — my friend;
To hear it is enough.
VER. He bears himself so much above his years —
TELL. I know, — I know!
VER. With constancy so modest —
TELL. I was sure he would!
VER. And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you —
TELL. Man! Man! Man!
No more! Already I 'm too much the father
To act the man! — Verner, no more, my friend!
I would be flint, — flint, — flint. Don't make me feel
I 'm not, — do not mind me! Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.
Set him upon his knees, and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me, —
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady, — tell him
I 'll hit the apple! Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.
VER. Come, Albert! (*Leading him out.*)
ALB. May I not speak with him before I go?
VER. No.
ALB. I would only kiss his hand.
VER. You must not.
ALB. I must! I cannot go from him without.
VER. It is his will you should.
ALB. His will, is it?
I am content then; come.
TELL. My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)
ALB. My father! (*Rushing into* TELL'S *arms.*)
TELL. If thou canst bear it, should not I? — Go, now,
My son, and keep in mind that I can shoot —
Go, boy, — be thou but steady, I will hit
The apple. Go! God bless thee, — go. — My bow! —
(*The bow is handed to him.*)

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Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant. No,
I 'm sure of thee; I know thy honesty.
Thou art stanch, — stanch. Let me see my quiver.

GES. Give him a single arrow.

TELL. Do you shoot?

SOL. I do.

TELL. Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent; the feather jagged: (*Breaks it.*)
That 's all the use 't is fit for.

GES. Let him have another.

TELL. Why, 't is better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I 'm to take, — 't is heavy in the shaft:
I 'll not shoot with it! (*Throws it away.*) Let me see my quiver.
Bring it! 'T is not one arrow in a dozen
I 'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that.

GES. It matters not.
Show him the quiver.

TELL. See if the boy is ready.

(TELL *here hides an arrow under his vest.*)

VER. He is.

TELL. I 'm ready, too! Keep silent for
Heaven's sake, and do not stir; and let me have
Your prayers, — your prayers; and be my witnesses,
That if his life 's in peril from my hand,
'T is only for the chance of saving it. (*To the people.*)

GES. Go on.

TELL. I will.
O friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless
And silent!

(TELL *shoots; a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd.* TELL'S *head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself upon his bow.*)

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VER. (*Rushing in with* ALBERT.) The boy is safe! no hair of him is touched!

ALB. Father, I 'm safe!—your Albert 's safe, dear father. Speak to me! Speak to me!

VER. He cannot, boy!

ALB. You grant him life?

GES. I do.

ALB. And we are free?

GES. You are. (*Crossing angrily behind.*)

ALB. Thank Heaven!—thank Heaven!

VER. Open his vest,
And give him air.

(ALBERT *opens his father's vest, and the arrow drops.* TELL *starts, fixes his eye on* ALBERT, *and clasps him to his breast.*)

TELL. My boy!—My boy!

GES. For what
Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

TELL. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

LXXIV.—THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

MACAULAY.

NASEBY is a small parish near Northampton, England, where the troops of Charles I. were totally defeated by the Parliamentary army under Fairfax in 1645.

OH, wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

O, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice, of the vintage that we trod!
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sat in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

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It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses shine;
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The general rode along us, to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen, upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks,
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the center hath given ground;
Hark! hark! what means this trampling of horsemen in our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'T is he, thank God! 't is he, boys!
Bear up another minute; brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes;

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Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar;
And he — he turns, he flies: — shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

LXXV. — THE WIDOW OF GLENCOE.

AYTOUN.

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN was born in the county of Fife, in Scotland, in 1813. He was called to the Scotch bar in 1840, and in 1845 was elected to the professorship of rhetoric and belles-lettres in the University of Edinburgh, which he held until his death, August 4, 1865. He was a prominent contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine."

In the month of February, 1692, a number of persons of the clan of Macdonald, residing in Glencoe, a glen on the western coast of Scotland, were cruelly and treacherously put to death, on the ground that their chief had not taken the oath of allegiance to the government of King William within the time prescribed by his proclamation. A full and interesting account of the massacre may be found in Macaulay's "History of England." The following poem is supposed to be spoken by the widow of one of the victims. The captain of the company of soldiers by whom the massacre was perpetrated was Campbell of Glenlyon. "The dauntless Græme" was the Marquis of Montrose.

DO not lift him from the bracken, leave him lying where
he fell, —
Better bier ye cannot fashion: none beseems him half so well
As the bare and broken heather, and the hard and trampled sod,
Whence his angry soul ascended to the judgment-seat of God!
Winding-sheet we cannot give him, — seek no mantle for the
dead,
Save the cold and spotless covering showered from heaven upon
his head.
Leave his broadsword as we found it, rent and broken with the
blow
That, before he died, avenged him on the foremost of the foe.

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Leave the blood upon his bosom, — wash not off that sacred stain ;
Let it stiffen on the tartan, let his wounds unclosed remain,
Till the day when he shall show them at the throne of God on high,
When the murderer and the murdered meet before their Judge's eye.
Nay, — ye should not weep, my children ! leave it to the faint and weak ;
Sobs are but a woman's weapons, — tears befit a maiden's cheek.
Weep not, children of Macdonald ! weep not thou, his orphan heir ;
Not in shame, but stainless honor, lies thy slaughtered father there.
Weep not ; but when years are over, and thine arm is strong and sure,
And thy foot is swift and steady on the mountain and the muir,
Let thy heart be hard as iron, and thy wrath as fierce as fire,
Till the hour when vengeance cometh for the race that slew thy sire !
Till in deep and dark Glenlyon rise a louder shriek of woe,
Than at midnight, from their eyry, scared the eagles of Glencoe ;
Louder than the screams that mingled with the howling of the blast,
When the murderers' steel was clashing, and the fires were rising fast ;
When thy noble father bounded to the rescue of his men,
And the slogan of our kindred pealed throughout the startled glen ;
When the herd of frantic women stumbled through the midnight snow,
With their fathers' houses blazing, and their dearest dead below !
O, the horror of the tempest, as the flashing drift was blown,
Crimsoned with the conflagration, and the roofs went thundering down !

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O, the prayers, the prayers and curses, that together winged their flight
From the maddened hearts of many, through that long and woful night!
Till the fires began to dwindle, and the shots grew faint and few,
And we heard the foeman's challenge only in a far halloo:
Till the silence once more settled o'er the gorges of the glen,
Broken only by the Cona plunging through its naked den.
Slowly from the mountain summit was the drifting veil withdrawn,
And the ghastly valley glimmered in the gray December dawn.
Better had the morning never dawned upon our dark despair!
Black amidst the common whiteness rose the spectral ruins there:
But the sight of these was nothing more than wrings the wild dove's breast,
When she searches for her offspring round the relics of her nest.
For in many a spot the tartan peered above the wintry heap,
Marking where a dead Macdonald lay within his frozen sleep.
Tremblingly we scooped the covering from each kindred victim's head,
And the living lips were burning on the cold ones of the dead.
And I left them with their dearest, — dearest charge had every one, —
Left the maiden with her lover, left the mother with her son.
I alone of all was mateless, — far more wretched I than they,
For the snow would not discover where my lord and husband lay.
But I wandered up the valley, till I found him lying low,
With the gash upon his bosom, and the frown upon his brow, —
Till I found him lying murdered where he wooed me long ago!

Woman's weakness shall not shame me, — why should I have tears to shed?
Could I rain them down like water, O my hero! on thy head,
Could the cry of lamentation wake thee from thy silent sleep,

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Could it set thy heart a-throbbing, it were mine to wail and weep!
But I will not waste my sorrow, lest the Campbell women say
That the daughters of Clanranald are as weak and frail as they.
I had wept thee, hadst thou fallen, like our fathers, on thy shield,
When a host of English foemen camped upon a Scottish field, —
I had mourned thee, hadst thou perished with the foremost of his name,
When the valiant and the noble died around the dauntless Græme!
But I will not wrong thee, husband, with my unavailing cries,
Whilst thy cold and mangled body, stricken by the traitor, lies;
Whilst he counts the gold and glory that this hideous night has won,
And his heart is big with triumph at the murder he has done.
Other eyes than mine shall glisten, other hearts be rent in twain,
Ere the heath-bells on thy hillock wither in the autumn rain.
Then I 'll seek thee where thou sleepest, and I 'll veil my weary head,
Praying for a place beside thee, dearer than my bridal-bed:
And I 'll give thee tears, my husband, if the tears remain to me,
When the widows of the foeman cry the coranach* for thee!

LXXVI. — THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

BRYANT.

HERE are old trees — tall oaks and gnarled pines —
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet

* A lamentation for the dead.

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To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades —
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old —
My thoughts go up the long, dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O Freedom, thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses, gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves! A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailéd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands;
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock, and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.

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Thou, by his side, mid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain-side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and utter graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters, or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets.
O, not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom, close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven! But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

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LXXVII. — THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

SPRAGUE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE was born in Boston, October 25, 1791, and has constantly resided here. He made himself first known as a poet by several prize prologues at the opening of theaters, which had a polish of numbers and a vigor of expression not often found in composition of this class. In 1823 he was the successful competitor for a prize offered for the best ode to be recited at a Shakespeare pageant at the Boston Theater. This is the most fervid and brilliant of all his poems, and has much of the lyric rush and glow. In 1829 he recited a poem called "Curiosity," before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, which is polished in its versification, and filled with carefully wrought and beautiful pictures. In 1830 he pronounced an ode at the centennial celebration of the settlement of Boston (from which the following extract is taken), which is a finished and animated performance. He has also written many smaller pieces of much merit.

Mr. Sprague presents an encouraging example of the union of practical business habits with the taste of a scholar and the sensibilities of a poet. He was for many years cashier of a bank, and performed his prosaic duties with as much attentiveness and skill as if he had never written a line of verse.

BEHOLD! they come, — those sainted forms,
Unshaken through the strife of storms;
Heaven's winter cloud hangs coldly down,
And earth puts on its rudest frown;
But colder, ruder, was the hand
That drove them from their own fair land;
Their own fair land, — Refinement's chosen seat,
Art's trophied dwelling, Learning's green retreat, —
By valor guarded, and by victory crowned,
For all, but gentle Charity, renowned.
With streaming eye yet steadfast heart,
Even from that land they dared to part,
And burst each tender tie, —
Haunts, where their sunny youth was passed;
Homes, where they fondly hoped at last
In peaceful age to die;
Friends, kindred, comfort, all, they spurned;
Their fathers' hallowed graves;
And to a world of darkness turned,
Beyond a world of waves.

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When Israel's race from bondage fled,
Signs from on high the wanderers led;
But here — Heaven hung no symbol here,
Their steps to guide, *their* souls to cheer;
They saw, through sorrow's lengthening night,
Nought but the fagot's guilty light;
The cloud they gazed at was the smoke
That round their murdered brethren broke.
A fearful path they trod,
And dared a fearful doom,
To build an altar to their God,
And find a quiet tomb.

They come; — that coming who shall tell?
The eye may weep, the heart may swell,
But the poor tongue in vain essays
A fitting note for them to raise.
We hear the after-shout that rings
For them who smote the power of kings:
The swelling triumph all would share,
But who the dark defeat would dare,
And boldly meet the wrath and woe
That wait the unsuccessful blow?
It were an envied fate, we deem,
To live a land's recorded theme,
When we are in the tomb;
We, too, might yield the joys of home,
And waves of winter darkness roam,
And tread a shore of gloom, —
Knew we those waves, through coming time,
Should roll our names to every clime;
Felt we that millions on that shore
Should stand, our memory to adore.
But no glad vision burst in light
Upon the Pilgrims' aching sight;

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Their hearts no proud hereafter swelled ;
Deep shadows veiled the way they held ;
The yell of vengeance was their trump of fame,
Their monument, a grave without a name.
Yet, strong in weakness, there they stand
On yonder ice-bound rock,
Stern and resolved, that faithful band,
To meet Fate's rudest shock.

In grateful adoration now,
Upon the barren sands they bow.
What tongue e'er woke such prayer
As bursts in desolation there?
What arm of strength e'er wrought such power
As waits to crown that feeble hour?
There into life an infant empire springs!
There falls the iron from the soul ;
There Liberty's young accents roll
Up to the King of kings!
To fair creation's farthest bound
That thrilling summons yet shall sound;
The dreaming nations shall awake,
And to their center earth's old kingdoms shake ;
Pontiff and prince, your sway
Must crumble from that day :
Before the loftier throne of Heaven
The hand is raised, the pledge is given,
One monarch to obey, one creed to own, —
That monarch, God ; that creed, his word alone.

Spread out earth's holiest records here,
Of days and deeds to reverence dear ;
A zeal like this what pious legends tell?
On kingdoms built
In blood and guilt,

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The worshipers of vulgar triumph dwell;
But what exploit with theirs shall page,
Who rose to bless their kind, —
Who left their nation and their age,
Man's spirit to unbind?
Who boundless seas passed o'er,
And boldly met, in every path,
Famine, and frost, and savage wrath,
To dedicate a shore,
Where Piety's meek train might breathe their vow,
And seek their Maker with an unshamed brow;
Where Liberty's glad race might proudly come,
And set up there an everlasting home?

O many a time it hath been told,
The story of these men of old!
For this fair Poetry hath wreathed
Her sweetest, purest flower;
For this proud Eloquence had breathed
His strain of loftiest power;
Devotion, too, hath lingered round
Each spot of consecrated ground,
And hill and valley blessed, —
There, where our banished fathers strayed,
There, where they loved and wept and prayed,
There, where their ashes rest, —
And never may they rest unsung,
While Liberty can find a tongue.
Twine, Gratitude, a wreath for them
More deathless than the diadem,
Who, to life's noblest end,
Gave up life's noblest powers,
And bade the legacy descend
Down, down to us and ours.

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LXXVIII. — WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE following scene is taken from the historical play of "King Henry VIII." Cardinal Wolsey had been prime minister of England, the possessor of enormous wealth and unbounded power, but, in losing the favor of the king, had lost all. Cromwell was a friend and member of his household, who remained faithful to his benefactor in his fallen fortunes.

WOL. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening — nips his root;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers, in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspéct of princes, and their ruin,*
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. —

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

CROM. I have no power to speak, sir.

* That is, the ruin which princes inflict.

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WOL. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, and you weep
I am fallen indeed.

CROM. How does your grace?

WOL. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me, —
I humbly thank his grace, — and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, — too much honor.
O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

CROM. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

WOL. I hope I have. I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

CROM. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

WOL. God bless him!

CROM. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.

WOL. That 's somewhat sudden;
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness's favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

CROM. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

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WOL. That 's news, indeed.

CROM. Last, that the Lady Anne,*
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

WOL. There was the weight that pulled me down! O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever!
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor, fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king:
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

CROM. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
Forever, and forever, shall be yours.

WOL. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

* Anne Boleyn, the second wife of King Henry VIII.

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And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of — say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey — that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor —
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels: how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty:
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And — Prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's; my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

CROM. Good sir, have patience.

WOL. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

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LXXIX. — DANGERS TO OUR REPUBLIC.

HORACE MANN.

THE following is an extract from an oration delivered July 4, 1842, before the authorities of Boston.

BEHOLD, on this side, crowding to the polls, and even candidates for the highest offices in the gift of the people, are men whose hands are red with a brother's blood, slain in private quarrel! Close pressing upon these urges onward a haughty band glittering in wealth; but, for every flash that gleams from jewel and diamond, a father, a mother, and helpless children have been stolen, and sold into ransomless bondage.

Invading their ranks, struggles forward a troop of riotous incendiaries, who have hitherto escaped the retributions of law, and would now annihilate the law whose judgments they fear. Behind these pours on, tumultuous, the chaotic rout of atheism; and yonder dashes forward a sea of remorseless life, — thousands and ten thousands, — condemned by the laws of God and man.

In all the dread catalogue of mortal sins, there is not one but, in that host, there are hearts which have willed and hands which have perpetrated it.

The gallows has spared its victim, the prison has released its tenants; from dark cells, where malice had brooded, where revenge and robbery had held their nightly rehearsals, the leprous multitude is disgorged, and comes up to the ballot-box to foredoom the destinies of this nation.

But look again, on the other side, at that deep and dense array of ignorance, whose limits the eye cannot discover. Its van leans against us here, its rear is beyond the distant hills. They, too, in this hour of their coun-

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try's peril, have come up to turn the folly of which they are unconscious into measures which they cannot understand, by votes which they cannot read. Nay more, and worse! for, from the ranks of crime, emissaries are sallying forth towards the ranks of ignorance, and hying to and fro amongst them, shouting the war-cries of faction, and flaunting banners with lying symbols, such as cheat the eye of a mindless brain; and thus the hosts of crime are to lead on the hosts of ignorance in their assault upon Liberty and Law!

What now shall be done to save the citadel of freedom, where are treasured all the hopes of posterity? Or, if we can survive the peril of such a day, what shall be done to prevent the next generation from sending forth still more numerous hordes, afflicted with deeper blindness and incited by darker depravity?

Are there any here who would counsel us to save the people from themselves, by wresting from their hands this formidable right of ballot? Better for the man who would propose this remedy to an infuriated multitude, that he should stand in the lightning's path as it descends from heaven to earth.

And answer me this question, you who would reconquer for the few the power which has been won by the many, — you who would disfranchise the common mass of mankind, and recondemn them to become Helots and bondmen and feudal serfs, — tell me were they again in the power of your castes, would you not again neglect them, again oppress them, again make them slaves?

Tell me, you royalists and hierarchs, or advocates of royalty and hierarchy, were the poor and the ignorant again in your power, to be tasked and tithed at your pleasure, would you not turn another Ireland into paupers, and colonize another Botany Bay with criminals?

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O, better, far better, that the atheist and the blasphemer, and he who, since the last setting sun, has dyed his hands in parricide, or his soul in sacrilege, should challenge equal political power with the wisest and the best!

Better that these blind Samsons, in the wantonness of their gigantic strength, should tear down the pillars of the Republic, than that the great lesson which Heaven, for six thousand years, has been teaching to the world, should be lost upon it, — the lesson that the intellectual and moral nature of man is the one thing precious in the sight of God, and therefore that, until this nature is cultivated and enlightened and purified, neither opulence nor power, nor learning nor genius, nor domestic sanctity nor the holiness of God's altars, can ever be safe.

Until the immortal and godlike capacities of every being that comes into the world are deemed more worthy, are watched more tenderly, than any other thing, no dynasty of men, or form of government, can stand or shall stand upon the face of the earth; and the force or the fraud which would seek to uphold them shall be but "as fetters of flax to bind the flame."

LXXX. — HALLOWED GROUND.

CAMPBELL.

WHAT 's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

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Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He 's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws.
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven! but Heaven rebukes my zeal.
O God above!
The cause of Truth and human weal,
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not:
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See moldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt
That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chant.

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The ticking woodworm mock thee, man!
Thy temples — creeds themselves grow wan,
But there 's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban, —
Its space is Heaven!

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard in the pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?
Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time;
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

What 's hallowed ground? 'T is what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth! —
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground!

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LXXXI. — THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

AYTOUN.

THE following extract is from the "Lays of the Scotch Cavaliers," a collection of stirring ballads illustrating the history of Scotland.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was executed in Edinburgh, May 21, 1650, for an attempt to overthrow the power of the Commonwealth, and restore Charles II. The ballad is a narrative of the event, supposed to be related by an aged Highlander, who had followed Montrose throughout his campaigns, to his grandson, Evan Cameron. Lochaber is a district of Scotland in the southwestern part of the county of Inverness. Dundee is a seaport town in the county of Forfar. Inverlochy was a castle in Inverness-shire. Montrose was betrayed by a man named MacLeod of Assynt. Dunedin is the Gaelic name for Edinburgh. Warristoun was Archibald Johnston of Warristoun, an inveterate enemy of Montrose.

COME hither, Evan Cameron! Come, stand beside my knee:
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea;
There 's shouting on the mountain-side, there 's war within the blast,
Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past;
I hear the pibroch* wailing amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.

'T was I that led the Highland host through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down to battle with Montrose.
I 've told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy's shore.
I 've told thee how we swept Dundee, and tamed the Lindsay's pride;
But never have I told thee yet how the Great Marquis died!

* An air played on the bagpipe before the Highlanders, when they go out to battle.

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A traitor sold him to his foes, — O deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's name, —
Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by armèd men, —
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff down.

They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there, and not an unarmed man.
They set him high upon a cart, — the hangman rode below, —
They drew his hands behind his back, and bared his noble brow:
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash, they cheered, — the common throng, —
And blew the note with yell and shout, and bade him pass along.

But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye,
The rabble rout forbore to shout, and each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him now turned aside and wept.

Had I been there with sword in hand, and fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets had pealed the slogan* cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse, nor might of mailèd men,
Not all the rebels in the South, had borne us backwards then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him there.

* The war-cry of a clan.

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It might not be. They placed him next within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet on that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place where good men sat before.
With savage glee came Warristoun to read the murderous doom,
And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of the room.

Now by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross that waves above us there, —
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath, and O, that such should be!
By that dark stream of royal blood that lies 'twixt you and me, —
I have not sought in battle-field a wreath of such renown,
Nor hoped I, on my dying day, to win a martyr's crown!

The morning dawned full darkly, the rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt lit up the gloomy town:
The thunder crashed across the heaven, the fatal hour was come,
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat, the 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below, and anger in the sky,
Ann young and old, and rich and poor, came forth to see him die.

Ah God! that ghastly gibbet! how dismal 't is to see
The great, tall, spectral skeleton, the ladder, and the tree!
Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms, the bells begin to toll, —
He is coming! he is coming! God's mercy on his soul!
One last long peal of thunder, — the clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down amidst the dazzling day.

He is coming! he is coming! — Like a bridegroom from his room
Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the doom.

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There was glory on his forehead, there was luster in his eye,
And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die:
There was color in his visage, though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marveled as they saw him pass, that great and goodly man!

A beam of light fell o'er him, like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder, as it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning thunder roll,
And no man dared to look aloft, for fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound, a hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky, — the work of death was done!

LXXXII. — AMERICAN NATIONALITY.

CHOATE.

RUFUS CHOATE was born in Essex, Massachusetts, October 1, 1799; and died July 13, 1859. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1819, and admitted to the bar in 1824. He practiced his profession first at Danvers, then at Salem, and for the last twenty-five years of his life at Boston. He was chosen to the House of Representatives in 1832, and served there a single term. He was a member of the Senate from February, 1841, to March, 1845. He was a brilliant and eloquent advocate, with unrivaled power over a jury, a thoroughly instructed lawyer, and a scholar of wide range and various cultivation. His writings, consisting of lectures, addresses, and speeches, are distinguished by a combination of logical power and imaginative splendor. The following extract is from an oration delivered in Boston on the eighty-second anniversary of American Independence, July 5, 1858.

BUT now, by the side of this and all antagonisms higher than they, stronger than they, there rises colossal the fine, sweet spirit of nationality, — the nationality of America. See there the pillar of fire which God has kindled, and lifted, and moved, for our hosts and our ages. Gaze on that, worship that, worship the highest in that.

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Between that light and our eyes a cloud for a time may seem to gather; chariots, armed men on foot, the troops of kings, may march on us, and our fears may make us for a moment turn from it; a sea may spread before us, and waves seem to hedge us up; dark idolatries may alienate some hearts for a season from that worship; revolt, rebellion, may break out in the camp, and the waters of our springs may run bitter to the taste, and mock it; between us and that Canaan a great river may seem to be rolling: but beneath that high guidance our way is onward, ever onward.

Those waters shall part, and stand on either hand in heaps; that idolatry shall repent; that rebellion shall be crushed; that stream shall be sweetened; that overflowing river shall be passed on foot, dry-shod, in harvest-time; and from that promised land of flocks, fields, tents, mountains, coasts, and ships, from north and south, and east and west, there shall swell one cry yet of victory, peace, and thanksgiving!

But we were seeking the nature of the spirit of nationality, and we pass in this inquiry from contrast to analysis. You may call it, in one aspect, a mode of contemplating the nation in its essence, and so far it is an intellectual conception; and you may call it a feeling towards the nation thus contemplated, and so far it is an emotion. In the intellectual exercise, it contemplates the nation as it is one, and as it is distinguished from all other nations; and in the emotional exercise it loves it, and is proud of it, as thus it is contemplated.

This you may call its ultimate analysis. But how much more is included in it! How much flows from it! How cold and inadequate is such a description, if we leave it there! Think of it first as a state of consciousness, as

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a spring of feeling, as a motive to exertion, as blessing your country, and as reacting on you! Think of it as it fills your mind and quickens your heart, and as it fills the mind and quickens the heart of millions around you!

Instantly, under such an influence, you ascend above the smoke and stir of this small local strife; you tread upon the high places of the earth and of history; you think and feel as an American for America; her power, her eminence, her consideration, her honor, are yours; your competitors, like hers, are kings; your home, like hers, is the world; your path, like hers, is on the highway of empires; your charge, her charge, is of generations and ages; your record, her record, is of treaties, battles, voyages, beneath all the constellations; her image, one, immortal, golden, rises on your eye as our western star at evening rises on the traveler from his home; no lowering cloud, no angry river, no lingering spring, no broken crevasse, no inundated city or plantation, no tracts of sand, arid and burning on that surface, but all blended and softened into one beam of kindred rays, the image, harbinger, and promise of love, hope, and a brighter day!

But if you would contemplate nationality as an active virtue, look around you. Is not our own history one witness and one record of what it can do? This day and all which it stands for, — did it not give us these? This glory of the fields of that war, this eloquence of that revolution, this one wide sheet of flame, which wrapped tyrant and tyranny, and swept all that escaped from it away, forever and forever; the courage to fight, to retreat, to rally, to advance, to guard the young flag by the young arm and the young heart's blood, to hold up and hold on, till the magnificent consummation crowned the work, —

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were not all these imparted or inspired by this imperial sentiment?

Has it not here begun the master-work of man, the creation of a national life? Did it not call out that prodigious development of wisdom, the wisdom of constructiveness which illustrated the years after the war, and the framing and adopting of the Constitution? Has it not, in general, contributed to the administering of that government wisely and well since?

Look at it! It has kindled us to no aims of conquest. It has involved us in no entangling alliances. It has kept our neutrality dignified and just. The victories of peace have been our prized victories. But the larger and truer grandeur of the nations, for which they are created, and for which they must one day, before some tribunal, give account, what a measure of these it has enabled us already to fulfill! It has lifted us to the throne, and has set on our brow the name of the Great Republic. It has taught us to demand nothing wrong, and to submit to nothing wrong; it has made our diplomacy sagacious, wary, and accomplished; it has opened the iron gate of the mountain, and planted our ensign on the great tranquil sea.

It has made the desert to bud and blossom as the rose; it has quickened to life the giant brood of useful arts; it has whitened lake and ocean with the sails of a daring, new, and lawful trade; it has extended to exiles, flying as clouds, the asylum of our better liberty.

It has kept us at rest within all our borders; it has repressed without blood the intemperance of local insubordination; it has scattered the seeds of liberty, under law and under order, broadcast; it has seen and helped American feeling to swell into a fuller flood; from many a field and many a deck, though it seeks not war, makes not

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war, and fears not war, it has borne the radiant flag, all unstained; it has opened our age of lettered glory; it has opened and honored the age of the industry of the people!

LXXXIII. — THE RISING IN 1776.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, March 12, 1822. He is a portrait-painter by profession, but has published several volumes of poetry, among which are many pieces of decided merit. He has also edited a work entitled "Specimens of the Female Poets of America."

OUT of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

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How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might, —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;

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When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause, —
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers,
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door —
The warrior priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! War! War!"

"Who dares" — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came —
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,

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For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "*I!*"

LXXXIV. — GOD.

DERZHAVIN.

GABRIEL ROMANOVITCH DERZHAVIN, a Russian lyrical poet, was born in Kasan, July 3, 1743; and died July 6, 1816. He gained distinction in the military and civil service of his country, and was made Secretary of State in 1791 by Catherine II. The following poem has been translated, not only into many European languages, but into those of China and Japan. It is said to have been hung up in the palace of the Emperor of China, printed in gold letters on white satin. Sir John Bowring, in his "Specimens of the Russian Poets," published in 1821, was the first person who made the readers of England and America acquainted with the writings of Derzhavin and other Russian poets.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide:
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:
Embracing all, — supporting, — ruling o'er, —
Being whom we call God, — and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep, — may count
The sands or the sun's rays, — but God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

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Thou from primeval nothingness didst call,
First chaos, then existence: Lord! on thee
Eternity had its foundation: all
Sprung forth from thee: of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin: all life, all beauty thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee:
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light, —
A glorious company of golden streams, —
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright, —
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost.
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what am *I* then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed

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In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance; weighed
Against thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity! O, what am I then? Naught!

Naught! yet the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! yet I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards thy presence; for in thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely *thou* must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth.
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit, — Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here? and how so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

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Creator, yes! thy wisdom and thy word
Created *me!* thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source, — to thee, its Author there

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good!
Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

LXXXV. — AROUND YOSEMITE WALLS.

CLARENCE KING.

LATE in the afternoon of October 5, 1864, a party of us reached the edge of Yosemite,* and, looking down into the valley, saw that the summer haze had been banished from the region by autumnal frosts and wind. We looked in the gulf through air as clear as a vacuum, discerning small objects upon valley-floor and cliff-front.

That splendid afternoon shadow which divides the face of El Capitan was projected far up and across the valley, cutting it in halves, — one a mosaic of russets and yellows

* Pronounced Yō-sĕm'i-te.

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with dark pine and glimpse of white river; the other a cobalt-blue zone, in which the familiar groves and meadows were suffused with shadow-tones.

It is hard to conceive a more pointed contrast than this same view in October and June. Then, through a slumberous yet transparent atmosphere, you look down upon emerald freshness of green, upon arrowy rush of swollen river, and here and there, along pearly cliffs, as from the clouds, tumbles white, silver dust of cataracts. The voice of full soft winds swells up over rustling leaves, and, pulsating, throbs like the beating of far-off surf. All stern sublimity, all geological terribleness, are veiled away behind magic curtains of cloud-shadow and broken light. Misty brightness, glow of cliff and sparkle of foam, wealth of beautiful details, the charm of pearl and emerald, cool gulfs of violet shade stretching back in deep recesses of the walls, — these are the features which lie under the June sky.

Now all that has gone. The shattered fronts of walls stand out sharp and terrible, sweeping down in broken crag and cliff to a valley whereon the shadow of autumnal death has left its solemnity. There is no longer an air of beauty. In this cold, naked strength, one who has crowded on him the geological record of mountain work, of granite plateau suddenly rent asunder, of the slow, imperfect manner in which Nature has vainly striven to smooth her rough work, and bury the ruins with thousands of years' accumulation of soil and *débris.**

Already late, we hurried to descend the trail, and were still following it when darkness overtook us; but the animals were so well acquainted with every turn, that we found no difficulty in continuing our way to Longhurst's house, and here we camped for the night.

* *Débris* (dā-brē'), fragments detached from the summits and sides of mountains.

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By night we had climbed to the top of the northern wall, camping at the head-waters of a small brook, named by emotional Mr. Hutchings, I believe, the Virgin's Tears. A charming camp-ground was formed by bands of russet meadow wandering in vistas through a stately forest of dark green fir-trees unusually feathered to the base. Little mahogany-colored pools surrounded with sphagnum* lay in the meadows, offering pleasant contrast of color. Our camp-ground was among clumps of thick firs, which completely walled in the fire, and made close overhanging shelters for table and beds.

The rock under us was one sheer sweep of thirty-two hundred feet; upon its face we could trace the lines of fracture and all prominent lithological changes. Directly beneath, outspread like a delicately tinted chart, lay the lovely park of Yosemite, winding in and out about the solid white feet of precipices which sunk into it on either side; its sunlit surface invaded by the shadow of the south wall; its spires of pine, open expanses of buff and drab meadow, and families of umber oaks, rising as background for the vivid green river-margin and flaming orange masses of frosted cottonwood foliage.

Deep in front, the Bridal-Veil Brook made its way through the bottom of an open gorge, and plunged off the edge of a thousand-foot cliff, falling in white water-dust and drifting in pale translucent clouds out over the tree-tops of the valley.

Directly opposite us, and forming the other gate-post of the valley's entrance, rose the great mass of Cathedral Rocks, — a group quite suggestive of the Florence Duomo.

But our grandest view was eastward, above the deep sheltered valley and over the tops of those terrible granite

* Pronounced spăg'nụm. A kind of fragrant moss.

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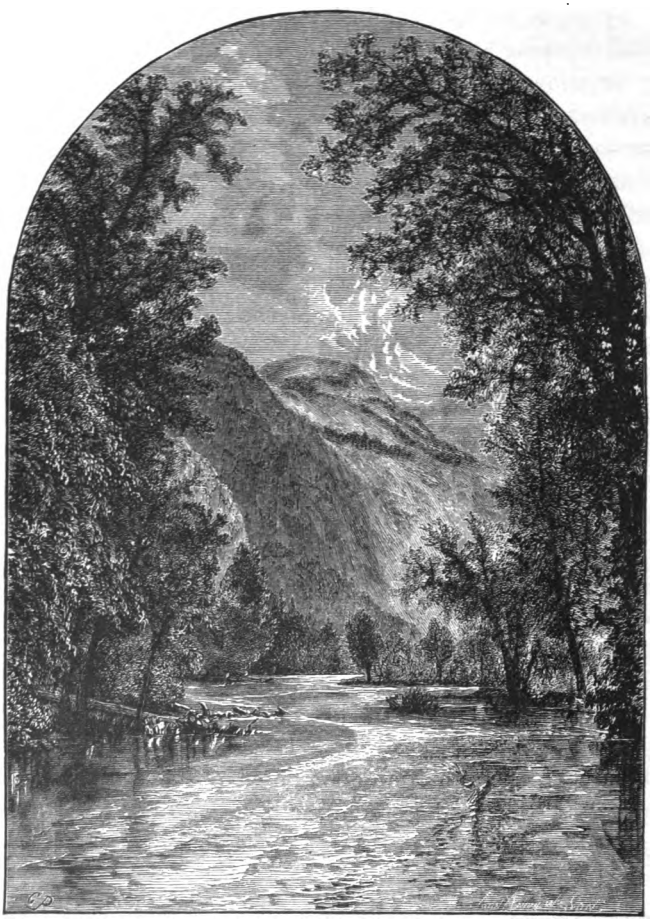

walls, out upon rolling ridges of stone and wonderful granite domes. Nothing in the whole list of irruptive products, except volcanoes themselves, is so wonderful as those domed mountains. They are of every variety of

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conoidal form, having horizontal sections accurately elliptical, ovoid, or circular, and profiles varying from such semicircles as the cap behind the Sentinel to the graceful infinite curves of the North Dome. Above and beyond these, stretch back long bare ridges connecting with sunny summit peaks.

The whole region is one solid granite mass, with here and there shallow soil layers, and a thin variable forest, which grows in picturesque mode, defining the leading lines of erosion, as an artist deepens here and there a line to hint at some structural peculiarity.

A complete physical exposure of the range, from summit to base, lay before us. At one extreme stand sharpened peaks, white in fretwork of glistening ice-bank, or black, where tower straight bolts of snowless rock; at the other, stretch away plains smiling with a broad honest brown under autumn sunlight. They are not quite lovable even in distant tranquillity of hue, and just escape being interesting in spite of their familiar rivers and associated belts of oak. Nothing can ever render them quite charming, for, in the startling splendor of flower-clad April, you are surfeited with an embarrassment of beauty, at all other times stunned by their poverty. Not so the summits; forever new, full of individuality, rich in detail, and coloring themselves anew under every cloud-change or hue of heaven, they lay you under their spell.

From them the eye comes back over granite waves and domes to the sharp precipice-edges overhanging Yosemite. We look down those vast, hard, granite fronts, cracked and splintered, scarred and stained, down over gorges crammed with *débris* or dark with files of climbing pines. Lower, the precipice-feet are wrapped in meadow and grove, and beyond, level and sunlit, lies the floor, — that

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smooth river-cut park, with exquisite perfection of finish. An excursion which Cotter and I made to the top of the Three Brothers proved of interest. A half-hour's walk from camp, over rolling granite country, brought us to a ridge which jutted boldly out from the plateau to the edge of the Yosemite wall. Here again we were on the verge of a precipice, this time four thousand two hundred feet high. Beneath us the whole upper half of the valley was as clearly seen as the southern half had been from Capitan. The sinuosities of the Merced, those narrow silvery gleams which indicate the channel of the Yosemite Creek, the broad expanse of meadow, and *débris* trains which had bounded down the Sentinel slope, were all laid out under us, though diminished by immense depth.

The loftiest and most magnificent parts of the walls crowded in a semicircle in front of us; above them the domes, lifted even higher than ourselves, swept down to the precipice-edges. Directly to our left, we overlooked the goblet-like recess into which the Yosemite tumbles, and could see the white torrent leap through its granite lip, disappearing a thousand feet below, hidden from our view by projecting crags; its roar floating up to us, now resounding loudly, and again dying off in faint reverberations, like the sounding of the sea.

I found it extremest pleasure to lie there alone on the dizzy brink, studying the fine sculpture of cliff and crag, and watching that slow grand growth of afternoon shadows. Sunset found me there, still disinclined to stir, and repaid me by a glorious spectacle of color. At this hour there is no more splendid contrast of light and shade than one sees upon the western gateway itself, — dark-shadowed Capitan upon one side, profiled against the sunset

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sky, and the yellow mass of Cathedral Rocks rising opposite in full light, while the valley is divided equally between sunshine and shade. Pine groves and oaks almost black in the shadow are brightened up to clear red-browns where they pass out upon the lighted plain. The Merced, upon its mirror-like expanse, here reflects deep blue from Capitan, and there the warm Cathedral gold.

LXXXVI. — THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

BRYANT.

THIS poem, which appeared originally in "Putnam's Magazine," is one of the most beautiful compositions that ever was written; admirable in sentiment, admirable in expression. From such poetry we learn how much we owe to those poets whose genius is under the control of moral feeling; who make the imagination and the sense of beauty ministering servants at the altar of the highest good and the highest truth.

WITHIN this lowly grave a conqueror lies;
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies, —
Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild-flowers rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mold and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart;

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But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest in mien and mind
Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May;
Yet at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that molders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy east, —
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vultures' feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave;
Alone her task was wrought;
Alone the battle fought;
Through that long strife her constant hope was staid
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore;
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took
Meekly her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain:
With love she vanquished hate, and overcame
Evil with good in her great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies;

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But when she entered at the sapphire gate,
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!
How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung!
And He who, long before,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
The mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat, —
He who, returning glorious from the grave,
Dragged death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
O gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
Consoled, though sad, in hope, and yet in fear!
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun;
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won;
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee;
The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory
That ministered to thee is open still.

LXXXVII. — SONG OF THE GREEKS.

CAMPBELL.

THESE stirring lines were written while the struggle between the Greeks and Turks was going on, which ended in the establishment of Greece as an independent kingdom.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land, — the first garden of Liberty's tree, —
It hath been, and shall yet be, the land of the free;

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For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid? — Be the combat our own!
And we 'll perish or conquer more proudly alone!
For we 've sworn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they 've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we shall be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not:
The sword that we 've drawn we will sheathe not:
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide, waves ingulf, fire consume us;
But they shall not to slavery doom us.
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves:
But we 've smote them already with fire on the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us:
To the charge! — Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day, — shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory? —
Our women, — O, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be who would slacken

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Till we 've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from, and named for, the godlike of earth.
Strike home! — and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion!
Her inlands, her isles of the ocean,
Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine * shall new hallow their Helicon's † spring.
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold, and extinguished in sadness;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms, —
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have crimsoned the beaks of our ravens!

LXXXVIII. — PARENTAL ODE TO MY INFANT SON.

HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD was born in London in 1798, and died in 1845. He was destined for commercial pursuits, and at an early age was placed in a counting-house in his native city. Being of a delicate constitution, his health began to fail; and at the age of fifteen he was sent to Dundee, in Scotland, to reside with some relatives. But his tastes were strongly literary; and at the age of twenty-three he embraced the profession of letters, and began to earn his bread by his pen. His life was one of severe toil, and, from his delicate health and sensitive temperament, of much suffering, always sustained, however, with manly resolution and a cheerful spirit. He wrote much, both in prose and verse. His works consist, for the most part, of collected contributions to magazines and periodicals. His novel of "Tylney Hall" was not very successful. His "Whims and Oddities," of which three volumes were published, and his "Hood's Own," are the most popular of his writings. "Up the Rhine" is the narrative of an imaginary tour in Germany by a family party. "Whimsicalities" is a collection of his contributions to the "New Monthly Magazine," of which he was at one time the editor. At the time of his death he was conducting a periodical called "Hood's Magazine," in which some of his best pieces appear.

Hood was a man of peculiar and original genius, which manifested itself with equal

* The Muses, nine goddesses who presided over the liberal arts.

† A mountain in Greece, sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

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power and ease in humor and pathos. He was a very accurate observer of life and manners. His wit is revealed by a boundless profusion of the quaintest, oddest, and most unexpected combinations; and his humor is marked alike by richness and delicacy. As a punster, he stands without a rival. No one else has given so much expression and character to this inferior form of wit. His serious productions are mostly in the form of verse, and are remarkable for sweetness and tenderness of feeling, exquisite fancy, and finely chosen language. A few of them, such as "The Dream of Eugene Aram," "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," have great power and pathos. In many of his poems the sportive and serious elements are most happily blended. "A Retrospective Review" is a case in point.

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop — first let me kiss away that tear) —
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he 's poking peas into his ear) —
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin —
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!) —

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he 'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he 'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents — (stop the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub — but of earth!
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(The dog will bite him if he pulls his tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,

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(Another tumble — that 's his precious nose !)
Thy father's pride and hope !
(He 'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic love !
(He 'll have that jug off with another shove !)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !
(Are those torn clothes his best ?)
Little epitome of man !
(He 'll climb upon the table — that 's his plan !)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He 's got a knife !)
Thou enviable being !
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John !
Toss the light ball — bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)

Thou pretty opening rose !
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth !)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar !)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove —
(I tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he 's sent above !)

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LXXXIX. — LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO AMERICA IN 1825.

JOSIAH QUINCY.

JOSIAH QUINCY, JR., was born in Boston, January 17, 1802; and was graduated at Harvard University in 1821. He has been President of the Massachusetts Senate, President of the Common Council of Boston, and Mayor of the city. He has written much in favor of social and commercial reforms.

The following is an extract from an Address delivered in Boston, June 17, 1874, at an entertainment in aid of the Washington Medallion Fund.

FORTY-NINE years ago I had the privilege, in my capacity as aid to Governor Lincoln, to stand next to General Lafayette when he laid the corner-stone of the Monument on Bunker Hill. It is impossible for persons of this generation to realize the enthusiasm with which his return was greeted; all knew that when he applied, in 1776, to our commissioners in Paris, for a passage in the first ship they should despatch to America, they were obliged to answer him that they possessed not the means or the credit sufficient for providing a single vessel in all the ports of France. "Then," exclaimed the youthful hero, "I will provide my own." And it is a literal fact, that when all America was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to her shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of a home where domestic happiness, wealth, and honor awaited him, to plunge in the blood and dust of our inauspicious struggle.

And his reappearance, after an absence of forty years, was almost as if his friend George Washington had returned on the scene. On the 15th of June, after having, in four months, traveled over five thousand miles, and visited the country from Maine to Florida, and received the homage of our sixteen Republics, — a fact, before the invention of railways, almost without a parallel, — La-

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fayette reached Boston to witness the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill.

The day dawned with uncommon splendor. The State of Massachusetts had made an appropriation to pay the expenses of every soldier of the Revolution who reported himself on that day; and almost every survivor of that venerable band, who resided in New England, had availed himself of her bounty. From my official relations, I witnessed the meeting of these veterans. They had parted nearly half a century before. Their subsequent lot in life, or even their continued existence, had been to each other unknown. They met and recognized one another with almost the feelings of boys. The recollections of the past pressed upon their memories; and the flame of life that had become almost dormant in their bosoms flashed out with its early brightness before it expired.

Forty years before, their patriot souls had scorned the advice not to disband until the nation had paid for their services, and they left the army poor, and, from their military experiences, unfitted to prosper in the usual avocations of life. The visit of Lafayette, and the recognition through him and with him of their services, was to them like the breaking out of the setting sun after a day of storms, revealing the beauty of the land for which they had suffered, and giving them the hope of a brighter to-morrow.

The Masonic and military show of the procession had never been surpassed, but the great interest of the scene arose from the presence of the survivors of the army of the Revolution. Of these, two hundred officers and soldiers led the way, and forty, who had fought at Bunker Hill, followed in carriages. Lafayette was the only staff officer of that venerable band; and seven captains, three lieutenants, and one ensign constituted all the other officers that remained.

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The first exercise of the day had a peculiar interest. The occasion was of course to be consecrated by prayer and the venerable Joseph Thaxter, chaplain of Prescott's own regiment, rose to officiate. Fifty years before he had stood upon that spot, and in the presence of many for whom that morning sun should know no setting, called upon Him, who can save by many or by few, for his aid in the approaching struggle. His presence brought the scene vividly to our view.

In imagination, we could almost hear the thunder of the broadsides that ushered in that eventful morning. We could almost see Prescott and Warren and their gallant host pausing from their labors to listen to an invocation to Him before whom many before nightfall were to appear. We could almost realize what thoughts must have filled the minds of patriots before that first decisive conflict. Since then, everything had changed, except the Being before whom we bowed. He alone is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

The prayer was followed by a hymn, written by Mr. Pierpont, which, sung by the vast multitude to the tune of Old Hundred, produced a thrilling effect: —

"O, is not this a holy spot!
'Tis the high place of freedom's birth: —
God of our fathers! is it not
The holiest spot on all the earth?

"Quenched is thy flame on Horeb's side,
The robbers roam o'er Sinai now,
And those old men, thy seers, abide
No more on Zion's mournful brow.

"But on this spot, thou, Lord, hast dwelt
Since round its head the war-cloud curled,
And wrapped our fathers, where they knelt
In prayer and battle for a world.

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"Here sleeps their dust: 't is holy ground,
And we, the children of the brave,
From the four winds have gathered round
To lay our offering on their grave.

"Free as the winds that round us blow,
Free as yon waves before us spread,
We rear a pile, that long shall throw
Its shadow on their sacred bed.

"But on their deeds no shade shall fall
While o'er their couch thy sun shall flame.
Thine ear was bowed to hear their call,
And thy right hand shall guard their fame."

XC. — PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, D. D.

WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, D. D., an American clergyman, was born in the city of New York, October 14, 1804. He was graduated at Columbia College in 1822. He studied law and was admitted to practice, but soon after embraced the clerical profession, and was settled in 1831 over the Baptist congregation in Amity Street, New York, where he has since resided. He has published "Lectures on the Lord's Prayer," "Religious Progress," and a volume of miscellaneous addresses.

He has a high reputation as an earnest and eloquent preacher of the gospel.

THE world is filled with the countless and interlacing filaments of influence, which spread from individual to individual, over the whole face and framework of society. The infant, wailing and helpless in the arms of his mother, already wields an influence felt through the whole household, his fretfulness disturbing or his serene smiles gladdening that entire home. And as, with added years, his faculties are expanded, and the sphere of his activity widens itself, his influence increases. Every man whom he meets, much more whom he molds and governs, becomes the more happy or the more wretched, the better or the worse, according to the character of his spirit and example.

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Nor can he strip from himself this influence. If he flee away from the society of his fellows to dwell alone in the wilderness, he leaves behind him the example of neglected duty, and the memory of disregarded love, to afflict the family he has abandoned. Even in the pathless desert, he finds his own feet caught in the torn and entangled web of influence that bound him to society; and its cords remain wherever he was once known, sending home to the hearts that twined around him sorrow and pain. Nor can the possessor of it expect it to go down into the grave with him. The sepulcher may have closed in silence over him, and his name may have perished from among men; yet his influence, nameless as it is, and untraceable by human eye, is floating over the face of society.

No man leaves the world in all things such as he found it. The habits which he was instrumental in forming may go on from century to century, an heirloom for good or for evil, doing their work of misery or of happiness, blasting or blessing the country that has now lost all record of his memory. In the case of some, this influence is most sensible.

Every age beholds and owns their power. And thus it is, that, although centuries have rolled their intervening tide between the age of their birth and our own, and the empires under which they flourished have long since moldered away from the soil whence they sprung, and the material frame of the author himself has been trampled down into undistinguishable dust, the writers of classical antiquity are still living and laboring among us. The glorious dreams of Plato still float before the eye of the metaphysician, and the genius of Homer tinges with its own light the whole firmament of modern invention.

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Nor, unhappily, is this all. Corruption is yet oozing out, in lessons of profligacy and atheism, from the pages of an Ovid and a Lucretius, and, as if from their graves, streams forth the undecaying rankness of vice and falsehood, although the dominion of the world has long since passed from the halls of their Cæsars, and the very language they employed has died away from the lips of man.

The Church yet feels, throughout all lands, the influence of the thoughts that passed, in the solitude of midnight, through the bosom of Paul, as he sat in the shadows of his prison, a lone, unbefriended man, — thoughts which, lifting his manacled hand, he spread in his epistles before the eyes of men, there to remain forever. It feels yet the effect of the pious meditations of David, when roaming on the hillside a humble shepherd lad, of the family piety of Abraham, and of the religious nurture that trained up the infancy of Moses. Every nation is affected at this moment by the moral power that emanated from the despised Noah, as that preacher of righteousness sat among his family, perhaps dejected and faint from unsuccessful toil, teaching them to call upon God when all the families of the earth beside had forgotten him.

And if the mind, taking its flight from the narrow precincts of these walls, were to wander abroad along the peopled highways and to the farthest hamlets of our own land, and, passing the seas to traverse distant realms and barbarous coasts, every man whom its travels met, nay, every being of human mould that has ever trodden this earth in earlier ages, or is now to be found among its moving myriads, has felt or is feeling the influence of the thoughts of a solitary woman, who, centuries ago, stood debating the claims of conscience and of sin, amid the verdant glories of the yet unforfeited Paradise.

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XCI. — SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

CHATHAM.

WILLIAM PITT, Earl of Chatham, was born in Boconnoc, in the county of Cornwall, England, November 15, 1708; and died at Hayes, in Kent, May 11, 1778. He entered the House of Commons in 1735, became Secretary of State, and substantially Prime Minister, in December, 1756; and continued to hold this office, with a brief interval, till October, 1761. In 1766 he received the office of Lord Privy Seal, and was elevated to the peerage with the title of Earl of Chatham. He resigned the Privy Seal in 1768, and subsequently took a leading part in many popular questions.

Chatham's name is one of the most illustrious in English history. Dr. Franklin said that in the course of his life he had sometimes seen eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom without eloquence; in Lord Chatham alone had he seen both united. His eloquence, vivid, impetuous, and daring, was aided by uncommon personal advantages, — a commanding presence, an eye of fire, and a voice of equal sweetness and power. His character was lofty, his private life was spotless, and his motives high. His temper was somewhat wayward, and he was impatient of opposition or contradiction. His memory is cherished with peculiar reverence in our country, because of his earnest and consistent support of the rights of the Colonies against the measures of Lord North's administration.

The following speech was delivered in the House of Lords, November 18, 1777. The king had opened the session of Parliament with a speech from the throne, recommending a further and more energetic prosecution of the war to reduce the American Colonies to submission. To the address in reply to this speech, and simply echoing its sentiments, Chatham offered an amendment, proposing an immediate cessation of hostilities, and adequate measures of conciliation. The birth of the Princess Sophia, one of the daughters of George III., had recently taken place, and was alluded to in the address.

I RISE, my lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. It has imposed a load upon my mind, which, I fear, nothing can remove, but which impels me to endeavor its alleviation, by a free and unreserved communication of my sentiments.

In the first part of the address I have the honor of heartily concurring with the noble earl who moved it. No man feels sincerer joy than I do; none can offer more genuine congratulations on every accession of strength to the Protestant succession. I therefore join in every congratulation on the birth of another princess, and the happy recovery of her Majesty.

But I must stop here. My courtly complaisance will

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carry me no further. I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves and endeavors to sanctify the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail, — cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display in its full danger and true colors the ruin that is brought to our doors.

This, my lords, is our duty. It is the proper function of this noble assembly, sitting, as we do, upon our honors in this house, the hereditary council of the Crown. Who is the minister, where is the minister, that has dared to suggest to the Throne the contrary, unconstitutional language this day delivered from it? The accustomed language from the Throne has been application to Parliament for advice, and a reliance on its constitutional advice and assistance. As it is the right of Parliament to give, so it is the duty of the Crown to ask it. But on this day, and in this extreme momentous exigency, no reliance is reposed on our constitutional counsels! no advice is asked from the sober and enlightened care of Parliament! But the Crown, from itself and by itself, declares an unalterable determination to pursue measures, — and what measures, my lords? The measures that have produced the imminent perils that threaten us; the measures that have brought ruin to our doors.

Can the minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty as to

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be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other? To give an unlimited credit and support for the steady perseverance in measures not proposed for our Parliamentary advice, but dictated and forced upon us, — in measures, I say, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing Empire to ruin and contempt? "But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now none so poor to do her reverence." I use the words of a poet; but, though it be poetry, it is no fiction. It is a shameful truth that not only the power and strength of this country are wasting away and expiring, but her well-earned glories, her true honor, and substantial dignity are sacrificed.

France, my lords, has insulted you; she has encouraged and sustained America; and, whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn at the officious insult of French interference. The ministers and ambassadors of those who are called rebels and enemies are in Paris; in Paris they transact the reciprocal interests of America and France. Can there be a more mortifying insult? Can even our ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace? Do they dare to resent it? Do they presume even to hint a vindication of their honor, and the dignity of the state, by requiring the dismission of the plenipotentiaries of America? Such is the degradation to which they have reduced the glories of England!

The people whom they affect to call contemptible rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies; the people with whom they have engaged this country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility, — this people, despised as rebels, or ac-

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knowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy, and our ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect! Is this the honor of a great kingdom? Is this the indignant spirit of England, who "but yesterday" gave law to the house of Bourbon? My lords, the dignity of nations demands a decisive conduct in a situation like this.

My lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. I love and honor the English troops. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility.

You cannot, I venture to say, you cannot conquer America. Your armies in the last war effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general (Lord Amherst), now a noble lord in this house, a long and laborious campaign to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps total loss, of the Northern force, the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the

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American lines. He was obliged to relinquish his attempt, and with great delay and danger to adopt a new and distinct plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my lords, I repeat, it is impossible.

You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly, pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow, traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign despot, your efforts are forever vain and impotent, — doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, — never, — never, — never.

XCII. — ALPINE SCENERY.

BYRON.

ABOVE me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche, — the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

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Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake
With the wide world I 've dwelt in is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction: once I loved
Torn ocean's roar; but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night; and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveler, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill;
But that is fancy: for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love distill,
Weeping themselves away till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
If, in your bright leaves, we would read the fate
Of men and empires, — 't is to be forgiven,
That, in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,

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And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

The sky is changed! and such a change! O Night
And Storm and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! — not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: — Most glorious night,
Thou wert not sent for slumber; let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, — a phosphoric sea, —
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 't is black; and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye,
With night and clouds and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful: — the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knell
Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest.
But where, of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

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The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb, —
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence; and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman, may find room,
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

XCIII. — THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

HORACE GREELEY.

HORACE GREELEY was born in Amherst, New Hampshire, in 1811. Obliged by his father's poverty to rely on his own resources, he began at the age of fifteen to learn the art of printing. After four years in a newspaper office in Vermont, he sought employment in the city of New York, where he arrived in August, 1831. It was with difficulty that he obtained work; for the personal appearance and manners of the poor boy were not particularly attractive, and he was entirely without friends in the metropolis.

But his indomitable energy and industry overcame all obstacles. Successively he published "The Morning Post," "The New-Yorker," "The Jeffersonian," "The Log-Cabin," and "The New York Tribune," and finally became recognized as the foremost of American journalists. The influence which he exerted, first as a Whig, and afterwards as a Republican, was great. A self-made man, his sympathy with the toiling masses was intense. His great theme, though stated with a hundred varying titles, was the emancipation of labor and the elevation of the laboring man.

In 1872 he was the candidate of the Liberal Republicans and Democrats for the Presidency of the United States. His campaign speeches, which were very numerous, were characterized by extraordinary scope, vigor, and fertility of thought. He survived his defeat but a few weeks.

Among his published works are "Hints toward Reforms," "Recollections of a Busy Life," "Glances at Europe," and "The American Conflict." The chief characteristics of his style are clearness, conciseness, and a fiery energy. The following extract, showing that he was not lacking in grace or tenderness of sentiment, forms the closing pages of his "Glances at Europe."

BUT I must not linger. The order to embark is given; our good ship Baltic is ready; another hour and I shall have left England and this Continent, proba-

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bly forever. With a fervent good-by to the friends I leave on this side of the Atlantic, I turn my steps gladly and proudly toward my own loved western home, — toward the land wherein man enjoys larger opportunities than elsewhere to develop the better and the worse aspects of his nature, and where evil and good have a freer course, a wider arena for their inevitable struggles, than is allowed them among the heavy fetters and cast-iron forms of this rigid and wrinkled Old World.

Doubtless, those struggles will long be arduous and trying; doubtless, the dictates of duty will there often bear sternly away from the halcyon bowers of popularity; doubtless, he who would be singly and wholly right must there encounter ordeals as severe as those which here try the souls of the would-be champions of progress and liberty. But political freedom, such as white men enjoy in the United States, and the mass do not enjoy in Europe, not even in Britain, is a basis for confident and well-grounded hope; the running stream, though turbid, tends ever to self-purification; the obstructed, stagnant pool grows daily more dank and loathsome.

Believing most firmly in the ultimate and perfect triumph of good over evil, I rejoice in the existence and diffusion of that liberty which, while it intensifies the contest, accelerates the consummation. Neither blind to her errors, nor a pander to her vices, I rejoice to feel that every hour henceforth, till I see her shores, must lessen the distance which divides me from my country, whose advantages and blessings this four months' absence has taught me to appreciate more clearly and to prize more deeply than before.

With a glow of unwonted rapture I see our stately vessel's prow turned toward the setting sun, and strive

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to realize that only some ten days separate me from those I know and love best on earth. Hark! the last gun announces that the mail-boat has left us, and that we are fairly afloat on our ocean journey; the shores of Europe recede from our vision; the watery waste is all around us; and now, with God above and death below, our gallant bark and her clustered company together brave the dangers of the mighty deep. May infinite mercy watch over our onward path and bring us safely to our several homes; for to die away from home and kindred seems one of the saddest calamities that could befall me.

This mortal tenement would rest uneasily in an ocean shroud; this spirit reluctantly resign that tenement to the chill and pitiless brine; these eyes close regretfully on the stranger skies and bleak inhospitality of the sullen and stormy main. No! let me see once more the scenes so well remembered and beloved; let me grasp, if but once again, the hand of friendship and hear the thrilling accents of proved affection, and when, sooner or later, the hour of mortal agony shall come, let my last gaze be fixed on eyes that will not forget me when I am gone, and let my ashes repose in that congenial soil which, however I may there be esteemed or hated, is still

"My own green land forever!"

XCIV.—THE HERITAGE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold;
And he inherits soft, white hands,

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And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn;
Some breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft, white hands would hardly earn
A living that would suit his turn;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants:
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things;
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit;
Content that from employment springs;
A heart that in his labor sings;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

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What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it;
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft, white hands;
That is the best crop from the lands;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son, scorn not thy state!
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God;
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

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XCV.—JENNY LIND'S GREETINGS TO AMERICA.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

BAYARD TAYLOR was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1825. At the age of twenty-one he suddenly became well known by his published record of a tour through Europe, entitled "Views Afoot; or, Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff." In 1849 he became one of the editors of the "New York Tribune," to which he contributed a series of letters descriptive of his experience in Europe. "El Dorado; or, Adventures in the Path of Empire," published in 1850, an interesting account of his travels in the far west and particularly in California, added to his reputation. With a love of adventure not inferior to that of Sir John Mandeville or Marco Polo, and with a vision as acute as Livingstone's, he journeyed for several years in Europe, Africa, Syria, China, and Japan, and then, with a grace of style not surpassed by that of any other famous traveler, he gave to the world the results of his observations in his "Journey to Central Africa," "Visit to India, China, Loo Choo," etc., "Land of the Saracens," "Summer and Winter Pictures of Sweden, Denmark, and Lapland," "Travels in Greece and Russia," "At Home and Abroad," etc. He is a graceful poet as well as prose writer, having published "Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs," "Poems of the Orient," "Poems of Home and Travel," and many fugitive pieces that have enriched the columns of the "Atlantic Monthly" and other magazines. His greatest poetical production is his translation of Goethe's "Faust," in which the original meters are often imitated with exquisite skill.

I GREET with a full heart the land of the west,
Whose banner of stars o'er the earth is unrolled,
Whose empire o'ershadows Atlantic's wide breast,
And opes to the sunset its gateway of gold;
The land of the mountain, the land of the lake,
And rivers that roll in magnificent tide,
Where the souls of the mighty from slumber awake
To hallow the soil for whose freedom they died.

Thou cradle of empire, though wide be the foam
That severs the land of my fathers from thee,
I hear from thy children the welcome of home,
For song has a home in the hearts of the free;
And long as thy waters shall gleam in the sun,
And long as thy heroes remember their scars,
Be the hands of thy children united as one,
And may peace shed her light on thy banner of stars!

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XCVI. — HYMN OF PRAISE BY ADAM AND EVE.

MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was born in London, December 9, 1608; and died November 8, 1674. His is one of the greatest names in all literature; and of course it would be impossible in the compass of a brief notice like this to point out, except in the most cursory manner, the elements of his intellectual supremacy. His "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Arcades" were written before he was thirty years old; "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes" were all published after his fifty-ninth year, and many years after he had been totally blind. His prose works were the growth of the intermediate period.

Milton's early poetry is full of morning freshness and the spirit of unworn youth; the "Paradise Lost" is characterized by the highest sublimity, the most various learning, and the noblest pictures; and the "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes" have a serene and solemn grandeur, deepening in the latter into austerity; while all are marked by imaginative power, purity, and elevation of tone, and the finest harmony of verse.

His prose works, which are partly in Latin and partly in English, were for the most part called forth by the ecclesiastical and political controversies of the stormy period in which he lived. They are vigorous and eloquent in style, and abound in passages of the highest beauty and loftiest tone of sentiment.

Milton's character is hardly less worthy of admiration than his genius. Spotless in morals; simple in his tastes; of ardent piety; bearing with cheerfulness the burdens of blindness, poverty, and neglect; bending his genius to the humblest duties, — he presents an exalted model of excellence, in which we can find nothing to qualify our reverence, except a certain severity of temper, and perhaps a somewhat impatient and intolerant spirit.

The following passage is from the fifth book of "Paradise Lost."

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable! who sittest above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol

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Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crownest the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climbest,
And when high noon hast gained; and when thou fallest,
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth and stately tread or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as more light dispels the dark.

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XCVII. — UNION AND LIBERTY.

O. W. HOLMES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D., was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809; was graduated at Harvard College in 1829, and commenced the practice of medicine in Boston in 1836. He has been for many years one of the professors in the medical department of Harvard College, and he is understood to be highly skillful both in the theory and practice of his profession. He began to write poetry at quite an early age. His longest productions are occasional poems which have been recited before literary societies, and received with very great favor. His style is brilliant, sparkling, and terse; and many of his heroic stanzas remind us of the point and condensation of Pope. In his shorter poems he is sometimes grave, and sometimes gay. When in the former mood, he charms us by his truth and manliness of feeling, and his sweetness of sentiment; when in the latter, he delights us with the glance and play of the wildest wit and the richest humor. Everything that he writes is carefully finished, and rests on a basis of sound sense and shrewd observation. Dr. Holmes also enjoys high reputation and wide popularity as a prose writer. He is the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," and "Elsie Venner," works of fiction which originally appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly Magazine," and of various occasional discourses.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through our battle-field's thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry, —
Union and Liberty! — one evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

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Yet, if by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then, with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us, the Many in One!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry, —
Union and Liberty! — one evermore!

XCVIII. — JAMES OTIS.

SUMNER.

THE following is an extract from a speech by Charles Sumner, delivered in the Senate, February 2, 1866, on a joint resolution carrying out the guaranty of a republican form of government.

THE cause of human liberty, in this great controversy, found a voice in James Otis, a young lawyer of eloquence, learning, and courage, whose early words, like the notes of the morning bugle mingling with the dawn, awakened the whole country. Asked by the merchants of Boston to speak at the bar against writs of assistance, issued to enforce ancient acts of Parliament, he spoke both as lawyer and as patriot, and so doing became a statesman. His speech was the most important, down to that occasion, ever made on this side of the ocean.

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An earnest contemporary who was present says, "No harangue of Demosthenes or Cicero ever had such effect upon the globe as that speech." It was the harbinger of a new era. For five hours the brilliant orator unfolded the character of these acts of Parliament; for five hours he held the court-room in rapt and astonished admiration; but his effort ascended into statesmanship when, after showing that the colonists were without representation in Parliament, he cried out, that, notwithstanding this exclusion, Parliament had undertaken to "impose taxes, and enormous taxes, burdensome taxes, oppressive, ruinous, intolerable taxes"; and then, glowing with generous indignation at this injustice, he launched that thunderbolt of political truth, "Taxation without representation is Tyranny." From the narrow court-room where he spoke, the thunderbolt passed, smiting and blasting the intolerable pretension. It was the idea of John Locke; but the fervid orator, with tongue of flame, gave to it the intensity of his own genius. He found it in a book of philosophy; but he sent it forth a winged messenger blazing in the sky.

John Adams, then a young man just admitted to the bar, was present at the scene, and he dwells on it often with sympathetic delight. There in the old Town House of Boston sat the five judges of the Province, with Hutchinson as chief justice, in robes of scarlet, cambric bands, and judicial wigs; and there, too, in gowns, bands, and tie-wigs, were the barristers. Conspicuous on the wall were full-length portraits of two British monarchs, Charles II. and James II., while in the corners were the likenesses of Massachusetts governors. In this presence the great oration was delivered. The patriot lawyer had refused compensation. "In such a cause as this," said he, "I despise a fee." He spoke for country and for mankind.

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Firmly he planted himself on the rights of man, which, he insisted, were by the everlasting law of nature inherent and inalienable; and these rights, he nobly proclaimed, were common to all without distinction of color. To suppose them surrendered in any other way than by *equal rules and general consent*, was to suppose men idiots or mad, whose acts are not binding.

But he especially flew at two arguments of tyranny: first, that the colonists were "virtually" represented; and, secondly, that there was such a difference between direct and indirect taxation, that while the former might be questionable, the latter was not. To these two apologies he replied, first, that no such phrase as "virtual representation" was known in law or constitution; that it is altogether subtlety and illusion, wholly unfounded and absurd; and that we must not be cheated by any such phantom, or other fiction of law or politics: and then, with the same crushing force, he said that in the absence of representation all taxation, whether direct or indirect, whether internal or external, whether on land or trade, was equally obnoxious to the same unhesitating condemnation.

The effect was electric. The judges were stunned into silence, and postponed judgment. The people were aroused to a frenzy of patriotism. "American Independence," says John Adams, in the record of his impressions, "was then and there born; the seeds of patriots and heroes were then and there sown, to defend the vigorous youth. Every man of a crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance. Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there the child Independence was born."

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XCIX. — THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

C. B. SOUTHEY.

CAROLINE ANN BOWLES, who became, June 4, 1839, the second wife of Robert Southey, was born at Lymington, England, December 6, 1786; and died July 20, 1854. She is the author of "Chapters on Churchyards," "Ellen Fitz Arthur," and other works. She is best known by her poetry, which is remarkable for tenderness and depth of feeling.

TREAD softly, — bow the head
In reverent silence low;
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There is one in that poor shed,
One by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter, — no crowds attend;
Enter, — no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meager hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound, —
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed, — again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

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O change! O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars;
This moment there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

O change! stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The sun eternal breaks, —
The new-born immortal wakes, —
Wakes with his God!

C. — SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

KELLOGG.

ELIJAH KELLOGG was born in Portland, Maine, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1840. In 1844 he was ordained over the Congregational Society of Harpswell. In 1855 he removed to Boston, and became pastor of the Mariners' Church, under the patronage of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society. He has since continued to reside there.

The following is a supposed speech of Spartacus, who was a real personage. He was a Thracian by birth, and a gladiator, who headed a rebellion of gladiators and slaves against the Romans, which was not suppressed until after a long struggle, in which he showed great energy and ability. A pretor was a Roman magistrate. The vestal virgins were priestesses of Vesta. They had a conspicuous place at the gladiatorial shows. The ancients attached great importance to the rites of sepulture, and believed that, if the body were not buried, the soul could not cross the Styx, and reach the Elysian Fields, the abode of the departed spirits of the good.

IT had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheater to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished.

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The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrop on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Volturnus with wavy, tremulous light. It was a night of holy calm, when the zephyr sways the young spring leaves, and whispers among the hollow reeds its dreamy music. No sound was heard but the last sob of some weary wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed.

In the deep recesses of the ampitheater a band of gladiators were crowded together, — their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, and the scowl of battle yet lingering upon their brows, — when Spartacus, rising in the midst of that grim assemblage, thus addressed them: —

"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and yet never has lowered his arm. And if there be one among you who can say that, ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him step forth and say it. If there be three in all your throng dare face me on the bloody sand, let them come on!

"Yet, I was not always thus, a hired butcher, a savage chief of savage men. My father was a reverent man, who feared great Jupiter, and brought to the rural deities his offerings of fruits and flowers. He dwelt among the vine-clad rocks and olive groves at the foot of Helicon. My early life ran quiet as the brook by which I sported. I was taught to prune the vine, to tend the flock; and then, at noon, I gathered my sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute. I had a friend, the son

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of our neighbor; we led our flocks to the same pasture, and shared together our rustic meal.

"One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle that shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war meant; but my cheeks burned. I knew not why; and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, till my mother, parting the hair from off my brow, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

"That very night the Romans landed on our shore, and the clash of steel was heard within our quiet vale. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the iron hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling. To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet clasps, behold! he was my friend! He knew me,—smiled faintly,—gasped,—and died; the same sweet smile that I had marked upon his face when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled some lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the pretor he was my friend, noble and brave, and I begged his body, that I might burn it upon the funeral-pile, and mourn over him. Ay, on my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that boon, while all the Roman maids and matrons, and those holy virgins they call vestal, and the rabble, shouted in mockery, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale, and tremble like a very child, before that piece of bleeding clay; but the pretor drew back as if I were

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pollution, and sternly said, 'Let the carrion rot! There are no noble men but Romans!' And he, deprived of funeral rites, must wander, a hapless ghost, beside the waters of that sluggish river, and look — and look — and look in vain to the bright Elysian Fields where dwell his ancestors and noble kindred. And so must you, and so must I, die like dogs!

"O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me! Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd-lad, who never knew a harsher sound than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through rugged brass and plaited mail, and warm it in the marrow of his foe! to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a smooth-cheeked boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back till thy yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! the strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet odors from his curly locks, shall come, and with his lily fingers pat your brawny shoulders, and bet his sesterces upon your blood! Hark! Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'T is three days since he tasted meat; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon your flesh; and ye shall be a dainty meal for him.

"If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife; if ye are men, follow me! strike down yon sentinel, and gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that ye do crouch and cower like base-born slaves beneath your master's lash? O comrades! warriors!

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Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors; if we must die, let us die under the open sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle."

CI. — LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

CAMPBELL.

In 1745, Charles Edward, grandson of James II., landed in Scotland, and soon gathered around him an army with which he marched into England, in order to regain possession of the throne from which his ancestors had been driven. He was brilliantly successful at first, and penetrated into England as far as Derby; but he was then obliged to retreat, and, after many disasters, his army was entirely defeated by the English, under command of the Duke of Cumberland, at Culloden.

Lochiel, the head of the warlike clan of the Camerons, was one of the most powerful of the Highland chieftains, and a zealous supporter of the claims of Charles Edward. Among the Highlanders are certain persons supposed to have the gift of second sight; that is, the power of foreseeing future events. Lochiel, on his way to join Charles Edward, is represented as meeting one of these seers, who endeavors in vain to dissuade him from his purpose.

SEER, LOCHIEL.

SEER. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight;
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'T is thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.

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Weep, Albin! * to death and captivity led!
O weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave, —
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer;
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

SEER. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn:
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah, home let him speed, — for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'T is the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry that beacons the darkness of heaven.
O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood!

LOCHIEL. False wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;

* The poetical name of Scotland.

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When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clan Ronald the dauntless and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

SEER. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo, anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight: *
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors,
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; O, mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

LOCHIEL. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,

* Alluding to the perilous adventures and final escape of Charles, after the battle of Culloden.

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While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

CII. — EXTRACT FROM RIENZI.

MISS MITFORD.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD was born at Alresford, in England, December 16, 1786; and died January 10, 1855. She published a number of works, comprising poems, sketches, and dramas, of which the best and most popular is "Our Village," a collection of pictures of rural life and manners, written in a graceful and animated style, and pervaded with a most kindly and sympathetic spirit. She was very friendly to our country, and edited three volumes of "Stories of American Life by American Authors."

The following extract is from "Rienzi," the most successful of her dramas, founded on the fate and fortunes of a celebrated personage of that name, who in the fourteenth century was for a brief period the ruler of Rome. This speech is made by Rienzi to a Roman noble who was petitioning for the life of a brother who had been condemned to death. A brother of Rienzi's had been killed by a servant of this same noble.

AND darest talk thou to me of brothers? Thou,
Whose groom — wouldst have me break my own just laws,
To save thy brother? thine! Hast thou forgotten
When that most beautiful and blameless boy,
The prettiest piece of innocence that ever
Breathed in this sinful world, lay at thy feet,
Slain by thy pampered minion, and I knelt
Before thee for redress, whilst thou — didst never
Hear talk of retribution! This is justice,
Pure justice, not revenge! Mark well, my lords, —
Pure, equal justice. Martin Orsini
Had open trial, is guilty, is condemned,
And he shall die! Lords,
If ye could range before me all the peers,

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Prelates, and potentates of Christendom, —
The holy pontiff kneeling at my knee,
And emperors crouching at my feet, to sue
For this great robber, — still I should be blind
As justice. But this very day, a wife,
One infant folded in her arms, and two
Clinging to the poor rags that scarcely hid
Her squalid form, grasped at my bridle-rein
To beg her husband's life, — condemned to die
For some vile petty theft, some paltry scudi;
And, whilst the fiery war-horse chafed and reared,
Shaking his crest, and plunging to get free,
There, midst the dangerous coil unmoved, she stood,
Pleading in broken words and piercing shrieks,
And hoarse, low, shivering sobs, the very cry
Of nature! And, when I at last said no, —
For I said no to her, — she flung herself
And those poor innocent babes between the stones
And my hot Arab's hoofs. We saved them all, —
Thank Heaven, we saved them all! but I said no
To that sad woman, midst her shrieks. Ye dare not
Ask me for mercy now.

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CIII. — BOOKS.

E. P. WHIPPLE.

IF such were the tendency of that great invention which leaped or bridged the barriers separating mind from mind and heart from heart, who shall calculate its effect in promoting private happiness? Books, light-houses erected in the great sea of time, — books, the precious depositories of the thoughts and creations of genius, — books, by whose sorcery times past become time present, and the whole pageantry of the world's history moves in solemn procession before our eyes, — these were to visit the firesides of the humble, and lavish the treasures of the intellect upon the poor.

Could we have Plato and Shakespeare and Milton in our dwellings, in the full vigor of their imaginations, in the full freshness of their hearts, few scholars would be affluent enough to afford them physical support; but the living images of their minds are within the eyes of all. From their pages their mighty souls look out upon us in all their grandeur and beauty, undimmed by the faults and follies of earthly existence, consecrated by time. Precious and priceless are the blessings which the books scatter around our daily paths. We walk, in imagination, with the noblest spirits, through the most sublime and enchanting regions, — regions which, to all that is lovely in the forms and colors of earth,

> "Add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

A motion of the hand brings all Arcadia to sight. The war of Troy can, at our bidding, rage in the narrowest chamber. Without stirring from our firesides, we may

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roam to the most remote regions of the earth, or soar into realms where Spencer's shapes of unearthly beauty flock to meet us, where Milton's angels peal in our ears the choral hymns of Paradise. Science, art, literature, philosophy, — all that man has thought, all that man has done, — the experience that has been bought with the sufferings of a hundred generations, — all are garnered up for us in the world of books.

There, among realities, in a "substantial world," we move with the crowned kings of thought. There our minds have a free range, our hearts a free utterance. Reason is confined within none of the partitions which trammel it in life. The hard granite of conventionalism melts away as a thin mist. We call things by their right names. Our lips give not the lie to our hearts. We bend the knee only to the great and good. We despise only the despicable; we honor only the honorable. In that world, no divinity hedges a king, no accident of rank or fashion ennobles a dunce or shields a knave. There, and almost only there, do our affections have free play. We can select our companions from the most richly gifted of the sons of God, and they are companions who will not desert us in poverty, or sickness, or disgrace.

When everything else fails, — when fortune frowns, and friends cool, and health forsakes us, — when this great world of forms and shows appears a "two-edged lie, which *seems* but *is* not," — when all our earth-clinging hopes and ambitions melt away into nothingness, —

> "Like snow-falls on a river,
> One moment white, then gone forever," —

we are still not without friends to animate and console us, — friends, in whose immortal countenances, as they look out upon us from books, we can discern no change;

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who will dignify low fortunes and humble life with their kingly presence; who will people solitude with shapes more glorious than ever glittered in palaces; who will consecrate sorrow, and take the sting from care; and who, in the long hours of despondency and weakness, will send healing to the sick heart, and energy to the wasted brain. Well might Milton exclaim, in that impassioned speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, where every word leaps with intellectual life, "Who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden upon the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life!"

CIV. — ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born in London, December 26, 1716; and died July 30, 1771. Though he has written but little, he holds a high rank in English literature from the energy, splendor, and perfect finish of his poetical style. He was one of the most learned men of his time, and his letters are delightful from their playfulness and grace. His "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" is, perhaps, the most popular piece of poetry in the English language. "It abounds," says Dr. Johnson, "with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo."

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

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Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour : —
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

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Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

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Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,

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Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
Their pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If 'chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

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"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne.
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery, all he had, a tear, —
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

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CV. — HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

MRS. BROWNING.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING was born in London in 1809. She was married to Robert Browning in 1846, and died June 29, 1861. The greater part of her married life was passed in Italy, a country in whose fate and fortunes she took an enthusiastic interest. Her first volume was published in 1826. In 1833 she published a translation of "Prometheus Bound." In these early volumes there is little of that originality and vigor which mark her later poems, such as "Aurora Leigh," "Casa Guidi Windows," and the remarkable sonnets from the Portuguese. She was a woman of rare and high genius, marked by imagination and originality of treatment, and hardly less so by her intense sympathy with every form of suffering. She is sometimes obscure in expression; her poetry is sometimes wanting in perfect taste, and frequently needs compression; but she is unequaled for power of thought, splendor of coloring, and a varied and passionate energy. She was not less distinguished for her learning than for her genius. She was an admirable Greek scholar, and published in one of the English periodicals a series of striking translations from the Greek Christian poets. She was a person of very delicate organization, and from the pressure of constant ill health compelled to lead a life of constant seclusion. During her married life in Italy, she became known to several Americans, who found her as remarkable for sweetness, simplicity, and unaffected grace of manner as for genius and learning. The Italians have marked their sense of her enthusiastic interest in their cause, by an Italian inscription on the walls of the house in Florence in which she lived for many years, and where she wrote her "Casa Guidi Windows."

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this, —
"He giveth his beloved sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriots voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows, —
He giveth his beloved sleep!

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,

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A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake, —
He giveth his belovéd sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break his happy slumber when
He giveth his belovéd sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvéd gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife and curse that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
He giveth his belovéd sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth his belovéd sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, — and through the word
I think their happy smile is HEARD, —
He giveth his belovéd sleep!

For me my heart, that erst* did go
Most like a tired child at a show,

* Formerly.

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That sees through tears the mummer's leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who giveth his belovéd sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let One most loving of you all
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall;
He giveth his belovéd sleep."

CVI. — THE HONORED DEAD.

H. W. BEECHER.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813; graduated at Amherst College in 1834; studied theology under his father, the Rev. Lyman Beecher; and since 1847 has been pastor of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. He is an eloquent and effective preacher, and, as a lecturer to the people, he enjoys an unrivaled popularity, earned by the happy combination of humor, pathos, earnestness, and genial sympathy with humanity, which his discourses present. He is a man of great energy of temperament, fervently opposed to every form of oppression and injustice, and with a poet's love of nature. His style is rich, glowing, and exuberant. The following extract is from the "Star Papers," a volume made up of papers which originally appeared in the "New York Independent."

HOW bright are the honors which await those who, with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience, have endured all things that they might save their native land from division and from the power of corruption! The honored dead! They that die for a good cause, are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be erelong, in every village and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes.

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Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements decay them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

O, tell me not that they are dead, — that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. He *was* your son; but now he *is* the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land.

Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. He has died from the family, that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall by and by be confessed, as of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name; every river shall keep some solemn title; every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till

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the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance!

CVII. — AMERICA THE OLD WORLD.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

LOUIS JOHN RUDOLPH AGASSIZ was born at Mottier, near Lake Nonchatel in Switzerland, May 28, 1807; and died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 15, 1873. He devoted himself to natural history from his early youth. He gained at an early age the friendship of Cuvier and Humboldt, by whom he was warmly encouraged and aided in his labors and studies. The three subjects which claimed his special attention were the fossil fishes, fresh-water fishes of Europe, and the formation of glaciers, on all of which he published elaborate and valuable works. In 1846, being in the enjoyment of a world-wide reputation as a naturalist, he came to America. In 1848 he was appointed Professor of Zoölogy and Geology in the Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge, where he resided until the time of his death. He gave an immense impulse to the study of natural history by his indefatigable activity and the magnetism of his personal presence and manners. He devoted himself with great energy to the formation of a Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge. In 1865 he made a scientific journey to Brazil, the results of which were published in a volume by Mrs. Agassiz. He was a foreign associate of the Institute of France, and a member of the leading scientific bodies of Europe, from many of which he had received medals and other marks of distinction. He was warmly beloved by his friends, and has trained a body of enthusiastic young naturalists by whom the labors he left unfinished will be continued with his zeal and in his spirit.

FIRST-BORN among the continents, though so much later in culture and civilization than some of more recent birth, America, so far as her physical history is concerned, has been falsely denominated the NEW WORLD. Hers was the first dry land lifted out of the waters, hers the first shores washed by the ocean that enveloped all the earth beside; and while Europe was represented only by islands rising here and there above the sea, America already stretched an unbroken line of land from Nova Scotia to the Far West.

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There was a time when our earth was in a state of igneous fusion, when no ocean bathed it, and no atmosphere surrounded it, when no wind blew over it, and no rain fell upon it, but an intense heat held all its materials in solution. In those days, the rocks, which are now the very bones and sinews of our mother Earth, — her granites, her porphyries, her basalts, her sienites, — were melted into a liquid mass.

From artesian wells, from mines, from geysers, from hot-springs, a mass of facts has been collected, proving incontestably the heated condition of all substances at a certain depth below the earth's surface; and if we need more positive evidence, we have it in the fiery eruptions that even now bear fearful testimony to the molten ocean seething within the globe and forcing its way out from time to time. The modern progress of geology has led us, by successive and perfectly connected steps, back to a time when what is now only an occasional and rare phenomenon was the normal condition of our earth; when those internal fires were enclosed in an envelope so thin that it opposed but little resistance to their frequent outbreak, and they constantly forced themselves through this crust, pouring out melted materials that subsequently cooled and consolidated on its surface. So constant were these eruptions, and so slight was the resistance they encountered, that some portions of the earlier rock-deposits are perforated with numerous chimneys, narrow tunnels as it were, bored by the liquid masses that poured out through them and greatly modified their first condition.

There was another element without the globe, equally powerful in building it up. Fire and water wrought together in this work, if not always harmoniously, at

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least with equal force and persistency. Water is a very active agent of destruction, but it works over again the materials it pulls down or wears away, and builds them up anew in other forms.

There is, perhaps, no part of the world, certainly none familiar to science, where the early geological periods can be studied with so much ease and precision as in the United States. Along their northern borders, between Canada and the United States, there runs the low line of hills known as the Laurentian Hills. Insignificant in height, nowhere rising more than fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above the level of the sea, these are nevertheless the first mountains that broke the uniform level of the earth's surface and lifted themselves above the waters. Their low stature, as compared with that of other more lofty mountain-ranges, is in accordance with an invariable rule, by which the relative ages of mountains may be estimated. The oldest mountains are the lowest, while the younger and more recent ones tower above their elders, and are usually more torn and dislocated also. This is easily understood, when we remember that all mountains and mountain-chains are the result of upheavals, and that the violence of the outbreak must have been in proportion to the strength of the resistance.

When the crust of the earth was so thin that the heated masses within easily broke through it, they were not thrown to so great a height, and formed comparatively low elevations, such as the Canadian hills or the mountains of Bretagne and Wales. But in later times, when young, vigorous giants, such as the Alps, the Himalayas, or, later still, the Rocky Mountains, forced their way out from their fiery prison-house, the crust of

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the earth was much thicker, and fearful indeed must have been the convulsions which attended their exit.

Such, then, was the earliest American land, — a long, narrow island, almost continental in its proportions, since it stretched from the eastern borders of Canada nearly to the point where now the base of the Rocky Mountains meet the plain of the Mississippi Valley. We may still walk along its ridge and know that we tread upon the ancient granite that first divided the waters into a northern and southern ocean; and if our imaginations will carry us so far, we may look down toward its base and fancy how the sea washed against this earliest shore of a lifeless world.

This is no romance, but the bold, simple truth; for the fact that this granite band was lifted out of the waters so early in the history of the world, and has not since been submerged, has, of course, prevented any subsequent deposits from forming above it. And this is true of all the northern part of the United States. It has been lifted gradually, the beds deposited in one period being subsequently raised, and forming a shore along which those of the succeeding one collected, so that we have their whole sequence before us.

For this reason the American continent offers facilities to the geologist denied to him in the so-called Old World, where the earlier deposits are comparatively hidden, and the broken character of the land, intersected by mountains in every direction, renders his investigation still more difficult.

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CVIII. — A TRIBUTE TO MASSACHUSETTS.

SUMNER.

THE following is an extract from Mr. Sumner's speech in the Senate, May 19 and 20, 1856.

GOD be praised, Massachusetts, honored Commonwealth, that gives me the privilege to plead for Kansas on this floor, knows her rights, and will maintain them firmly to the end. This is not the first time in history that her public acts have been impeached and her public men exposed to contumely. Thus was it in the olden time, when she began the great battle whose fruits you all enjoy. But never yet has she occupied a position so lofty as at this hour. By the intelligence of her population, by the resources of her industry, by her commerce, cleaving every wave, by her manufactures, various as human skill, by her institutions of education, various as human knowledge, by her institutions of benevolence, various as human suffering, by the pages of her scholars and historians, by the voices of her poets and orators, she is now exerting an influence more subtile and commanding than ever before, — shooting her far-darting rays wherever ignorance, wretchedness, or wrong prevails, and flashing light even upon those who travel far to persecute her. Such is Massachusetts; and I am proud to believe that you may as well attempt with puny arm to topple down the earth-rooted, heaven-kissing granite which crowns the historic sod of Bunker Hill, as to change her fixed resolve for Freedom everywhere.

Sir, to men on earth it belongs only to deserve success, not to secure it; and I know not how soon the efforts of Massachusetts will wear the crown of triumph. But it cannot be that she acts wrong for herself or her children,

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when in this cause she encounters reproach. No: by the generous souls once exposed at Lexington, — by those who stood arrayed at Bunker Hill, — by the many from her bosom who, on all the fields of the first great struggle, lent their vigorous arms to the cause of all, — by the children she has borne whose names alone are national trophies, is Massachusetts now vowed irrevocably to this work. What belongs to the faithful servant she will do in all things, and Providence shall determine the result.

CIX. — NAPOLEON; OR, THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, an American essayist and poet, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803; and graduated at Harvard College, 1821. In 1829 he was settled as a Unitarian clergyman in Boston, but, in 1832, he dissolved his connection with his people on account of some differences of opinion respecting the Lord's Supper. In 1835 he went to reside in Concord, Mass., which has been his home ever since. He is a man of peculiar and original genius, combining spiritual and imaginative beauty with sharp practical insight. He has no system in his thoughts, and his ideas are not connected by any law of logical sequence. He enunciates truth in aphorisms, and his transitions are sudden and abrupt. His style is remarkable for its condensed beauty. No writer has given utterance to a greater number of thoughts that have passed as quotations into common circulation. His influence is wide, but it is rather exerted through the minds of his disciples than directly. He is a bold questioner of everything, and submits all received opinions in theology, politics, literature, and morals to the test of pure and independent reason. As a lecturer he finds great favor with thoughtful and cultivated audiences, but the common mind can hardly follow his sudden changes and abrupt transitions. His manner is very attractive, combining in a high degree dignity, simplicity, and impulsiveness. He has written some poetry, the best of which has the same characteristics of beauty and originality as his prose writings.

AMONG the eminent persons of the nineteenth century, Bonaparte is far the best known and the most powerful, and owes his predominance to the fidelity with which he expresses the tone of thought and

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belief, the aims of the masses of active and cultivated men.

Bonaparte was the idol of common men, because he had in transcendent degree the qualities and powers of common men.

Bonaparte wrought, in common with that great class he represented, for power and wealth, — but Bonaparte, specially, without any scruple as to the means. All the sentiments which embarrass men's pursuit of these objects he set aside. The sentiments were for women and children.

Napoleon renounced, once for all, sentiments and affections, and would help himself with his hands and his head. With him is no miracle, and no magic. He is a worker in brass, in iron, in wood, in earth, in roads, in buildings, in money, and in troops, and a very consistent and wise master-workman. He is never weak and literary, but acts with the solidity and the precision of natural agents. He has not lost his native sense and sympathy with things. Men give way before such a man, as before natural events.

But Bonaparte superadded to this mineral and animal force, insight and generalization, so that men saw in him combined the natural and the intellectual power, as if the sea and land had taken flesh and begun to cipher. Therefore the land and sea seem to presuppose him. He came unto his own, and they received him.

The art of war was the game in which he exerted his arithmetic. It consisted, according to him, in having always more forces than the enemy on the point where the enemy is attacked, or where he attacks; and his whole talent is strained by endless maneuver and evolution, to march always on the enemy at an angle, and

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destroy his forces in detail. It is obvious that a very small force, skillfully and rapidly maneuvering, so as always to bring two men against one at the point of engagement, will be an overmatch for a much larger body of men.

Nature must have far the greatest share in every success, and so in his. Such a man was wanted, and such a man was born; a man of stone and iron, capable of sitting on horseback sixteen or seventeen hours, of going many days together without rest or food, except by snatches, and with the speed and spring of a tiger in action; a man not embarrassed by any scruples; compact, instant, selfish, prudent, and of a perception which did not suffer itself to be balked or misled by any pretenses of others, or any superstition, or any heat or haste of his own.

"My hand of iron," he said, "was not at the extremity of my arm, it was immediately connected with my head." He respected the power of nature and fortune, and ascribed to it his superiority, instead of valuing himself, like inferior men, on his opinionativeness, and waging war with nature. His favorite rhetoric lay in allusion to his star; and he pleased himself, as well as the people, when he styled himself the "Child of Destiny."

"They charge me," he said, "with the commission of great crimes. Men of my stamp do not commit crimes. Nothing has been more simple than my elevation; 't is in vain to ascribe it to intrigue or crime; it was owing to the peculiarity of the times, and to my reputation of having fought well against the enemies of my country. I have always marched with the opinion of great masses, and with events."

Napoleon understood his business. Here was a man

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who, in each moment and emergency, knew what to do next. It is an immense comfort and refreshment to the spirits, not only of kings, but of citizens. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, without plan, and are ever at the end of their line, and, after each action, wait for an impulse from abroad.

His victories were only so many doors, and he never for a moment lost sight of his way onward in the dazzle and uproar of the present circumstance. He knew what to do, and he flew to his mark. He would shorten a straight line to come at his object. Horrible anecdotes may, no doubt, be collected from his history, of the price at which he bought his successes; but he must not therefore be set down as cruel, but only as one who knew no impediment to his will; not bloodthirsty, not cruel, — but woe to what thing or person stood in his way! Not bloodthirsty, but not sparing of blood, — and pitiless.

On any point of resistance, he concentrated squadron on squadron in overwhelming numbers, until it was swept out of existence. To a regiment of horse chasseurs at Lobenstein, two days before the battle of Jena, Napoleon said, "My lads, you must not fear death; when soldiers brave death, they drive him into the enemy's ranks."

Each victory was a new weapon. "My power would fall were I not to support it by new achievements. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest must maintain me." He felt, with every wise man, that as much life is needed for conservation as for creation. We are always in peril, always in a bad plight, just on the edge of destruction, and only to be saved by invention and courage.

This vigor was guarded and tempered by the coldest prudence and punctuality. A thunderbolt in the attack,

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he was found invulnerable in his intrenchments. His very attack was never the inspiration of courage, but the result of calculation.

The lesson he teaches is that which vigor always teaches, — that there is always room for it. To what heaps of cowardly doubts is not that man's life an answer. When he appeared, it was the belief of all military men that there could be nothing new in war; as it is the belief of men to-day, that nothing new can be undertaken in politics, or in church, or in letters, or in trade, or in farming, or in our social manners and customs; and as it is, at all times, the belief of society that the world is made up. But Bonaparte knew better than society; and, moreover, knew that he knew better.

Bonaparte was singularly destitute of generous sentiments. The highest placed individual in the most cultivated age and population of the world, he has not the merit of common truth and honesty. He is unjust to his generals; egotistic and monopolizing; meanly stealing the credit of their great actions from Kellermann, from Bernadotte; intriguing to involve his faithful Junot in hopeless bankruptcy, in order to drive him to a distance from Paris, because the familiarity of his manners offends the new pride of his throne.

He is a boundless liar. The official paper, his "Moniteurs," and all his bulletins, are proverbs for saying what he wished to be believed; and worse, — he sat, in his premature old age, in his lonely island, coldly falsifying facts and dates and characters, and giving to history a theatrical eclat. Like all Frenchmen, he has a passion for stage effect. Every action that breathes of generosity is poisoned by this calculation. His star, his love of glory, his doctrine of the immortality of the soul, are all French.

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He did all that in him lay, to live and thrive without moral principle. It was the nature of things, the eternal law of man and the world, which balked and ruined him; and the result, in a million experiments, will be the same. Every experiment, by multitudes or by individuals, that has a sensual and selfish aim, will fail.

CX. — THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

J. G. LOCKHART.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART was a man of brilliant literary powers. He wrote "Valerius," "Matthew Wald," "Adam Blair," and "Reginald Dalton," all novels; "Peter's Letters," a series of sketches of Scotch society and of eminent men in Scotland; and a volume of translations from the Spanish ballads. He was also a frequent contributor to the earlier numbers of "Blackwood's Magazine." He was born in Glasgow, in 1792, and died at Abbotsford, in 1854. He had been for many years editor of the "Quarterly Review."

"YOUR horse is faint, my king, — my lord! your gallant horse is sick, —
His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film is thick;
Mount, mount on mine, oh, mount apace, I pray thee, mount and fly!
Or in my arms I 'll lift your grace, — their trampling hoofs are nigh!

"My king, — my king! you 're wounded sore, — the blood runs from your feet;
But only lay a hand before, and I 'll lift you to your seat:
Mount, Juan, for they gather fast! I hear their coming cry, —
Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy, — I 'll save you though I die!

"Stand, noble steed! this hour of need, — be gentle as a lamb:
I 'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth, — thy master dear I am, —

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Mount, Juan, mount! whate'er betide, away the bridle fling,
And plunge the rowels in his side; — my horse shall save my king!

"Nay, never speak; my sires, lord king, received their land from yours,
And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it thine secures:
If I should fly, and thou, my king, be found among the dead,
How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn on my gray head?

"Castile's proud dames shall never point the finger of disdain,
And say there 's *one* that ran away when our good lords were slain! —
I leave Diego in your care, — you 'll fill his father's place:
Strike, strike the spur, and never spare, — God's blessing on your grace!"

So spake the brave Montañez, Butrago's lord was he;
And turned him to the coming host in steadfastness and glee;
He flung himself among them, as they came down the hill —
He died, God wot! but not before his sword had drunk its fill.

CXI. — MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

ELIZABETH LLOYD.

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown:
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong:
I murmur not that I no longer see;

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Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to thee.

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then art thou most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place, —
And there is no more night.

On bended knee
I recognized thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred, — here
Can come no evil thing.

O I seem to stand
Trembling! where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance from thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow, —
That earth in darkness lies.

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CXII.—NATIONAL INJUSTICE.

THEODORE PARKER.

THEODORE PARKER, an American clergyman and reformer, was born in Lexington, Massachusetts, August 24, 1810; and died at Florence, Italy, May 10, 1860. He studied theology at the Divinity School in Cambridge, and was settled over the Unitarian Society in West Roxbury. In 1846 he was settled over a congregation in Boston. Here he preached, in the Music Hall, every Sunday, to immense audiences. He became early known for his energetic denial of many of the doctrines regarded as vital by a majority of Christians, while he maintained with great power those which he regarded as vital, such as the existence of a personal God, the immortality of the soul, and the beauty of a pure and holy life. He threw himself with great ardor into the social questions of his time, and was in all things a zealous and uncompromising reformer. He was fearless and aggressive, sometimes unjust in his denunciations, but always faithful to his own convictions of duty. He was one of the earliest and most fervid of the opponents of slavery in New England. He was a friend of temperance and an advocate of peace. Notwithstanding the time which he gave to these subjects, he was a hard student of books, accumulated an immense library, and was remarkable for the wide range of his knowledge. Since his death biographies have appeared, by John Weiss and Octavius B. Frothingham.

DO you know how empires find their end? Yes, the great states eat up the little: as with fish, so with nations. Ay, but how do the great states come to an end? By their own injustice, and no other cause.

Come with me into the *Inferno* of the nations, with such poor guidance as my lamp can lend. Let us disquiet and bring up the awful shadows of empires buried long ago, and learn a lesson from the tomb.

Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevitish dove upon thy emerald crown. What laid thee low? "I fell by my own injustice. Thereby Nineveh and Babylon came with me to the ground." O queenly Persia, flame of the nations, wherefore art thou so fallen, who troddest the people under thee, bridgedst the Hellespont with ships, and pouredst thy temple-wasting millions on the western world? "Because I trod the people under me, bridged the Hellespont with ships, and poured my temple-wasting

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millions on the western world. I fell by my own misdeeds."

Thou muse-like Grecian queen, fairest of all thy classic sisterhood of states, enchanting yet the world with thy sweet witchery, speaking in art and most seductive song, why liest thou there with beauteous yet dishonored brow, reposing on thy broken harp? "I scorned the law of God; banished and poisoned wisest, justest men; I loved the loveliness of flesh embalmed in Parian stone; I loved the loveliness of thought, and treasured that in more than Parian speech; but the beauty of justice, the loveliness of love, I trod them down to earth. Lo, therefore have I become as those barbarous states, — as one of them."

O manly, majestic Rome! Thy seven-fold mural crown all broken at thy feet, why art thou here? 'T was not injustice brought thee low, for thy great book of law is prefaced with these words, JUSTICE IS THE UNCHANGING, EVERLASTING WILL TO GIVE EACH MAN HIS RIGHT! "It was not the saint's ideal; it was the hypocrite's pretense. I made iniquity my law. I trod the nations under me. Their wealth gilded my palaces. Where thou mayst see the fox and hear the owl, it fed my courtiers and my courtesans. Wicked men were my cabinet counselors. The flatterer breathed his poison in my ear. Millions of bondmen wet the soil with tears and blood. Do you not hear it crying yet to God? Lo, here have I my recompense, tormented with such downfalls as you see!

"Go back and tell the new-born child who sitteth on the Alleghanies, laying his either hand upon a tributary sea, a crown of thirty stars upon his brow, — tell him there are rights which states must keep, or they shall suffer wrong. Tell him there is a God, who keeps the black man and the white, and hurls to earth the loftiest realm that

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breaks his just, eternal law! Warn the young empire, that he come not down, dim and dishonored, to my shameful tomb! Tell him that justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right. I knew it, broke it, and am lost. Bid him keep it, and be safe!"

CXIII. — OLIVER CROMWELL.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

GOLDWIN SMITH was born at Reading, England, in 1823. He was educated at Eton and at Oxford, at both of which institutions he distinguished himself as a scholar, and at the latter of which, in 1858, became Regius Professor of Modern History. In 1861 he published an able work entitled "Irish History and Irish Character." During our civil war he visited America, that he might study more closely the issues involved. Returning, he became, at the risk of social ostracism, a champion of the American Union, and did much to correct the mistaken public sentiment of England. In 1867 he published "Three English Statesmen, Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt." In the following year, having resigned his position at Oxford, he became Professor of English History at Cornell University. He is a thorough student, a vigorous thinker, a clear, strong, terse writer, a gentleman of spotless integrity, and an ardent defender of human rights. He now resides at Toronto.

CROMWELL was a fanatic, and all fanatics are morally the worse for their fanaticism: they set dogma above virtue, they take their own ends for God's ends, and their own enemies for his. But that this man's religion was sincere, who can doubt?

It not only fills his most private letters, as well as his speeches and despatches, but it is the only clew to his life. For it, when past forty, happy in his family, well-to-do in the world, he turned out with his children and exposed his life to sword and bullet in obscure skirmishes as well as in glorious fields. On his death-bed his thoughts wandered, not, like those of Napoleon, among the eddies of battle, or in the mazes of state-craft, but among the religious questions of his youth. Constant

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hypocrisy would have been fatal to his decision. The double-minded man is unstable in all his ways. This man was not unstable in any of his ways; his course is as straight as that of a great force of nature. There is something not only more than animal, but more than natural in his courage. If fanatics so often beat men of the world in council, it is partly because they throw the die of earthly destiny with a steady hand, as those whose great treasure is not here.

Walking amid such perils, not of sword and bullet only, but of envious factions and intriguing enemies on every side, it was impossible that Cromwell should not contract a wariness, and perhaps more than a wariness, of step. It was impossible that his character should not in some measure reflect the darkness of his time.

In establishing his government, he had to feel his way to sound men's dispositions, to conciliate different interests; and these are processes not favorable to simplicity of mind, still less favorable to the appearance of it, yet compatible with general honesty of purpose. As to what is called his hypocritical use of Scriptural language, Scriptural language was his native tongue. In it he spoke to his wife and children, as well as to his armies and his Parliaments; it burst from his lips when he saw victory at Dunbar; it hovered on them in death, when policy, and almost consciousness, was gone.

He said that he would gladly have gone back to private life. It is incredible that he should have formed the design, perhaps not incredible that he should have felt the desire. Nature, no doubt, with high powers gives the wish to use them; and it must be bitter for one who knows that he can do great things to pass away before great things have been done. But when great things

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have been done for a great end on an illustrious scene, the victor of Naseby, Dunbar, and Worcester, the savior of a nation's cause, may be ready to welcome the evening hour of memory and repose, especially if, like Cromwell, he has a heart full of affection, and a happy home.

CXIV. — BURIAL OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

PIERPONT.

NOT from the battle-field,
Borne on his battered shield,
By foes o'ercome;
But from a nobler fight,
In the defense of right,
Clothed with a conqueror's might,
We hail him home.

Where slavish minions cower
Before the tyrant's power,
He bore the ban;
And, like the aged oak
That braved the lightning's stroke,
When thunders round it broke,
Stood up, a man!

Nay, when the storm was loud,
And round him, like a cloud,
Grew thick and black;
He single-handed strove,
And, like Olympian Jove,
With his own thunder, drove
The phalanx back.

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No leafy wreath we twine
Of oak or Isthmian pine,
To grace his brow;
Like his own locks of gray,
Such wreaths would fall away,
As will the grateful lay
We weave him now.

But Time shall touch the page
That tells how Quincy's sage
Has dared to live,
But as he touches wine,
Or Shakespeare's glowing line,
Or Raphael's form divine,
New life to give.

Now, with the peaceful dead
Lay his more honored head,
Where dust returns to dust.
That soul shall never die
While God fills earth and sky,
But dwell in heaven on high
Among the kindred just.

CXV. — MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE return of the robin is commonly announced by the newspapers, like that of eminent or notorious people to a watering-place, as the first authentic notification of spring. And such his appearance in the orchard and garden undoubtedly is. But, in spite of his name of migratory thrush, he stays with us all winter, and I

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have seen him when the thermometer marked fifteen degrees below zero of Fahrenheit, armed impregnably within, like Emerson's titmouse, and as cheerful as he. The robin has a bad reputation among people who do not value themselves less for being fond of cherries. There is, I admit, a spice of vulgarity in him, and his song is rather of the Bloomfield sort, too largely ballasted with prose.

His ethics are of the Poor Richard school, and the main chance which calls forth all his energy is altogether of the appetite. He never has those fine intervals of lunacy into which his cousins, the catbird and the mavis, are apt to fall. But for a' that and twice as muckle 's a' that, I would not exchange him for all the cherries that ever came out of Asia Minor. With whatever faults, he has not wholly forfeited that superiority which belongs to the children of nature.

He has a finer taste in fruit than could be distilled from many successive committees of the Horticultural Society, and he eats with a relishing gulp not inferior to Dr. Johnson's. He feels and freely exercises his right of eminent domain. His is the earliest mess of green peas; his, all the mulberries I had fancied mine. But if he get also the lion's share of the raspberries, he is a great planter, and sows those wild ones in the woods, that solace the pedestrians and give a momentary calm even to the jaded victims of the White Hills. He keeps a strict eye over one's fruit, and knows to a shade of purple when your grapes have cooked long enough in the sun.

During the severe drought a few years ago, the robins wholly vanished from my garden. I neither saw nor heard one for three weeks. Meanwhile, a small foreign

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grape-vine, rather shy of bearing, seemed to find the dusty air congenial, and, dreaming perhaps of its sweet Argos across the sea, decked itself with a score or so of fair bunches. I watched them from day to day till they should have secreted sugar enough from the sunbeams, and at last made up my mind that I would celebrate my vintage the next morning. But the robins, too, had somehow kept note of them. They must have sent out spies, as did the Jews into the promised land, before I was stirring. When I went with my basket, at least a dozen of these winged vintagers bustled out from among the leaves, and, alighting on the nearest trees, interchanged some shrill remarks about me of a derogatory nature.

They had fairly sacked the vine. Not Wellington's veterans made cleaner work of a Spanish town; not Federals or Confederates were ever more impartial in the confiscation of neutral chickens. I was keeping my grapes a secret to surprise the fair Fidele with, but the robins made them a profounder secret to her than I had meant. The tattered remnant of a single bunch was all my harvest-home. How paltry it looked at the bottom of my basket, — as if a humming-bird had laid her egg in an eagle's nest! I could not help laughing; and the robins seemed to join heartily in the merriment. There was a native grape-vine close by, blue with its less refined abundance, but my cunning thieves preferred the foreign flavor. Could I tax them with want of taste?

The robins are not good solo singers, but their chorus, as, like primitive fire-worshipers they hail the return of light and warmth to the world, is unrivaled. There are a hundred singing like one. They are noisy enough then, and sing, as poets should, with no afterthought. But

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when they come after cherries to the tree near my window, they muffle their voices, and their faint *pip, pip, pop!* sounds far away at the bottom of the garden, where they know I shall not suspect them of robbing the great black-walnut of its bitter-rinded store.

They are feathered Pecksniffs, to be sure; but then how brightly their breasts, that look rather shabby in the sunlight, shine in a rainy day against the dark green of the fringe-tree! After they have pinched and shaken all the life out of an earth-worm, as Italian cooks pound all the spirit out of a steak, and then gulped him, they stand up in honest self-confidence, expand their red waistcoats with the virtuous air of a lobby-member, and outface you with an eye that calmly challenges inquiry. "Do I look like a bird that knows the flavor of raw vermin? I throw myself upon a jury of my peers. Ask any robin if he ever ate anything less ascetic than the frugal berry of the juniper, and he will answer that his vow forbids him." Can such an open bosom cover such depravity? Alas! yes. I have no doubt his breast was redder at that very moment with the blood of my raspberries. On the whole, he is a doubtful friend in the garden. He makes his dessert of all kinds of berries, and is not averse from early peas. But when we remember how omnivorous he is, eating his own weight in an incredibly short time, and that Nature seems exhaustless in her invention of new insects hostile to vegetation, perhaps we may reckon that he does more good than harm. For my own part, I would rather have his cheerfulness and kind neighborhood than many berries.

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